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BUBASTIS: AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

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PREFATORY NOTE.



UCH a story as the one told in the following lines is a very uncommon one.

It rarely happens that the pen of a novelist is inspired by archaeological facts, and withal the pen of a gifted and favorite author turned aside from romance, though it be only for a while, because she has found the Valley of the Nile more enchanting, and its soil full of tales more strange than fiction.

Nor does a true story of things so marvelous often call for the telling. Three years ago the world little suspected that one of the chief places of Egypt might still lie concealed beneath the surface among the mounds of Tell Basta, together with the remains of a most ancient temple, beautiful and renowned. But the tidings came as suddenly as not long before came the news of the discoveries at Olympia, — disinterments most strikingly similar, — the latter a spot made famous by Pausanias, with its masterpieces of sculpture, the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the Victory of Paionios; the

former made famous by Herodotus, and rich in art treasures. Where Mariette had failed, the efforts of Naville were rewarded with brilliant success.

In order to feel the bearing of this trove on the history of art, compare the position in time of these two temples. Pheidias executed the colossal statue of Zeus in the then recently built Olympia between B. C. 437 and 433; the name of Cheops surviving on one of the stones of the shrine at Bubastis dates from B. C. 4206 — almost sixty-one centuries ago. Bubastis, as old as the earth itself used to be considered, was passing away when Olympia rose.

All the monuments reproduced in this article, it should be borne in mind, are now published for the first time. Miss Edwards has never before opened her portfolio of Bubastis views to the world. The objects pictured in this article, except the outline drawing of the prostrate priests by Madame Naville, are from photographs taken by Rev. W. MacGregor, Count Riamo d'Hulst, and M. Naville. — EDITOR.



THREE colossal figures dominate the first period of Egyptian history — Mena, an august shadow projected at earliest dawn upon the mists of tradition; Khufu (Cheops), the builder of the Great Pyramid; and Pepi Merira. Of these three representative kings, only Khufu is familiar by name to the great body of general readers. Pepi Merira is, however, as great an historical character as Khufu; and

Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, has a weightier claim than either upon the gratitude of posterity.

To Mena, as to all the sovereigns of the ancient empire,¹ it is impossible to assign any but an approximate date. Himself the earliest landmark in Egyptian history, he emerges alone from prehistoric darkness, and has no contemporary. According, however, to the chronological list of kings and dynasties compiled by Manetho,² Mena would have lived and reigned

¹ The period known as the Ancient Empire comprises the first to the eleventh dynasty.

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² Manetho, who was high-priest and keeper of the archives of the Great Temple of Heliopolis in the time

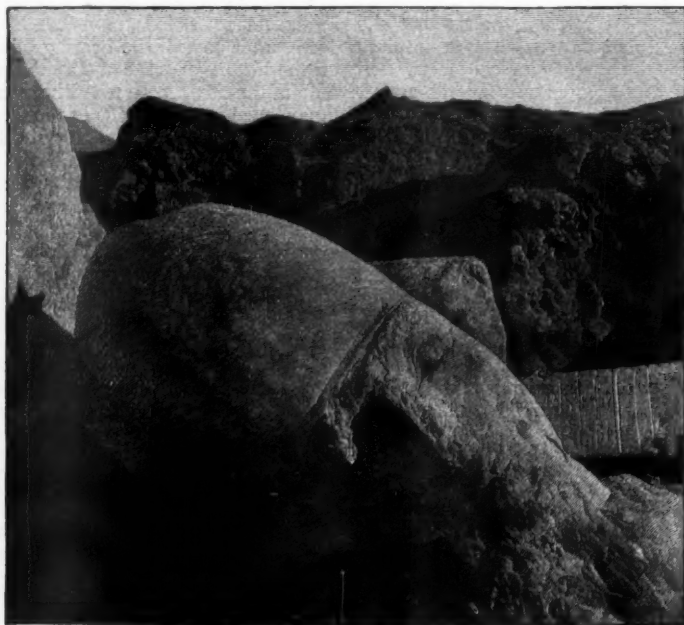
about five thousand years before the Christian era. Tradition — the earliest form of history — tells of him as a mighty man of *Teni*¹ who by force of arms or policy reduced the prehistoric chieftains of the Nile valley to a state of vassalage, and himself assumed the sovereignty. Having founded the monarchy, he went northward and founded Memphis, the first capital of united Egypt. The Nile at that time described a westward bend opposite *Helwân* and *Turra*, and swept round by the foot of the Libyan plateau; but *Mena*, seeing how the strategical position of his new city might best be strengthened, turned the course of the river in such wise that Memphis lay between the Nile and the desert. This is no fable of the early chroniclers. The old river-bed is still traceable some two miles to the southward of the mounds of Memphis, and the dyke of *Mena* exists to this day.²

Such are the title-deeds of the first Pharaoh. He welded the primitive clans into a homogeneous nation. He achieved an engineering

feat of colossal magnitude. He laid the first stone of the most ancient and famous of capitals; and he created an empire which endured for upwards of five thousand years.

Yet one more act of his may be positively affirmed. He founded the Great Temple of Memphis — the renowned "Abode of Ptah." No record, no tradition of this event survives, but the fact is nevertheless certain; for the Egyptians, when they founded a new settlement, began, like all the nations of antiquity, by erecting a sanctuary in honor of the chief god of the district. This sanctuary marked the center of the future town, which was then built up around it. The founder of the city of Memphis was therefore necessarily the founder of its oldest temple, and the explorer who shall some day excavate the mounds beneath which its ruins lie entombed may yet bring to light an inscription commemorative of *Mena*.³

It sounds like a paradox to say that the one great temple of which it is possible to affirm that it was founded by the earliest historical



COLOSSAL ROYAL HEAD, WITH CROWN OF UPPER EGYPT. (TWELFTH DYNASTY.)

of *Ptolemy Philadelphus* (B. C. 284-246), was employed by that king to compile a history of Egypt from the ancient chronicles preserved in the library of the temple. *Manetho* was the only native Egyptian historian of whom we know, and he wrote in Greek. Only a few priceless fragments of his work have survived in the pages of later writers.

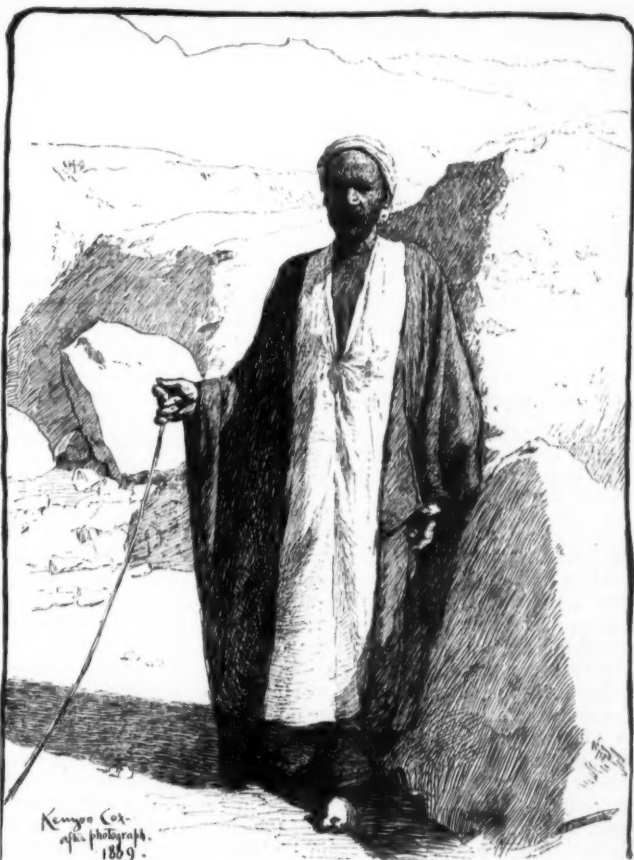
¹ *Teni* (Greek *Thinis*), a city of prehistoric antiquity, probably represented by the mound underlying the modern *Girgeh*.

² *Linant Bey*, the French hydrographer, believes the great dyke of *Khokheish* to be the dyke which *Mena* constructed to turn the Nile eastward; and it serves to this day to stem the waters of the annual inundation. Huge conduits issuing from various parts of this ancient dyke regulate the water supply of Lower Egypt.

³ The mounds of Memphis, close to the village of *Mitrahineh*, are to this day called *Tell Menf*, a name clearly echoing the ancient "*Men-nefer*."

character in the annals of the country was probably, and for that reason, one of the most recent of the high sanctuaries of the ancient empire. Yet such is the fact. These high sanctuaries — or, in other words, the chief temples of the chief provincial towns — were literally of immemorial antiquity. They dated back, for the most part, to that remote period when the land of Egypt was divided into some thirty or forty petty principalities, each little clan governed by its hereditary ruler and protected by its local deity. The rulers of these primitive clans were remembered in after-time as the *Horshesu*, or "Followers of Horus" — a name which possibly indicates that Horus in the prehistoric age, like Ra at a later period, was recognized as the supreme sun-god, and was universally worshiped.¹ Be this as it may, the Egyptians themselves regarded the time of the polygarchy as so immensely distant that to attribute any event or any building to the time of the *Horshesu* was equivalent to saying that it belonged to the ages before history. When, however, the *Horshesu* ceased to be independent, their principalities were converted into the nomes, or provinces, of united Egypt, and their little capitals became what we should call county towns. But these county towns, it is to be remembered, were already ancient when Mena diverted the course of the Nile to create a site for his new metropolis; and in each the oldest structure was the local temple dedicated to the local god.

How many of these primitive towns were in existence at the time of the foundation of the monarchy it is impossible to say; but we may reasonably assume that most of the great re-



MAGLIOUR, OUR FOREMAN.

ligious centers — especially in northern Egypt — were already established upon the selfsame sites which they occupied in historic times. As regards the Great Temple of Ra at On (Heliopolis), the question of priority is indirectly settled by the fact that certain prehistoric Heliopolitan hymns formed the basis of the sacred books of a later age. At Edfu, the present magnificent sanctuary occupies the site of a very ancient structure traditionally said to date back to the mythic reign of the gods, and to have been built according to a plan designed by Imhotep,² the eldest-born of Ptah. This means that it belonged to the remotest prehistoric period — a period before the *Horshesu*, when the gods yet intervened personally in the affairs of men.

¹ The great Sphinx, a personification of Horus, is believed by Maspero to be a work of the time of the *Horshesu*, and consequently the most ancient monument in Egypt. This was also the opinion of Mariette.

² Imhotep, identified by the Greeks with Esculapius, was a god of learning, a divine architect. He is represented seated, with a scroll of papyrus half unrolled upon his knees.

Again, at Denderah, an inscription discovered by Mariette in one of the crypts of the great temple expressly identifies the earliest sanctuary built upon that spot with the time of the Horshesu. It refers to a festival celebrated in honor of Hathor, the local divinity.

The servants of the goddess go before this divinity. The hierogrammatist stands in front of her. All is done that was prescribed for her festival of four days by the King Thothmes III., who did these things in honor of his mother, Hathor of Denderah. There was found the great fundamental ordinance of Denderah written upon goat-skin in ancient writing of the time of the Horshesu; it was found in the inside of a brick wall during the reign of King Pepi.

Another inscription at the farther end of the same crypt reads as follows:

Great fundamental ordinance of Denderah. Restoration made by Thothmes III. in accordance with what was found written in ancient writing of the time of King Khufu.

Now, the Great Temple of Denderah, like the Great Temple of Edfu,¹ is a comparatively modern building, having been begun by Ptolemy XI. (B. C. 106), and completed by the Emperor Tiberius (A. D. 14-37); but these inscriptions show that before the dawn of history some primitive chieftain of the Nile valley had founded a sanctuary to Hathor on the spot where the present structure now stands in solitary splendor. That first temple was already ancient in the time of Khufu of the fourth dynasty (circa B. C. 4206), who rebuilt or restored it; after which it was again rebuilt or restored by Pepi Merira of the sixth dynasty (circa B. C. 3650); again by Thothmes III. of the eighteenth dynasty (circa B. C. 1622); and lastly by the Ptolemies and Caesars. Here, then, we have a great temple of the first magnitude with an unbroken genealogy literally dating back to the dark ages before Mena.

There were undoubtedly many other high sanctuaries of ancient Egypt with pedigrees as venerable as those of Denderah and Edfu; but the documentary records of their early history are destroyed. Some, after serving as quarries for building-material from the time of Theodosius, have utterly disappeared. Of others, as at Saïs, Buto,² and Heliopolis, the

crude brick walls of the sacred inclosure are all that remain. Others again are prostrate in utter ruin—mere heaps of fallen masonry piled up in unimaginable confusion. Such is the condition of the Great Temple of Tanis, where Mr. Petrie worked for the Egypt Exploration Fund in 1884; and such is the condition of the Great Temple of Bubastis, discovered by M. Naville in 1887. At Tanis, the earliest inscription records the name of Pepi Merira; at Bubastis, the oldest royal name is that of Khufu. Both temples are probably of prehistoric origin; but the legends which may have commemorated that origin have disappeared. Whether they did, or did not, date back to "the time of the Horshesu" is therefore a problem which now can never be solved.

Yet there is one clue to the prehistoric date of the Temple of Bubastis which must not be overlooked; and that clue is to be sought in the curious fact that Isis was traditionally identified with both Hathor and Bast,³ and that the city of Bubastis, in geographical texts, is sometimes styled "Pa-Bast of the North," to distinguish it from "Pa-Bast of the South," which was one of the names of Denderah. The foundation of these sister sanctuaries may therefore with much probability be attributed to the same remote age; while the discovery at Bubastis of the names of Khufu and Pepi Merira would seem to point to the fact that at "Pa-Bast of the North," as at "Pa-Bast of the South," Khufu rebuilt the prehistoric temple and Pepi rebuilt the temple erected by Khufu.

The finding of the Great Temple of Bubastis is one of the romances of archæology. It happened in the month of March, 1887, when the spring was already well advanced, and the exploration season was drawing to a close. M. Naville, accompanied by Mr. F. Llewellyn Griffith, had been sent out in January with instructions to excavate the mound of Tell el-Yahûdiyeh—a very interesting task, which, however, came to an end somewhat earlier than was foreseen at the beginning of the campaign, and thus left the explorer with yet another month at his disposal. Now for the tourist a month means much sight-seeing, but for the purposes of serious exploration it is practically useless. To break fresh ground, in the sense of starting work upon a yet un-

¹ The first stone of the present Temple of Edfu was laid, according to one of the many thousands of inscriptions with which its walls are covered, on "the 7th Epiphi, the 10th year of Ptolemy Euergetes," i. e., on the 23d of August, B. C. 237; and it was completed in the reign of Ptolemy Auletes, B. C. 80-52.

² The site of the Great Temple of Buto was identified three years ago by Mr. Petrie at Tell Ferain, adjoining the Arab village of Ubtu, which obviously perpetuates—with the transposition of the first two

letters—the ancient name of the city. The mounds are about a mile in extent, and the great temenos wall is nearly perfect. The temple, however, has been razed to the ground, and has quite disappeared.

³ According to a text of the Temple of Edfu, Bubastis is "the place where the soul of Isis was in Bast." The name of Bast is, in fact, composed of the words *Ba*-ast, or *Bi*-ast, the "Soul of Ast," or Isis. As goddess-mother and nurse of Horus, Hathor and Isis were in all respects one and the same.

opened mound, was out of the question. The time was too short for anything but a beginning, and to make a beginning at the end of the season would be simply to attract the Arabs to a new hunting-field which they might plunder at leisure during the summer months. A new site was therefore to be avoided. But at no great distance from Tell el-Yahûdiyeh there was an old site,—a site which Mariette had tried, and tried in vain, some years before,—where a few experimental trenches might be cut without much loss of time or money. That site was Tell Basta, the ancient Pa-Bast, or "Abode of Bast,"—called "Pi-Beseth" by the Hebrews, and "Bubastis" by the Greeks,—a spot once famous above all the cities of Egypt for the beauty of its temple and the popularity of its great annual festival.

Herodotus, who visited it three and twenty centuries ago, says :

At the town called Bubastis there is a temple which well deserves to be described. Other temples may be grander, but there is none so pleasant to the eye as this of Bubastis. . . . Excepting the entrance, the whole forms an island. Two artificial channels from the Nile, one on either side of the temple, encompass the building, leaving only a narrow passage by which it is approached. These channels are each a hundred feet wide, and are thickly shaded with trees. The gateway is sixty feet in height, and is ornamented with figures cut upon the stone, six cubits high, and well worthy of notice. The temple stands in the middle of the city, and is visible on all sides as one walks round it; for as the city has been raised by embankment,¹ while the temple has been left in its original condition, you look down upon it, whosoever you are. A low wall runs round the enclosure, having figures engraved upon it, and inside there is a grove of beautiful tall trees growing round the shrine which contains the image of the goddess. (Book II., chaps. 137, 138.)

Such was the Pa-Bast of olden time—the high sanctuary and joyous court of that puissant goddess who, as the cat-headed Bast, represented the springtime warmth of Ra the life-giver, and, as the lioness-headed Sekhet, stood for the devastating heat of the summer solstice. It was to this her shrine that 700,000 Egyptians were wont to throng every year from all parts of the country, some by land and some by water, with shouts and choral singing, and music of flutes and tambourines, and rattling of castanets and clapping of hands; so that from the Ethiopian frontier to the sea it was one universal carnival.

¹ This is an error on the part of the old historian. The rise of the surrounding city, as on the sites of all ancient Egyptian towns, is entirely due to the fact that the houses of the inhabitants were built, like the huts of the fellahen of the present day, of mud bricks dried in the sun, which crumble with age, and are continu-



ally being leveled to the ground, and rebuilt of similar materials. Thus each new house, being erected on the debris of the former house, stands at a higher elevation—a process which in the course of many centuries has raised the ancient towns of Egypt to a considerable height above the plain.

An ancient Egyptian text thus describes a festival:

The gods up in heaven are jubilant. And the ancestors¹ rejoice. Men run gaily hither and thither, their heads dripping with perfumes. All are drunken with wine and crowned with garlands of flowers, and the little children sport from sunrise to sunset in honor of the goddess.²

The vine, now so little cultivated in Egypt, was then abundant, and wine was drunk in excess at these pious saturnalia. The great festival of Hathor at Denderah was called the "Festival of Drunkenness," and of the great festival of Bast, Herodotus himself tells how more "grape-wine" was consumed at this season than in all the rest of the year. It was by reason

triumph of the Babylonian arms, and Ezekiel foretold that fire should be set in Zoan,³ and that the young men of Aven⁴ and of Pi-Beseth⁵ should fall by the sword. (Ezek. xxx. 14, 17.)

Diana at Ephesus was not more beloved by the Syrian multitude than Bast at Bubastis by the Egyptians of the Delta. As at Ephesus the local craftsmen fashioned silver shrines of the great Diana, and made their wealth by selling these toys to the devotees who crowded about her shrine, so at Bubastis there was an immense trade in bronze images of the goddess and her sacred animal. All, or nearly all, those engaging bronze cats and slim cat-headed Basts which figure so pleasantly under glass cases in every museum of Egyptian antiquities

come from Tell Basta. They were made in all sizes, and sold at all prices. As votive offerings, they were dedicated in the temple by tens of thousands; as amulets, they were worn by the living and buried with the dead. Even the sacred cats, when they departed this life, had their funerary bronzes laid beside them in the grave.⁶

For all its splendid traditions, for all its glories departed, Tell Basta had, however, the reputation of being a thoroughly hopeless place—a place which had been ransacked and quarried for so many centuries that there was literally nothing left save a ring of jagged and fantastic-looking mounds, in the midst of which might yet be seen the huge quadrangular hollow where in ancient time the

temple stood in the heart of the city. M. Naville had visited those mounds and looked down into that hollow. He had traced the



VIEW ACROSS THE LARGE TRENCH.

of these excesses, and their social consequences, that Egypt had already become a byword and a reproach. Then Jeremiah prophesied the

¹ The "ancestors"; i. e., the Manes.

² This text is found at Denderah, and is descriptive of the annual festival of Hathor; but it applies with equal truth to the annual festival of Bast.

³ Zoan (Tanis).

⁴ Aven (On, Heliopolis).

⁵ Pi-Beseth (Bubastis).

⁶ The bronze cats and kittens of Bubastis have never been excelled for truth and suppleness of modeling. As for the cat-headed Basts, so admirably is the head of the intelligent Egyptian tabby adapted to the graceful proportions of the goddess, that we lose our perception of the incongruity, and find the combination perfectly natural. The name of the cat in the ancient Egyptian language is *mau*—a name evidently onomatopoeic, and so affording no clue to the original nationality of the animal, which was certainly unknown to the Egyptians of the Pyramid period. Lenormant remarks with truth that Bast in the time of the Ancient Empire was invariably represented with the head of a

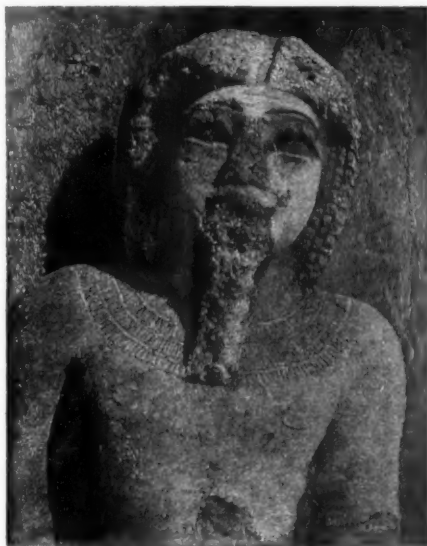
lioness, and that it is only with the advent of the twelfth dynasty that she begins to appear upon the monuments in the likeness of a cat. This was the time of the great raids of the Pharaohs into the land of Kush (Ethiopia); and it is a notable fact that the cat and the Dongolese dog are first represented in the wall-paintings of Beni-Hassan during the reigns of the User-tesens and Amenemhats. Rüppell has shown that the cat of the wall-painting and bronzes is identical with the *Felis maniculata* still found in a wild state in Upper Nubia and the Soudan; so that it may fairly be taken for granted that the sacred animal of Bast was an importation of the twelfth dynasty Pharaohs from "the Land of Kush." This view is strikingly corroborated by the tenor of a demotic papyrus recently translated by Professor Revillout, which professes to record the philosophical conversations of "The Jackal Khufi and an Ethiopian Cat." This cat is half a goddess, and that she should be designated as "Ethiopian" points with

line of the old fortifications, and the direction of the street described by Herodotus as leading from the Temple of Bast to the Temple of Hermes;¹ and, somehow, the place attracted him. The mere fact that it had been unsparingly condemned may perhaps have led him to wish that it might have one more trial.

Let the sand-buried chambers of Ombos be cleared if it be deemed worth while; and by excess of precaution let it be ascertained whether the mounds of Lower Egypt, such as Thmuis, Tell Mukhdam, and Bubastis, where so many monuments have been eaten away by the nitrous soil, may not yet contain some fragments of Ptolemaic work. This done, the epoch of the Lagidæ and the Cæsars will make no more demands upon us.²

These were discouraging words; but even a few blocks of Ptolemaic work, if inscribed, might throw some new light upon history. A vague rumor also had been floating in the air touching a recent discovery of tombs at Tell Basta, and these tombs, it was whispered, were of the time of the eighteenth dynasty; a fact which, if true, would be of great importance; for, with the exception of a single sculptured stone found at Benha, no traces of that famous and powerful line of Pharaohs had yet been discovered in the Delta. At Tanis, for instance, where almost every great phase of Egyptian history is represented by obelisks, statues, and inscriptions, there is not so much as a single cartouche belonging to the warlike dynasty which expelled the Hyksôs and restored the liberties of the country. This puzzling fact had long exercised the ingenuity of the learned, some of whom contended that the Pharaohs of the Restoration purposely abandoned the desecrated temples of the Delta, while others went so far as to suggest that the foe continued to hold the northern provinces till finally dislodged by the kings of the nineteenth dynasty.

Hoping, therefore, to decide this important question, M. Naville marched his little army of diggers from Tell el-Yahûdiyeh to Tell Basta, and pitched his camp on the verge of the cat cemetery at the northwest corner of the



COLOSSAL FRAGMENT OF A ROYAL PORTRAIT-STATUE, ARCHAIC STYLE, USURPED BY RAMESSES II.

mounds. From this point of vantage the explorers commanded a distant view of rich alluvial flats, and a less picturesque foreground of railway and town; the ancient city being within a few minutes' walk of Zagazig junction.

The first day's survey proved the reported tombs to be of Ptolemaic or Roman date, and quite barren. The mummies were mere dust and ashes, and the coffins were all decayed. This was the first disappointment. Next, the cat cemetery, which for the last twenty years or more has been systematically plundered by the fellaheen, was apparently exhausted. This was the second disappointment. M. Naville had calculated with confidence on at least reaping a harvest of feline bronzes; but the bronzes were gone, and only the mortal remains of many generations of sacred pussies were left.

The cat cemetery [wrote Mr. Griffith, in a report addressed to the present writer] stretches southward along the edge of the mound in a broad band

special significance to the original habitat of the animal sacred to Bast. Strangely enough, M. Naville reports of the remains of the sacred cats in the cat cemetery at Bubastis, that the species there buried was not that of the common cat of Egypt, either of ancient or of modern times, but that of apparently another species of the feline tribe. The skulls found are much larger than the skulls of any cats known to naturalists. They may possibly be the skulls of some kind of small lynx. M. Naville suggests that they may represent the animal sacred to Mahes, son of Bast, a divinity also worshipped at Bubastis. Mahes is figured as a lion-headed man, and, whether in bronze or in glazed pottery, his statuette is of extreme rarity.

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¹ The Greeks identified Thoth, the Egyptian god of letters, with Hermes. The Temple of Hermes mentioned by Herodotus was therefore a subsidiary temple, or chapel, in honor of Thoth. Some remains of this structure were excavated during the present year by M. Naville; but the site is covered with arable land, and it was with difficulty that he succeeded in purchasing the right to dig over a limited area.

² See *Extrait d'un mémoire intitulé, "Questions relatives aux Nouvelles Fouilles à faire en Égypte,"* par M. Mariette; read at the annual meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, Paris, November 21, 1879.



ANCIENT FORT ON THE LINE OF THE CITY WALLS.

for about a quarter of a mile. Here the bones of millions of these animals have been thrown out by antiquity hunters. There are evidences of fire in the pits, and the bricks of which the pits were built are burned red, the bones being massed together in a kind of conglomerate that looks like slag. We have cleared one pit, or rather chamber, some ten feet wide by thirty feet long. The interments here had already been disturbed; but under the bricked floor we found a second layer of bones, six or seven inches deep. Among them were two small bronze statuettes of Nefer-Tum, quite spoiled by the action of fire.¹

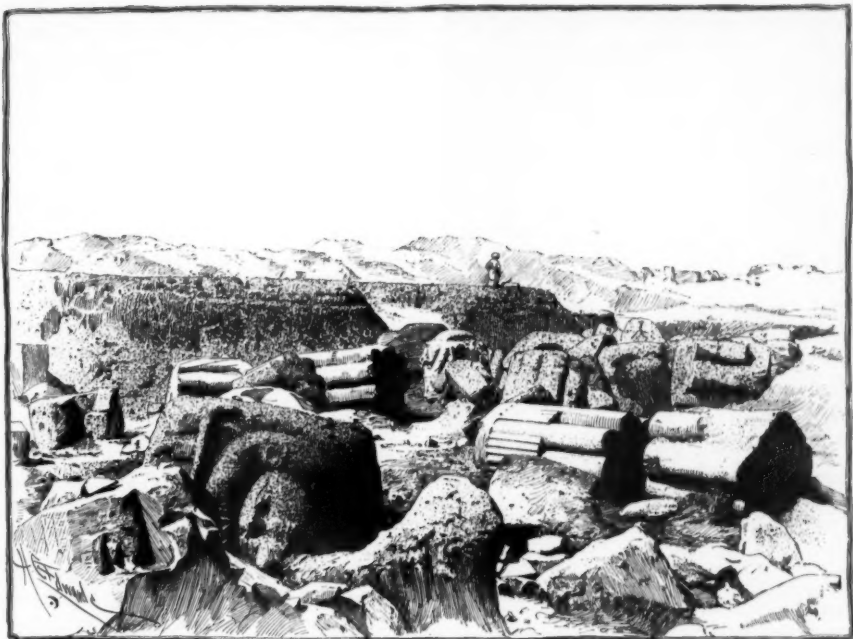
Further examination showed that here, as at the cat cemetery of Tell el-Yahûdiyeh, the sacred animals had been cremated; whereas in Upper Egypt and the Fayûm they are found mummified and bandaged.

No results being obtainable from either the tombs or the cat-pits, M. Naville had now no resource but to attack either the mounds of the ancient town or the quadrangular hollow which marked the site of the temple. In this hollow, besides some fragments of a group of miniature palm columns,—apparently the remains of a small chapel,—there were a few blocks of much weathered red granite upon

which the names of Rameses II. (nineteenth dynasty) and Osorkon II. (twenty-second dynasty) were yet legible. Mute witnesses to the barrenness of the soil, the abandoned excavations of Mariette added the last touch of desolation to the scene. Most men would have struck their tents and shaken the dust of Tell Basta from their feet. Not so M. Naville. He doubled the number of his diggers, and started five parallel trenches across the presumed axis of the temple. The labor would not be in vain if it merely served to determine the level upon which this famous building originally stood. The hollow described by Herodotus—who gives no measurements—must certainly have been deeper in his time than in ours, the washings from the surrounding mounds during the rainy season having inevitably deposited a considerable stratum of mud in the course of a score of centuries. This problem alone was worth solving.

It was solved in three days. It would have been solved years before had Mariette been less easily discouraged. At a depth of but a few feet from the surface, the picks and spades of the diggers struck granite all along the line. Broken columns, capitals, architraves, building-blocks, roofing-stones, and large slabs covered with elaborate sculptures in low relief were uncovered in swift suc-

¹ An exploration in another part of the cat cemetery conducted this year (1889) by Dr. F. Goddard, the American student attached to the Fund, resulted in the discovery of a few fine bronzes of cats, etc.



VIEW OVER THE RUINS OF THE HYPOSTYLE HALL.

cession. Then the plan of the structure began gradually to unfold itself. It was oriented, as usual, from east to west. At the lower, or easternmost end, two enormous columns with palm capitals, now prostrate and broken, marked the entrance to what seemed like a great first hall. The next trench, about 150 feet higher up, disclosed another hall, situated apparently about the middle of the building. A hundred and fifty feet higher yet, it was evident that the site of the Hypostyle Hall was laid open. Lastly, at the sanctuary end, the diggers encountered a vast and confused pile of enormous granite blocks, and a mass of limestone chips.

It was clear that Mariette had made a fatal mistake, and that the site which he had so hastily condemned was a mine of unexplored wealth.

"It is not a few stray blocks that we are finding at Tell Basta," wrote M. Naville, in the first flush of his great discovery; "it is a whole temple."

All hands were now toiled off to the two trenches which promised the richest results. The trench of the Hypostyle Hall, as it was daily widened and deepened, yielded more and more columns—some square, some round; some polished, some unpolished; some with palm capitals, some with lotus-bud capitals, and some with square dies sculptured on two sides with a colossal head of the goddess Ha-

thor. All were in red granite, more or less shattered; and wherever there was space for an inscription, there, in large and deeply cut hieroglyphs, were emblazoned the names and titles of Rameses II. Some of these inscriptions were flagrant usurpations, being reëngraved over the erased names of Usertesen III. and other earlier kings.

The diggers in the second trench continued, meanwhile, to discover an apparently inexhaustible supply of massive slabs closely covered with small figure subjects; the spaces above, below, and between the figures being filled in with minutely executed hieroglyphic inscriptions. These bas-reliefs formed part of one vast historical tableau, or series of tableaux, representing an important religious ceremony. Here, also, jammed in between slabs and roofing-blocks, or lying prostrate under piles of debris, were the shattered remains of an extraordinary number of statues of all sizes, of all materials, and, as it seemed, of all periods—heads without trunks, trunks without heads, feet and pedestals without either heads or trunks. This hall had been a *walhalla* of sculptured kings and gods, the whole magnificent structure having come down apparently with one tremendous crash, and entombed them as it fell. As fragment after fragment was dragged out, nine in every ten proved to be indorsed with the oft re-



HEAD OF RAMESSES II. WITH THE ATEF-CROWN.

peated insignia of Rameses II. The remains of four pairs of colossal portrait-statues of this one Pharaoh were here identified in the course of a few days—two in black granite of great size, the eyes seven inches in length; two in gray granite, two in green granite, and two in red granite; besides fragments of several huge groups representing the king standing or enthroned, now with a goddess, and sometimes as the third member of a divine triad. Other statues of the same Pharaoh were of heroic size, and some of life size; to say nothing of innumerable heads belonging to statues which had been broken up for building-material at a later period. Among these, one was especially noticeable for the exquisite modeling of the face and the delicacy of its execution. It had belonged to a life-size figure in red granite, representing Rameses II. as a youth of about eighteen or twenty years of age, crowned with an elaborate Osirian helmet issuing from a diadem encircled by uræi. This charming head—the most beautiful portrait of the hero of Kadesh which has ever been discovered—is in the Museum at Gizeh. This helmet is known as the atef-crown.

From this time till the end of the month every day's work brought fresh monuments to light, each monument a fragment of history. From these slight and scattered data it soon became possible to reconstruct an imperfect outline of the rise and fall of the temple.

The discovery of a stone inscribed with the throne-name of Pepi Merira showed that it was either founded by that very ancient king, or was already standing in his time. Between the inscription of Pepi of the sixth dynasty, and the inscriptions of Useratesen III. of the twelfth dynasty (B. C. 2943), there lies an interval of seven hundred years; and it is to Useratesen III. that M. Naville attributes the erection of the Hypostyle Hall. Another great stride of more than fifteen hundred years carries us on from Useratesen III. to Rameses II. (nineteenth dynasty, B. C. 1405), who emblazoned the temple all over with his titles, and peopled it with his statues. Some four hundred and sixty years later Osorkon II., third king of the Bubastite line (twenty-second dynasty), added a magnificent hall entirely constructed of unpolished red granite, the walls being lined with slabs elaborately sculptured in low relief. Later still, about B. C. 380, Nectanebo I., of the thirtieth and last native dynasty, built a large sanctuary with extensive wings at the western end of the pile.

Here, then, with but two trenches worked, and two-thirds of the area yet unexplored, five great epochs in the making of the temple were already ascertained, and those five epochs, beginning with the sixth dynasty, and ending with the thirtieth, extended over a period of nearly 3300 years.

The gaps between these dates were enormous; but further excavations, it was hoped, would go far towards supplying the missing links. When, therefore, M. Naville disbanded



STONE OF PEPI MERIRA.

his men at the close of the fourth week, he had not only found a large number of very precious monuments in a surprisingly short space of time, but he left the ground chronologically staked out.

The task thus begun in 1887 was resumed in 1888, and finished in 1889. Great as were the expectations raised by the successes of the first season, they were surpassed by the results of the second. Every week, every day, of that exciting campaign beheld the discovery of new statues, new inscriptions, new historical data. The main object being to clear the whole of the temple area, the excavations were pushed on as rapidly as possible in every direction—eastward, in search of entrance-courts and pylons; westward, in the direction of the sanctuary; and to north and south as far as the blocks extended on either side, so as to determine not only the length but the breadth of the structure. Work on so large a scale called for a proportionate number of workers, and M. Naville's "hands," including overseers, diggers, basket-carriers, and miscellaneous helpers, rarely fell below four hundred. Among these were included a gang of "Shayalin," or native porters—men as tall and powerful as their brethren, the Hammals of Constantinople—who belong to a local guild and earn large wages by carrying cotton bales at Zagazig station in the cotton season.¹

At this time a visitor to the explorer's camp wrote as follows:

To see these hundreds of Arabs at work is worth a much longer journey than from Cairo to Zagazig. Long before you reach the spot, you hear a strange sound which comes and goes upon the air like the "murmuring of innumerable bees." Not, however, till you have climbed to the top of the mound commanding a view of the temple site do you realize the fact that the bees are human bees, digging, chattering, singing, swarming to and fro like ants on an ant-hill. The sight, as one looks down upon it from this point, is really extraordinary. Below you yawn three huge pits, which are rapidly merging into one. These pits are full of swarthy, bare-legged laborers, lightly clad in loose shirts and drawers of blue or white calico. They work vigorously with pick and spade, the stuff they throw out being scraped up by the women and girls, who are all day slowly toiling up and down the crumbling slopes, with baskets full or empty on their heads. The women wear shining silver bracelets on their brown arms, and black veils, and dark blue robes that trail in the dust. They look wonderfully stately and picturesque. Even the little girls have their floating rags of veils; and all, as they scrape, and fill, and carry, and empty their baskets, chant a shrill monotonous chorus which has neither tune nor rhythm, nor beginning nor end. Meanwhile, you see the "pathway men" doing police duty by keeping the paths open and the carriers moving; messenger boys running to and fro; and here and there,

¹ Zagazig is the center of the Egyptian cotton trade.

easily distinguishable from a distance by their long staffs and white turbans, the *reises*, or overseers, at whose approach gossips are stricken dumb, and idlers start into spasmodic activity. And now, perhaps, while you are looking on, there is a sudden movement in the direction of the farthest pit, where a group of Shayalin has been hauling on a rope for the last quarter of an hour without being able, apparently, to move the block to which it is lashed. But now they have dragged it out, and are looking

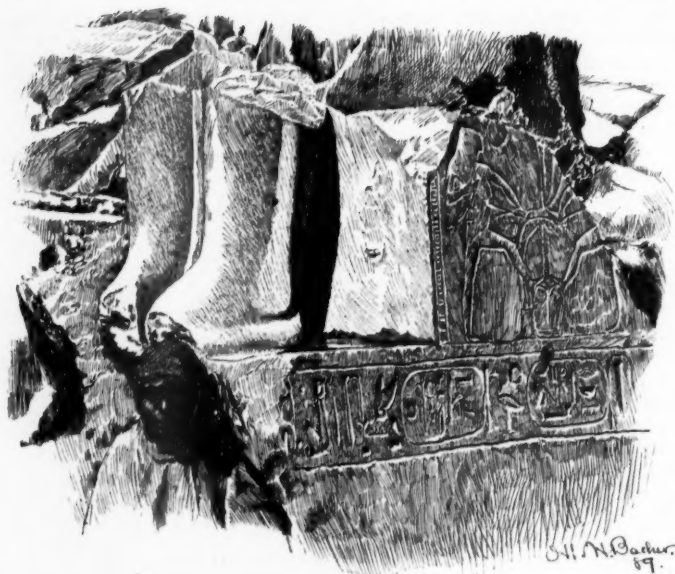


BACK VIEW OF THE SITTING STATUE OF AMENHOTEP, GOVERNOR OF BUBASTIS.

into the hole in which it was embedded. What have they uncovered? Something of importance, it is clear, for yonder come two of the overseers; and now a slender brown mite of a boy runs off at full speed, in the direction of the camp, to summon the howadji.

To this may be added an extract translated from a letter addressed by Madame Naville to the present writer:

Nothing is more exciting than to watch these enormous blocks being turned over, thus showing inscriptions which have been concealed for centuries. The difficulty of turning them may, however, be imagined, when a mass weighing several tons is wedged in between three or four huge fragments of colossal statues, with not one foot of *terra firma* for the men to stand upon. Once raised, a block of only a few hundredweight is slung between poles, and easily carried to a clear space on the brink of the excavation. The larger ones are lifted and turned by means of rollers and levers between two long lines of ropes. The sheik of the Shayalin dresses the



LEGS AND THRONE OF SECOND HYKSÖS STATUE.

lines of men with his stick, and marks the time by shouting some sing-song and well-accentuated phrase. When at last the block moves, it often happens that a statue—till then completely hidden—appears underneath. The work of taking paper impressions has become very heavy, and there was much rejoicing when Count d'Hulst arrived the other day to the assistance of M. Naville and Mr. Griffith. I watched him yesterday going from block to block, clearing the sand and soil from the hollows of the hieroglyphs, washing the sculptured surfaces, damping the paper, and taking the impressions. Wherever he went, he was followed by a fellow woman carrying a bowl of water, which she continually refilled.

Thus vigorously pushed, the second season's campaign went on apace. The mound being cut away between the trenches at the eastern end, the ruins of a third great hall and the remains of a colonnade were brought to light. The hall proved to be the work of Osorkon I., or possibly a restoration; the colonnade, like the sanctuary at the other extremity of the temple, was due to Nectanebo I. Discoveries of great interest now followed so quickly that the weekly letters from Tell Basta read more like pages from the descriptive catalogue of some great museum than reports from a site under excavation.

The first great historical sur-

prise of 1888 was the discovery of a group of monuments belonging to the school of the eighteenth dynasty.

This group consisted of (1) a bas-relief tablet of Amenhotep II. in adoration before Amen enthroned;¹ (2) the upper half of a black basalt statuette of a young man engraved on the breast with the name-cartouche of Amenhotep III.; (3) two life-size sitting statues, unfortunately headless, of a nobleman who flourished during the reign of Amenhotep III.; and (4) a fragment of a

block sculptured with the sacred oval of Atenra—a monument which it is impossible to attribute to any but Khuenaten, the disk-worshipping Pharaoh of Tell el-Amarna. The headless nobleman was a namesake and high official of Amenhotep III.; he sits cross-legged, with an open scroll upon his lap, upon which it is graven in hieroglyphic characters that he was "the prince, Amenhotep, the good Friend who loves his Lord, Chief of the works of his King, Governor of the

¹ This tablet was re-inscribed about 130 to 150 years later by Seti I. (nineteenth dynasty).



DOOR-JAMB OF RED GRANITE WITH CARTOUCHE, AND PART OF INSCRIPTION OF APEPI.

City, and of the provinces of the marshlands"; upon the brooch which fastens his garment is inscribed the name of Amenhotep III.; and over his shoulder are suspended the palette and ink-bottle of a scribe. Now, these monuments convey much more than appears upon the surface. They supply the long-sought link which connects the eighteenth dynasty with the Delta, and they show that the authority of the Pharaohs of the Restoration not only extended as far as the Bubastite nome, but that it was enforced throughout the littoral provinces, even to the marshlands around the mouths of the Nile, and the mazes of the Serbonian bog. Proving this, they at once dispose of the theory of a foreign occupation of the Delta during the term of this dynasty.

The most startling discoveries, however, were yet to come. Early in March, in an open space at the eastern extremity of the temple area, where the ground was low and swampy and the water yet lay in muddy pools, the diggers one morning unearthed a colossal black granite head of unmistakable Hyksôs type. Though split across the face, the two halves were fairly perfect. On the head was the folded "khaft," or shawl, and on the brow the basilisk of royalty.

A shock of excitement thrilled the little band of explorers; for that Bubastis had been a Hyksôs settlement was an utterly unexpected revelation. Except one barbaric bust found in the Fayûm, a sphinx discovered at Tell Mukhdam, and two heads in private collections, all the Hyksôs monuments known were found by Mariette in the ruins of the Great Temple of Tanis; and even at Tanis, their chosen capital, no portrait-statues of these alien rulers had been discovered. Yet here, some thirty-five miles nearer to the apex of the Delta, in a spot which had never been associated with Hyksôs traditions, was a colossal Hyksôs head, some six times the size of life, evidently a portrait, and adorned with the insignia of Egyptian sovereignty!

"We are making anxious search for the rest of the statue," wrote M. Naville, immediately after the event, "in the hope of finding a name; but, even if we are successful, I fear the cartouches will have been erased by Rameses II."

A day or two after these prophetic words were penned, the lower half of the statue was found lying upside down in a deep pool of water. It proved to be a seated figure, the legs, throne, and plinth in one huge block, weighing

from twelve to fifteen tons. As foreseen, however, by M. Naville, the royal ovals on the front of the throne had been erased and re-engraved by Rameses II., the vacant spaces at each side being filled in with six columns of inscription in honor of Osorkon II. Here, then, was a twofold usurpation, and no trace left of the original legend.

And now, although the ground in this part was as treacherous and spongy as a bog, dis-

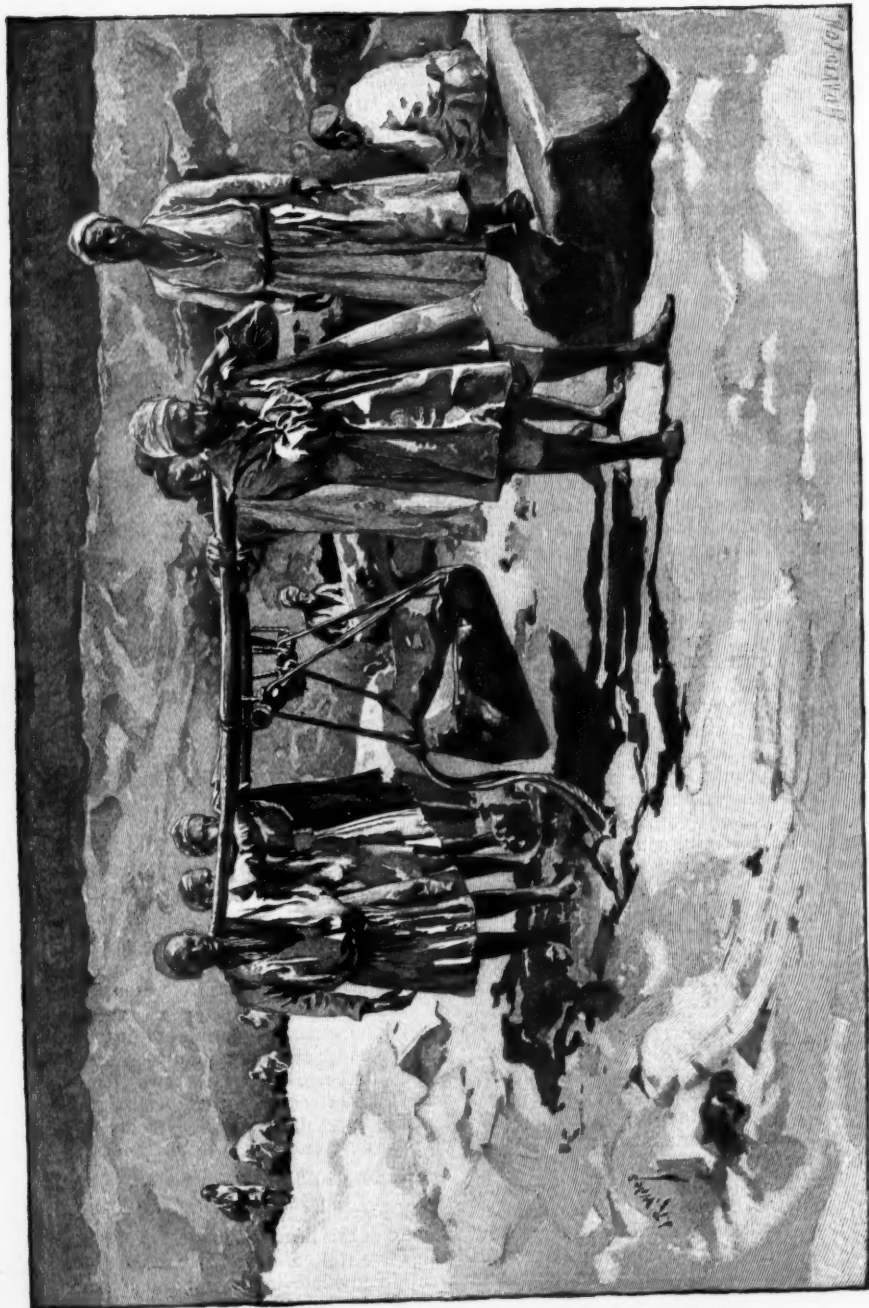


FELLAH WOMAN AND HEAD OF SECOND HYKSÔS STATUE.

covery followed fast upon discovery. The feet and plinth of a second sitting figure, sculptured in the same granite and upon the same scale, were found within a few yards of the first. Next came two enormous fragments of this second colossus, consisting of the legs and throne in one piece, and part of the trunk in another. Desperate efforts were now made to find the trunk of the first and the head of the second statue. At last, after days of suspense, when further search seemed well-nigh hopeless, the international cable flashed a message of good news from Zagazig to London:

Second Hyksôs head, nearly perfect.—NAVILLE.

M. Naville has since then described the finding of this head as the most exciting event of his five winters' experience in the Delta. It was already late in the afternoon when he heard a loud cry of "*Râs! Râs!*" ("The head! The head!") He ran to the spot, and there, midway between the base and torso of



"SHAVALLIN" CARRYING A BLOCK.

the last found colossus, on the shelving bank of a deep pool, he saw the top of a huge head just visible above the surface. The men were hauling, shouting, damming back the water, and flinging out great handfuls of the mud in which the face was embedded. Was it perfect? Or was it broken, like its fellow? M. Naville and Count d'Hulst waded in, feeling eagerly under the water, and passing their hands under the yet half-buried features. Finding the end of the nose fractured, M. Naville had, as he afterwards confessed, "an instant of despair"; but his despair the next moment became exultation on finding the face well-nigh perfect. Then the dusk rapidly closed in, and they left their treasure in the water, only to haul it out next morning, high and dry, and photograph it on the spot.

Now, a pair of colossal figures stationed just outside the first hall of a temple, and at so short a distance apart, must have been seated on either side of the entrance. When, therefore, by and by a massive door-jamb in red granite was found, engraved with the cartouche of Apepi and part of an inscription stating that he had erected "many columns and bronze doors" in honor of some god whose name is missing, a clue was at once obtained to the identity of one, if not of both, of the statues. For, strange to say, the faces of the pair, though strikingly alike, were not the same; the broken head representing a man of maturer age and harsher features than the original of the head last discovered. They may, however, be portraits of the same king at two different periods. The famous diorite statue of Khafra¹ in the Gizeh Museum represents him at about thirty years of age; but flung into the same well in which that masterpiece of very early art was discovered were also found the shattered fragments of eight other statues of this king, one of which shows him old and wrinkled. The difference between the two Hyksôs heads of Bubastis is not so great as that between the two Khafras of Gizeh. The older may be half way between fifty and sixty; the younger is scarcely more than forty.²

Another stone sculptured with the "ka-name"³—commonly called the "standard-name"—of Apepi was found in 1889, close to

the spot from which the colossi were recovered in 1888. Nor is this the only evidence which points to the identification of at least one of these statues. The younger head closely resembles the celebrated andro-sphinxes discovered by Mariette at Tanis, and the andro-sphinxes of Tanis—one of which, under an erasure, still preserves recognizable traces of the name of Apepi—have long been accepted as portraits of the last of the Hyksôs kings. As, however, there seems reason to believe that the cartouches of a yet earlier Hyksôs originally occupied the place of honor on these sphinxes,⁴ it is not worth while to insist upon any identity other than that of race. The ethnological characteristics of the Tanite monuments and the Bubastite colossi are at all events the same; and those characteristics are unquestionably Turanian. The high cheek-bones, the eyes inclining slightly upward, the prominent jaw, the curious muscular bosses at the corners of the mouth, the open nostrils, the full lips curving sternly downwards, the hard lines about the mouth, are alike in all. It is a saturnine, melancholy, Mongolian type, as distinct from the national Egyptian type as the Dacian from the Roman.

The obscure story of the Hyksôs invasion need not be recapitulated in these pages. Enough that somewhere about B. C. 2000 the Delta was inundated by a vast wave of barbarian hordes from over the northeastern border, and that the conquest thus achieved by sheer force of numbers was held by the strong hand of the invader for five hundred years.⁵ Like the armed hosts which in a later age flooded southern Europe under the banners of the Goth and the Vandal, this conquering multitude consisted of warlike tribes of various nationalities. The bulk were doubtless Semites from Sinai, Syria, and the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates; yet the classic tradition which ascribes the early subjugation of Asia and Egypt to a warrior-king from the steppes of Scythia may not have been without some element of truth. The Idanthyrus of Strabo is scarcely to be accepted as an historical personage; neither is it practicable to assign a date to his somewhat mythical expedition; yet it must not be forgotten that Justin

¹ These statues of King Khafra (Chephren) of the fourth dynasty were found in the well attached to his funerary chapel, the so-called "Temple of the Sphinx," at Gizeh.

² Though the one statue is now at Gizeh and the other in the British Museum, they may still be compared by those who visit either Museum. Beside the older Apepi, M. Grébaut has placed a plaster cast of Apepi the younger; and a plaster cast of the Gizeh statue will shortly be placed *vis-à-vis* of the younger in the Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum.

³ See Mr. Petrie's discovery of the meaning of this term, "A Season in Egypt," chap. iv., p. 21.

⁴ The name of Apepi, which has been hammered Vol. XXXIX.—47.

out, but is still traceable, is on the right shoulder, the place being reengraved with the cartouches of Menepthah, fourth Pharaoh of the nineteenth dynasty. On the chest of the sphinx are sculptured the cartouches of Pisebkhenu, an obscure king of the twenty-first dynasty. Professor Maspero has, however, discovered that the cartouches of Pisebkhenu are also carved over an erasure; and as the chest was undoubtedly the place of honor, this shows that the earliest name of all is missing.

⁵ The dates and figures adopted throughout this paper are those of Manetho; but the dates of Manetho are not accepted by some Egyptologists, and statements of numbers and periods are not to be taken literally when derived from Oriental sources.

also takes note of a supposed Scythian invasion of Egypt in very remote times. Both traditions are possibly based on vague echoes of the Hyksôs period, and may point to a dominant Turanian force by which the masses were led and organized. Were the Egypt of to-day to be invaded by her Asiatic neighbors, we should witness a precisely similar phenomenon.¹ The enemy would be of Semitic race, but they would be officered by Turks; and the Turk of the present, like the Scythian of the past, is Turanian.

The Mongoloid characteristics of the Tanis sphinxes were long since recognized by Professor Maspero, by the two Lenormants, and by Professor Flower. It is therefore satisfactory to know that Dr. Virchow, who visited Tell Basta a few days after the discovery of the second colossal head, not only pronounced the ethnological type to be identical with the ethnological type of the Tanitesculptures, but concurred with Professor Flower and the above named eminent authorities in pronouncing that type to be distinctly Turanian.²

The names of a few Hyksôs kings have been preserved by Josephus and other early historians,³ but they contribute little towards the solution of this question. Salatis or Silites, Bnôn or Bëôn, Pachnan or Apachnas, Staân, Iannas, Arkhles, Asseth, Aphobis or Aphophis, have a strange, barbaric sound. Aphobis or Aphophis is a cumbrous transliteration of Apepi, and we have existing monuments of two Hyksôs kings of that name. The rest may be Scythian names Grecized; but they probably retain little of their original aspect. It is to the second Apepi⁴ that M. Naville attributes the inscriptions and — with due reservation — the colossi of Bubastis.

Notwithstanding that they had yielded this harvest of unexpected treasures, the ruins had yet another surprise in store. I quote from M. Naville's report dated March 18, 1888:

I had noticed on Friday the corner of a block of polished black granite which I thought might belong to some good monument, and I had it unearthed yesterday. It proved to be the lower half

of a life-size figure of very beautiful workmanship, with two columns of finely cut hieroglyphs engraved down each side of the front of the throne to right and left of the legs of the statue. These inscriptions give the name and titles of an absolutely unknown king, who, judging from the work, must belong to the Hyksôs period, or at all events to one of the obscure dynasties preceding the Hyksôs invasion. One cartouche, containing the coronation name, reads Useren-ra, which is not unknown. The other reads "Ia-na-ra," or "Ra-ian," a name unlike any I have ever seen. He is described, most strangely, as the worshiper of his ka (*i. e.*, his ghost, or double⁵). . . . Since writing the above I have been over to Boulak, and have shown my copy of the inscription to Ahmed Kemal-ed-Din Effendi, the Mohammedan official attached to the museum. He was deeply interested, and said at once: "That is the Pharaoh of Joseph! All our Arab books call him Reiyân, the son of El-Welld." He then wrote the name for me in Arabic, which I inclose herewith. For my own part, I know nothing of Arab literature or Arab tradition. I should not, however, be disposed to attach much weight to this curious coincidence. Still, it is curious, and certainly interesting.

Now, Ahmed Kemal-ed-Din Effendi, who is also a high authority on Arab literature, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only Oriental Egyptologist in the world. His opinion is therefore highly esteemed by his fellow-countrymen; and that a "Frank" had found a statue which the Effendi identified with the Pharaoh of Joseph was a fact which at once found its way to the columns of the native press. The result was novel. For the first time in the history of exploration in Egypt a genuine interest — an interest altogether independent of the greed for treasure or the trade in "antikahs" — was awakened in the better-class Cairenes; and among the visitors who thronged daily to Tell Basta to watch the progress of the work, there might now be seen an unwonted sprinkling of grave and turbaned Arabs. For Joseph is a typical hero of Arab legendary lore, and a nucleus of local tradition. The pyramids, for instance, were his granaries, in which he stored Pharaoh's corn against the seven years of famine. He, and

¹ See a paper read by M. Naville at a meeting of the Victoria Institute, July 5, 1889.

² Dr. Virchow, although he identifies the ethnic type, is not prepared to specify to which branch of the great yellow race the men of the Tanite sphinxes and the Bubastite colossi belonged.

³ Josephus, Africanus, Eusebius, and Syncellus have all quoted the names of a few Hyksôs kings from the lost history of Manetho; but, as shown above, they spell them variously.

⁴ Apepi was a name borne by at least two Hyksôs rulers, one of whom belongs to the fifteenth and one to the seventeenth dynasty. The Hyksôs Pharaohs established their capital at Tanis, the biblical Zoan, also called in their time Avaris, which they fortified, and which was the nucleus of their great armed camp. From this stronghold they were expelled by the Theban princes at the close of the war of liberation begun

by Sakenen-ra-Taa-ken and brought to a victorious issue by Ahmes I., first Pharaoh of the restored legitimate line. The war of liberation, though traditionally said to have lasted for one hundred and fifty years, did not probably last more than thirty. Apepi II., the last of the Hyksôs according to some, the last but one according to Manetho, beautified Tanis and there built a temple to Set, of which every vestige has disappeared. This king is the hero of a celebrated Egyptian popular tale — founded probably on an historic basis — which has been translated into English by Professor Lushington and the late C. W. Goodwin, and into French by Chabas and Maspero. The original manuscript, known as the First Sallier Papyrus, is in the British Museum.

⁵ See a paper entitled "The Nature of the Egyptian Ka," in "The Academy," January 5, 1889, in which I have ventured to suggest another interpretation.

none other, founded the city of Memphis. A canalized branch of the Nile, of immemorial antiquity, is to this day known as the Bahr Yūsuf, or Canal of Joseph. The old palace of Saladin in the citadel, which was pulled down in 1829 to make room for the mosque of Mehemet Ali, was called "Joseph's Hall"; and a rock-cut well, most probably of ancient Egyptian work, on the eastward side of the citadel hill, goes by the name of "Joseph's Well." As for the biblical history of Joseph, it is filled in and colored to suit the national taste. The anonymous Pharaoh of the Mosaic narrative becomes Er-Reiyan, son of an Amalekite king called El-Welid; Potiphar's wife figures as "the fair Zuleika"; and Joseph himself, seen through a mirage of Arab romance, becomes a curious combination of the Mohammedan santon and the errant prince of the "Thousand and One Nights."

The Arab chronicles which identify the Pharaoh of Joseph with Reiyan are unanimous in ascribing a foreign origin to that prince and his dynasty; and although the details of the story are somewhat variously related by different historians, the leading incidents remain for the most part the same. It is thus told by El-Makrizi, the topographer of Cairo, and author of many learned works. "The Amalekites," he says, "led by Welid, son of Dumī," invaded the land of Egypt, then ruled by Aymen of Qūs (Coptos). A great battle was fought. The Egyptians were defeated "with an exceeding great slaughter," and Pharaoh Aymen fled. The conquerors then chose their leader, El-Welid, to reign over them; and El-Welid, having reduced the Egyptians to slavery, and passed through many adventures, ruled for one hundred and twenty years, "till he perished."

Then his son Er-Reiyan, the son of El-Welid, the son of Dumī, one of the Amalekites, reigned; and he was one of the most powerful of the people of the earth in his time, and the greatest king. Now the Amalekites were descended from Amlīk, son of Laud (Lud), son of Sām (Shem), son of Nua (Noah); and Er-Reiyan was the Pharaoh of Yūsuf (Joseph), on whom be peace. . . . And it is said that the Pharaoh of Yūsuf was the grandfather of the Pharaoh of

Moses, his father's father, and his name was Barkhū; and he was lofty of stature and beautiful of countenance. And after him reigned his son Dārimush, and he is also called Darim, son of Reiyan, and he was the fourth Pharaoh, and Yūsuf was his Khalifa.

Admitting the fantastic character of the Amalekite genealogy and the absurd chronological transposition which makes Moses antecedent to Joseph, one cannot help asking whether this legend may not, after all, breathe a faint echo of historic truth? As the Amalekites are said by El-Makrizi to have chosen their leader El-Welid to reign over them, so Manetho relates of the Hyksōs invaders that "they made one among them to be their king, and his name was Salatis."¹ That Arab tradition should ascribe the great conquest to a people of Asiatic origin is natural enough; and, as we have seen, it is more than merely probable that the foreign hordes were mainly Semites. Arab chroniclers, eagerly gathering up every thread of local tradition in an age when the Egyptians yet preserved some vague memory of the early history of their nation, would, as a matter of course, ignore the Hyksōs supremacy, and give the command and the victory to a race akin to their own.

But the main point is that the Arabic "Reiyan" exactly transliterates the group of hieroglyphs rendered by "Ra-ian." Ra-ian, however, may as correctly be read Ian-ra,² which bears a close resemblance to "Iannas," classed by Manetho as one of the Hyksōs or "Shepherd" kings—"Hyksōs" and "Shepherd," according to Josephus, being convertible terms.³ Now, that the Hebrew settlement in Egypt befell during the Hyksōs dynasties is an accepted proposition, and the internal evidence of the Mosaic record⁴ goes far to corroborate a very ancient Christian tradition which places the ministry of Joseph under a Pharaoh of that time. Syncellus, a Byzantine chronologer of A. D. 800, actually specifies Apepi as the Pharaoh in question. Unfortunately, the Pharaoh of Joseph, like the Pharaoh of Moses, is not once mentioned by name in the Bible. Which, then, are right—

¹ On a Hyksōs sphinx found at Tell Mukhdam in the Delta, Mariette and some others believed that the name of Salatis (or Shalatis) was recognizable in a broken and very illegible cartouche.

² In Egyptian solar names (*i.e.*, coronation names affiliating the king to Ra) the "Ra" is often transposable, as Ra-meri—Meri-ra Ra-men-kheper—Men-kheper-ra; Ra-en-user—User-en-ra, etc.

³ *I. e.*, "Hyk," ruler, "Sōs" or "Shos" from "Shas," shepherd. This etymology, however, is scarcely satisfactory.

⁴ Whether the story of Joseph be accepted as strictly historical or as an Oriental legend embroidered upon a background of fact, this indirect evidence is equally valuable as pointing to the nationality of the anonymous Pharaoh. Joseph, for instance, is represented as counseling his brethren to tell Pharaoh that

they were shepherds, for the reason that "every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians." Here we have good inductive evidence that what was an abomination to the Egyptians must have been a passport to the favor of the king, and consequently that the king himself was of shepherd origin. The sequel of the story confirms this conclusion. The sons of Jacob follow Joseph's instructions, and the king not only makes them welcome, but grants them "the best of the land" for their abiding place. This, however, by no means proves that Pharaoh was, like themselves, a Semite of Syria. The Scythians, and other Mongoloid tribes, were nomadic shepherds, like the "Shasū" of Syria and Arabia, and the term "Hyksōs," in the sense given to it by Josephus, would apply equally to all nations living the life of wandering herdsmen.

the Christian chroniclers who place Joseph under Apepi, or the Arab chroniclers who place him under Reiyân? Without more direct evidence, that is a question which cannot be authoritatively settled; but neither are necessarily wrong. There is much evidence to show that the war of national independence under Sekenen-ra-Taa-ken,¹ Prince of Thebes, broke out during the reign of Apepi, and that Apepi was the last Hyksôs who ruled in Egypt.

The lists of Manetho, however, place Iannas after Apepi. In either case Joseph, who is reputed to have lived to extreme old age, would in all probability have served under two successive kings.² As for Iannas, who is said by Manetho to have reigned for fifty years and one month, we have no reason to doubt that he was as genuine an historical personage as Apepi; though whether he preceded or succeeded Apepi remains for the present an open question. He may or he may not be the Ra-ian of the Bubastite statue; but that the Bubastite statue represents an historical personage cannot for a moment be doubted. A portrait-statue dedicated in a temple and inscribed in full with the customary Pharaonic titles is as good evidence as would be the mummy of the king himself.

Whether Ra-ian of Bubastis and Reiyân of the Arabic chroniclers are one and the same is perhaps the most difficult point under consideration. Only those who have made an especial study of Arabic literature are, however, qualified to pronounce upon it. The following letter addressed to the editor of "The Times" by Dr. Rieu, Keeper of Oriental MSS. in the British Museum, is therefore of great value, as representing the opinion of one of the first of living authorities in this department of scholarship:

The name of King Raian, recently discovered by M. Naville at Bubastis, is all but identical with the name which Arab tradition gives to Joseph's Pharaoh. Mas'ûdi, who has been followed by all the later historians, says in the *Morûj ud-Dahab* that the Hamites who peopled Egypt had been for some time ruled over by women, in consequence of which kings from all quarters were lusting after their lands. An Amalekite king named al-Walid invaded it from Syria, and established his rule there. After him came his son, Raiyân ibn al-Walid, in whose time Joseph was brought to Egypt.

¹ The mummy of this prince was among those discovered in 1881 in the hidden vault of the priest-kings at Deir el-Bahari in western Thebes. Sekenen-ra was evidently slain on the field of battle. His skull is cloven in two places; the frontal bone is pierced as by a dart and the jaw is laid open.

² Makrizi, in the passage previously quoted, expressly says that Yûsuf was Khalifa under Darimush, the son of Reiyân, thus showing that he served under two kings.

³ Published in "The Times," April 10, 1888.

It is hard to believe that so striking a coincidence should be due to mere chance. But the question it raises cannot be finally settled until the Arab tradition shall have been traced to its source. Meanwhile, the alien character of the dynasty may be noted as an additional point of resemblance.

BRITISH MUSEUM, April 7, 1888.³

Such, with many omissions, were the principal discoveries of 1888, a season momentous in the annals of exploration, and unparalleled for the wealth of its results. A small part of the temple area had, however, not yet been dug over, and many blocks were still unturned. M. Naville accordingly went back to Tell Basta in the month of February, 1889, for the purpose of completing the excavation. The party consisted of M. Naville, Count Riamo d'Hulst, the Rev. W. MacGregor, and Dr. Harley Goddard, a young American archaeologist who was sent out from the United States in the capacity of traveling student attached to the Fund.

So much had been done during the two previous seasons that little remained to enliven the labors of the third. All, in fact, that remained for the explorers to do was to clear up the site, to make an exhaustive search for inscriptions, and to complete their series of paper impressions from the bas-relief sculptures of the halls of Osorkon I. and Osorkon II. These tasks occupied them from the beginning of February to the end of March; and when M. Naville and his party at the end of this short season came to "fold their tents, like the Arabs," it was with the satisfactory certainty that there remained no gleanings for any future explorer. M. Naville had now literally left no stone unturned in that vast area. Every block had been lifted, rolled, and examined on all sides. Every inscription had been copied. Every bas-relief had been reproduced in paper casts, and many had been photographed. Of the minutely sculptured subjects covering the lining blocks of the Festival Hall of Osorkon II., some hundreds of invaluable "squeezes" were taken, each "squeeze" capable of a second and more permanent reproduction in plaster or by photography.

The objects found in the course of this final campaign were few. They included, however, part of a large black granite tablet in praise of Rameses II., several inscriptions, a much-weathered colossal group of Rameses II. and Ptah, a few good bronzes, and a huge bronze pivot, or "crab," consisting of a ponderous mass of metal measuring $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches square by 10 inches deep, with a large boss in the upper surface, upon which the hinge worked. It was yet embedded in part of the door-sill, a deeply scored quadrant on the surface showing where the door had scraped and swung. This fragment of door-sill was probably the only stone found *in situ* in the whole course of the exca-

ventions. To suggest that the pivot formed part of one of the bronze doors added to the temple by Apepi would perhaps be to consider the question too curiously. Of inscriptions, M. Naville had a melancholy tale to tell. "The work of Rameses II. at Bubastis," he wrote in one of his latest reports, "was chiefly a work of usurpation. I never saw so many erased inscriptions. I have very carefully examined all the large architraves, upon which the hieroglyphs measure two feet in height, and there is not one which is not engraved upon an erased surface. In fact, I have found but *one* moderately long inscription of this Pharaoh which is not cut over an effaced inscription of earlier date." In other words, Rameses II. had destroyed the records of his predecessors in order to substitute his own names and titles for the names and titles of those by whom the different parts of the building were erected.

If, however, the most conspicuous surfaces were thus usurped, some very precious original documents were found on smaller blocks, many of which had been re-used — perhaps more than once — for building-material. Up to 1889, for example, the earliest royal name discovered in the ruins was that of Pepi Merira of the sixth dynasty;¹ but two stones unearthed towards the close of last season (1889) showed the temple to have been in existence as far back as the time of the fourth dynasty, one block being sculptured with the ka-name of Khufu,² the builder of the Great Pyramid, and the other with the throne-name of Khafra,³ the builder of the second pyramid of Gizeh. The date of the Great Temple of Bubastis is thus carried back to a point some six hundred years earlier than the first estimate, and its period extended over nearly 3900 years.

To write the history of this temple, which it has cost so much time, labor, and money to excavate, is impossible. The data are too imperfect; the gaps are too many and too wide; the destruction wrought by time, flood, and the hand of man has been too complete. The ruins tell their own tale; but they tell it imperfectly. The wreck of the great stone book is there, but more than half its pages are gone,



LEGS AND THRONE OF RA-IAN.

and whether we indeed possess a fragment of the first of those pages, or even of the last, who shall say? The ka-name of Khufu registers the earliest fixed point from which it is possible to reckon; but was Khufu the founder of the building? Is it not more probable that the site was already occupied, as at Denderah, by a prehistoric sanctuary which Khufu, in like manner, rebuilt? Rebuilder or founder, that mighty autocrat who arrogated to himself "the labor of an age in piled stones" put his mark upon the structure, and it has survived to this day. Khafra, though he left his pyramid and his magnificent red granite chapel without a line of inscription, gave his cartouche to the temple, thus showing that he had carried on, or completed, the work of Khufu. Then comes the first great blank. Six hundred years go by, and Pepi Merira — a pious king, who feared and honored the gods — follows Khafra in the royal roll of Bubastis. With Usertesen I. (circa B. C. 3055) we pass from the sixth to the twelfth dynasty. An inscription of this Pharaoh, found a few days before the excava-

¹ Circa B. C. 3650.

² Khufu (Cheops), circa B. C. 4206.

³ Khafra (Chephren), circa B. C. 4143.

tions were finally closed, states that the early temple was yet standing in his time. Now, from the reign of Khufu to the reign of User-tesen I. represents about a century more than from the reign of Edward the Confessor to that of Victoria; if, therefore, the first temple of Bubastis were of no higher antiquity than the Great Pyramid, it was already, in the time of User-tesen I., more venerable by a hundred years than is our Westminster Abbey at the present day. Next taken in hand by User-tesen III., it was so greatly enlarged that it ranked thenceforth as a temple of the first magnitude.

Of the Xoïte line, and of the first two Hyksôs dynasties, the temple ruins have nothing to tell. Nor do they take up the broken chain of history till Apepi holds his court at Tanis, and the Theban princes are preparing for war. With the Hyksôs monuments we touch the fairly approximate date of B. C. 1750, the restoration of the legitimate line being with great probability placed at about B. C. 1703.

Next comes the glorious eighteenth dynasty; the earliest record of this period being a bas-relief block of Amenhotep II., followed by the monuments of Amenhotep III., already



COLOSSAL GROUP OF RAMESSES II. AND PTAH, SHOWING ALSO A BAS-RELIEF BLOCK FROM THE FESTIVAL HALL.

Up to this time it would appear to have covered no more than the space occupied at a later date by the first and second halls; but User-tesen III., besides building the Hypostyle Hall, added considerably to the second hall, and must certainly have built a new sanctuary, of which, however, no vestige remains. The Hypostyle Hall, like the rest of the temple, was constructed entirely in the red granite of Syene, the roof being supported by alternate rows of round columns with lotus-bud capitals and square columns with Hathor-head capitals.¹ An architrave carved with the ovals of Sebekhotep I. bears solitary witness to the rule of the thirteenth dynasty, and with this one stone the great period of the Middle Empire passes away.

¹ The two finest specimens of these gigantic capitals have been presented by the Egypt Exploration Fund to the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, and may be seen in the new Egyptian room lately added to that building.

described. Of actual additions to the structure by the Pharaohs of the Restoration there are no traces. For some reason—probably a very simple one—these great builders and soldiers apparently took no interest in the cities and temples of Lower Egypt. It may well be that they found it occupation enough to conquer the known world of their time; to plant temples and fortresses along the banks of the Nile from Middle Egypt to the Isle of Argo in Ethiopia, and to carry the terror of the Egyptian name as far northward as the upper waters of the Euphrates. The marvel is, not that they left some things undone, but that they achieved so much. A single inscription inserted in a blank space upon the bas-relief of Amenhotep II. is the only record found of Seti I. (B. C. 1455–1404). This brief entry marks the advent of the nineteenth dynasty (B. C. 1462–1288). Next came Rameses II., who appears to have added nothing to the structure, while, by con-

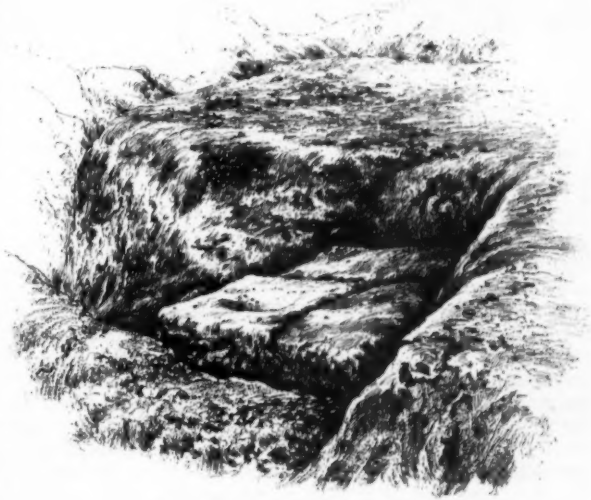


STONE SCULPTURED WITH THE "KA-NAME" OF KHUFU.

verting it into a huge palimpsest, he robbed it of much of its history. Handed over to the tender mercies of an army of masons, the records of many kings of many dynasties were industriously effaced; the pompous titles of "The Golden Hawk," "The Powerful Bull," "The Lord of the Two Lands," "The Son of Ra," "Rameses, Beloved of Amen," being substituted on architrave and pillar, lintel and soffit, from end to end of the building. Also, as we have seen, he multiplied his own image in the halls of Bubastis almost as profusely as he multiplied his cartouches. Meneptah, his son and successor,—the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus,—is next represented by various broken statues; and after him the next link in the historic chain is represented by Rameses VI., of the twentieth dynasty. Fragments of several statues of this king were found, and the upper half of a fine red granite colossus, now in the Gizeh Museum.¹

The twentieth dynasty expires. The twenty-first dynasty runs its obscure race, and the princes of the twenty-second dynasty—by some believed to be of Hyksôs descent,² and by others of Libyan origin—obtain possession of the double crown before the ruins again take up the story of their changing fortunes. This time something like one hundred and thirty years have elapsed, of

which we know nothing. What happened at Bubastis during those one hundred and thirty years? What happened during the same interval at Tanis? The wrecks of both temples are silent; but even their silence is eloquent of some tremendous and unrecorded catastrophe. Both were among the most gorgeous of their time, and both were at the height of their splendor under the nineteenth dynasty. At Bubastis the last Ramesside Pharaoh of whom a memorial has been found is Rameses VI.; at Tanis it is Rameses III., both of the twentieth dynasty. After these, in some form which we can only surmise, came ruin. Of invasion or rebellion between the twentieth and twenty-second dynasties history preserves no record. Earthquakes, however, were more frequent in the Egypt of ancient days than at the present time, and it is difficult to understand how the destruction wrought at Bubastis and Tanis in the tenth century before our era could be due to any other cause. That Bubastis was of old a center of seismic disturbance may be inferred from a very ancient tradition which tells how the earth opened at this place in the reign of Boëthos (Butau), a king of the second dynasty, and swallowed up many of the inhabitants. Be this as it may, the kings of the twenty-second dynasty found the Great Temples of Bubastis and Tanis in a condition of utter ruin, and they repaired them with the material found upon the spot. At Bubastis, Sheshonk I., the founder



THRESHOLD STONE AND BRONZE PIVOT.

¹ Monuments of Rameses VI. are extremely rare.

² This is the view adopted by Mr. Le Page Renouf, who regards the Hyksôs as Turanians of Edom, and the

Bubastite kings as their descendants. Mr. Renouf derives the name of Sheshonk, the founder of the twenty-second dynasty, from two Aramaic words signifying "the man of Susa."

of his house, is represented only by a statuette, whereas at Tanis, among other works, he cut up the largest colossal statue ever executed by the hand of man,¹ to build a pylon gateway. His immediate successor, Osorkon I., did apparently nothing at Tanis; but at Bubastis he rebuilt the Hypostyle Hall and the first hall of bas-reliefs, to which Osorkon II. added the Hall of the great Festival. That the two Osorkons practically restored the whole structure is shown by the way in which the building-blocks were shifted—sculptured stones which had

the works of their predecessors, it is inconceivable that the Bubastite princes should have purposely destroyed the most splendid ornaments of these temples for mere building-material. Had they not found the statues already shattered, like the structure which they adorned, the new Pharaohs would assuredly have reinscribed and appropriated them. This is virtually proved by the fact that they did appropriate some which may be supposed to have escaped the general wreck, as, for instance, the two Hyksós colossi.



COLOSSAL "LOTUS-BUD" CAPITAL FROM THE HYPOSTYLE HALL. (NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

originally formed part of dado subjects having been rebuilt into the walls of the new Osorkon halls at what must have been a considerable height from the ground. As the monster colossus of Rameses II. was converted into a gateway at Tanis, so were the innumerable colossi of the same king cut up at Bubastis to make the lining blocks for the Festival Hall. Many of these, when turned over by M. Naville's Shayalin, proved to have the serene and smiling features of the great Pharaoh on one side, and part of a processional subject of twenty-second dynasty work on the other. Little as Egyptian kings were wont to respect

But the Osorkons, besides restoring the Great Temple of Bubastis, made a very important change in its religious history. Notwithstanding that Bast was the tutelary goddess of the province, and although her temple—Pa-Bast, "the Abode of Bast"—gave its name to the city, yet in that temple she had hitherto occupied but a secondary position. It was placed under her protection, as local divinity; but it was dedicated, like the Temple of Tanis, to the cycle of great gods—Ptah, Khnum, Tum, Ra, Amen, and Set; but principally to Set. Before the worship of Set went out of fashion, Bubastis must, in fact, have been a principal center of the

¹ See "Tanis," Part I., by W. M. F. Petrie, published by the Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund. This immense statue, of which Mr. Petrie has

identified various fragments, was sixteen times the size of life, and it represented Rameses II. standing erect.

cult of that deity.¹ But the kings of the twenty-second dynasty, when they adopted Bubastis as their capital city, also adopted Bast as their patron goddess. In her honor they deposed the cycle of the great gods, and changed the dedication of the temple. Thenceforth it was not only the Great Temple of Bubastis; it was the High Sanctuary of Bast herself, wherein she reigned supreme. Taken in this connection, the fact that Osorkon II. should have held a magnificent festival in honor of Amen assumes a certain significance.

This festival was entirely distinct from the annual festival described by Herodotus. It was a special ceremony which, according to an inscription found upon the spot, was held at Bubastis every fifty years. It took place on this occasion in the twenty-second year of the king's reign. There is nothing to show that it was now held for the first time. More probably it commemorated some ancient tradition, and was merely celebrated by Osorkon II. with extraordinary splendor. Why this king should have elected to do more than customary homage to the Theban god may not be beyond the reach of conjecture. He was the husband of two wives, Queen Karoama and Queen Maut-hat-ankhes, both Theban princesses. Of these two royal ladies Queen Karoama was highest in rank and position. A daughter of the royal Amenide line,² she not only inherited sovereign rights over the principality of Thebes, but she was also hereditary high-priestess of Amen.³ A festival in honor of the supreme deity of her native province would therefore be, in some sort, a festival in honor of Karoama herself, and Osorkon may thus have emphasized the importance of an alliance which legitimized his own claims as suzerain of Thebes.

The walls of the Festival Hall were lined

¹ This fact alone would account for the choice of Bubastis as a Hyksós settlement, Set having been identified by the Hyksós with Sutekh, their own national deity.

² *I. e.*, the twenty-first dynasty of priest-kings founded by Her-hor.

³ It is a remarkable fact that in the time of the twenty-



COLOSSAL "HATHOR-HEAD" CAPITAL FROM THE HYPOSTYLE HALL. (NOW IN BOSTON.)

up to a considerable height with processional subjects in bas-relief representing the various stages of the ceremony. The figures vary in height from about ten inches to four feet, and the ground-spaces between are closely filled in with minute and exquisitely carved hieroglyphic inscriptions. The granite is left unpolished. Were none of the blocks missing, it would have been possible to reconstruct the whole of the tableaux in consecutive series from the paper casts. But the ruins have been largely plundered in ancient times, and perhaps nearly half the original number of blocks are wanting to complete this wonderful illuminated chronicle in stone. From such as are left, however, much of the character of the ceremony may be gathered.

The name given to the Festival Hall by M.

second dynasty the pontificate of Thebes was transmitted through the female line, precisely as the double crown of Egypt had been transmitted in the time of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth dynasties. See "Les Momies Royales de Dér el-Bahar," par G. Maspero; "Mémoires de la Mission Archéologique Française au Caire," Tome I., 4^{ème} fascicule.

Naville is a literal translation of the name given to it in the dedicatory inscription, which reads thus:

In the year 22, the first day of Choiak,¹ the appearing of His Majesty in the Hall of Festival. He reposes on his throne, and the consecration is begun; the consecration of the Harem,² of the House of Amen, and the consecration of all the women who have dwelt as priestesses therein since the days of his fathers.

This preliminary statement is succeeded by the first item in the programme, "The carrying of the king upon his throne"; but the block which should show this scene is missing. The procession of the queen probably followed the procession of the king. Then came

block to block, each priest carrying a bird in one hand and a fish in the other. A short inscription specifies in every instance to what deity that bird or fish is sacred. On other blocks are depicted rows of shrines, and in every shrine the statue of a god, his name and titles being given in full. All the local gods of Egypt would seem to have been present in effigy, each attended by a deputation of priests from his own sanctuary.

The consecration of the handmaidens of Amen being apparently the main feature of the festival, it is not surprising that we find an important part performed by women. Slender and graceful, in close-clinging robes, some car-



BROKEN COLOSSUS OF RAMESES VI., IN RED GRANITE.

endless files of shaven priests represented in horizontal rows, often five rows deep in a single block—the "Sam," or high-priest, in his panther-skin garment; the sacred scribe with pen and palette; the "Fai Senneter," or incense bearer; the "Ab," or libation-pourer; the "Neter-atef," or divine father; and so on, through all grades of the priesthood. Some bear aloft sacred standards surmounted by the emblems of various gods; others carry flails, staves, libation jars, and offerings for the shrine of Amen. These offerings are of various kinds, as live geese, cranes, and fishes. There are long processions of priests continued from

rying water-jars, said to be fashioned of electrum, others bearing sheaves of flowers, others grasping the "ankh," or emblem of life, they pace in single file, as in a kind of Panathenaic procession. Some are clapping their hands to the measure of a chant which they are singing. Foremost among them are Queen Karoama and "the royal daughters," three of whom are seen standing behind their mother. Their names, here known for the first time, are Tasba kheper, Karoama, and Armer. The queen, exercising her prerogative as hereditary high-priestess of Amen, assists the king in making offerings; but he is more frequently accompanied by Bast herself. Sometimes he stands in a shrine, as if he were a god, wearing the double crown and grasping the flail and crook.

¹ *I. e.*, October 8 of our reckoning.

² The priestesses of Amen were designated as wives of the god.



COLOSSAL ARCHITRAVE ENGRAVED WITH A DEDICATION TO SET.

Most curious of all are certain tableaux representing what might be taken for scenes from some kind of religious drama, or "mystery," performed by priests wearing costumes and bearing titles elsewhere unknown. Some perform feats of posturing; some hold scrolls of papyrus, and appear to be in the act of declaiming; some kneel on one knee, the right hand pressed to the breast, and the left upraised, in the traditional attitude of the "Amemu," or genii of the earth. Elsewhere we see bearded priests with fillets on their heads, lying flat on the ground in groups of three together, their hands and feet extended, as in imitation of swimming. Others hold hands, and are said in the inscriptions to "turn round," thus evidently executing a sacred dance such as was danced of old by the Semitic nations, and is danced to this day by the dervishes of Cairo. A procession of misshapen dwarfs walking with staves, and a strange figure of a man wearing what resembles a grotesque mask and wig, look curiously like impersonations.

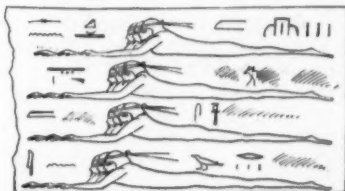
The dwarfs might be there in the character of the pigmy god Ptah-Sokar-Osiris, and the masker is strangely like Bes, the semi-barbarous deity of music, mirth, and dance.¹ For a full explanation of these singular subjects we must await M. Naville's translation of the texts, which, however, are more than commonly difficult.

An inscription engraved upon a scene where Amen is carried in his sacred boat shows the hall to have been erected expressly for the festival. The god speaks, thanking Osorkon for this building made in his honor, and promising him by way of guerdon "thousands of panegyries";² a promise which could be fulfilled only in the next world. One very interesting block represents Amen enthroned upon a lofty dais approached by a flight of steps. A file of worshipers advances, and the leader of the procession mounts the steps in order to do homage. This bas-relief is now deposited in the Mu-

seum of Fine Arts at Boston. Another, sculptured with full-length portraits of Osorkon II. and Queen Karoama, has been presented to the British Museum. These are the only two blocks from the Festival Hall which have as yet been removed from the scene of the excavations.

As a contribution to the history of an obscure dynasty, the discovery of the Festival Hall is one of the most important results of the work at Tell Basta. It shows Osorkon II. to have commanded large resources, and—if we may literally accept some of the speeches put into the mouth of Amen—to have made his power respected beyond the limits of the Egyptian frontiers. "The Upper and Lower Rutennu," says the god, "are under thy feet."³

All that is splendid in the ruins of the Abode of Bast expires with the twenty-second dynasty. Two small statuettes mark the reigns of Apries and Achoris, kings of the twenty-sixth and twenty-ninth dynasties, and carry us on to the time of Nectanebo I. (thirtieth dynasty, B. C. 378). With Nectanebo we bid farewell to the last native dynasty, and almost the last native Pharaoh. Finally, we touch the comparatively modern age of the Ptolemies. A certain Apollonius, son of Theon, who claims to be "one of the king's friends," would seem to have erected two votive statues of himself within the precincts of the temple; but of these only the black granite pedestals were found, each pedestal engraved with a dedication to Ptolemy V. and Queen Cleopatra the first; thus bringing down the chronological data to some point intermediate between B. C. 205 and B. C. 182. Last and latest, an inscription of the time of Ptolemy IX. carries the history of the temple forward to within less than one hundred and fifty years of the Christian era.

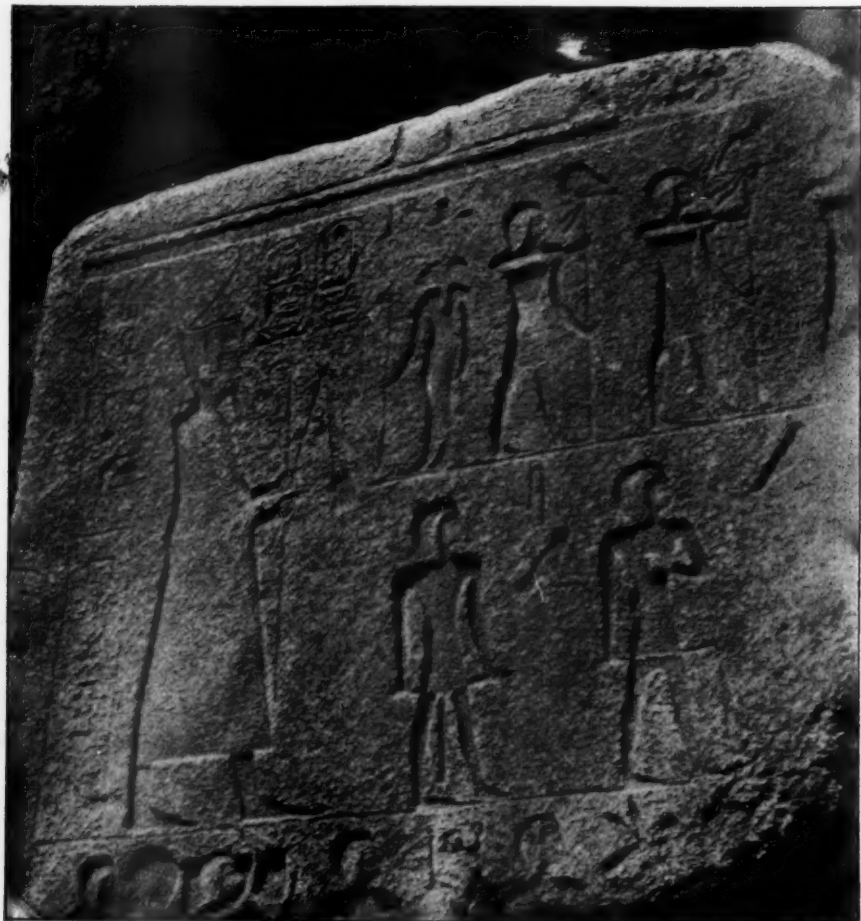
PROSTRATE PRIESTS.
(FROM A BAS-RELIEF BLOCK OF THE FESTIVAL HALL.)

¹ He is described in the accompanying inscription as an "Ua-Ua," or southeastern Ethiopian.

² A panegyry was a popular festival, or jubilee, held on the thirtieth anniversary of the accession of the reigning Pharaoh.

³ A warlike nation of Syria, divided into the Upper

and Lower Rutennu, whose territory extended over the whole of Palestine and the coast of Phenicia on the west, and as far as Damascus on the east. On the north they held the country as far as the Amanus, while on the south their frontier was coterminous with that of Egypt.



OSORKON II. MAKING OFFERINGS TO BAST, WITH PART OF THREE PROCESSIONS. (BAS-RELIEF FROM FESTIVAL HALL.)

How long it continued to flourish after this, it is impossible to say. Except the ruins of some small structure—possibly a fort—built with Roman bricks, no trace of the Roman period, no fragment of Latin inscription, not even a Roman coin, was found. Yet it would be rash to conclude from merely negative evidence that a temple so exceptionally beautiful, so popular, and within so easy a distance of Alexandria, was already abandoned to decay in the time of the Cæsars. Whatever its condition, we know, however, that it must have shared the fate of its fellows when the national religion was proscribed by the edict of Theodosius, A. D. 389. All were alike given over into the hands of the spoilers. Statues of kings and gods were flung into the Nile and the canals; vessels of gold and silver were cast into the melting-pot; sacred groves were

felled; mud-built huts sprang up like fungi within the sacred precincts; and in those holy halls which before were fragrant with incense and resonant with chanted hymns, the fellaheen of fifteen hundred years ago stabled their asses and stored their grain precisely as their nineteenth century descendants swarmed of late with their poultry, and pigeons, and beasts of burden in the storied chambers of Edfû and Luxor.

The work begun by the Christian iconoclast was completed by the Mohammedan invader. In a manuscript treatise preserved in the French National Library it is said by El-Makrizi that Bubastis was one of the cities awarded by way of appanage to those Arab tribes that had taken part in the conquest of Egypt. We do not need to be told what treatment the ruins of the Abode of Bast would receive at the hands of

the followers of 'Amr. Every temple, every pyramid, every tomb in Lower and Middle Egypt, became at that time a quarry for the architects of palaces, fortresses, and mosques. Limestone buildings were demolished, and granite buildings were wrecked for the sake of their limestone foundations. At Bubastis, as at Tanis, pavements and foundation courses were systematically quarried out; and, as a necessary consequence, the superstructure came down *en masse*.

From the time of El-Makrizi to the advent of the French commission in 1798 the history of Bubastis is again a blank; but with the brief report of M. Malus on "Thal Bastah," in the first volume of the "Mémoires sur l'Egypte," it emerges for a moment from oblivion. Referring to the dividing point of the Pelusiac and Tanitic arms of the Nile, he says that from thence he first saw the mounds of "Thal Bastah," which he estimates as distant seven leagues from the Nile and half a league from the canal:

We there found many ruins of monuments illustrative of Egyptian architecture. We remarked among other objects a fragment of cornice in a massive style, with the sculptures in good preservation. This block, which measures about eight feet in length and six in height, is of a very hard, brown-colored granite. The work is highly finished, and it is covered with hieroglyphs. . . . Enormous masses of granite, almost all broken, are piled up in an extraordinary way.

It is evident from these words that a considerable part of the ruins was yet above ground ninety years ago, and that all, or nearly all, those "masses of granite" which so impressed the French savant must have disappeared since his time. Following Malus at a distance of some sixty years came Mariette. By a strange oversight, he missed the axis of the temple, sinking his pits in a northeasterly direction, instead of from west to east. Missing the axis, he missed the great discovery so fortunately achieved thirty years later by M. Naville.

Amelia B. Edwards.

THE UNDERTONE.

THY word, O Lord, for evermore is true:

The deep without calls to the deep within.

Here on the sunlit crags I lie at ease,

Whence I behold an endless vast without,

And dimly know a deeper vast within.

One with eternal voice of pealing sound,

And one with ceaseless crying of the soul,

While each to each a solemn answer gives.

Hearken! My soul, be still and understand!

Swept by swift winds and drawn by secret power,

The waters break in music on the shore,

And with a speechless yet a meaning voice,

Not to be heard but by the fortunate ear

Attuned to high and spiritual sounds,

These waters cry, behold, they cry aloud,

Moaning in tender sympathy with pain,

Shouting anon with fresh and childlike glee,

Or murmuring low as in love's fond embrace,

Or like the prayers of saints about to die,

Then thundering the warrior's battle-shout;

The market's hum, the gold of eloquence,

The ever-wearying wrangle of the schools,

And the vain babble of the idle crowd.

All these I hear, repeated from the world,

But underneath them all, in deeper strain,

Binding the whole in smooth, unbroken rhythm,

Is one low marvellous voice, as thunder strong,

Divinely clear, and sweet as heavenly bells,

That pauses not, nor ever changes tone,

But speaks unto the soul for evermore

Its one eternal prophecy of peace.

That wondrous voice, O God! is surely thine;

That selfsame voice, Eternal God! is mine.

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife,"
"The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

V.

ANASTASIA AND OLIVIA.

"With how secure a brow and specious form
He gilds the secret villain!
..... sets his countenance for deceit,
And promises a lie before he speaks."

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

"My heavy heart, the prophetic of woe,
Forebodes some ill at hand."

IT is not necessary that we run glittering like a brook in the open sunshine in order to be happy, yet every heart seeks some flower of pleasure with which to adorn its daily duty; even as the wealthy wheatfield wears with the bending corn the useless, splendid poppy. Nathaniel had many important things to attend to during the week ensuing his visit to Kendal, for the oversight of the estate was on him, and there was wood-cutting in the forest, and there were folds upon the hills, and the farm servants and the fishers and the shrimp-gatherers all waited for his orders. But though these duties brought him a sure satisfaction he thought very often of Olivia, and the memory of her voice was like some one calling him wherever he went. And he longed, even in his busiest hours, for the sight of her face and for that nearness of her presence which was in itself a simple delight.

Sometimes the baron rode or walked with him, and the two men meeting a solitary shepherd on the hills, or a fisher tugging his boat on to the shingle, or a silent man driving the plow before him, they would stop and talk awhile, first of the work going on, but sure finally to drift to the subjects uppermost in every heart—life and death and the conditions pertaining to them; how "man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble," and how he can be justified with God.

These thoughts, which the ancient Chaldean pondered under the stars of the desert, and which survive all changes of race, manners, and dynasty, had at that day in England a

tremendous vitality. The Bible in the vulgar tongue was as yet a new book. Men and women loved it and trusted in it with a passionate sincerity which it is hard for us to understand, who use it as a schoolbook, and make anagrams and puzzles out of it for the amusement column of the weekly newspaper. Every word between its covers was the word of God. No one doubted a tittle of it. It was read upon the knees. It was never touched but with clean hands. Upon its stand or table no other thing was permitted a place. In the household and the church it was the holy of holies. Men then really did sell a field and buy this pearl of price. And they were not content to read; they searched the Scriptures for hid treasure, and they found it.

And as God is his own interpreter to every man, and to no two men alike, no wonder that it was an age of spiritual conversation and discussion. Even on Kelder's estate he found the great truths, which all acknowledged, tinged by a variety of individualities. The shepherds had aerial visions, the husbandmen strong and stern convictions, the dwellers by the sea believed in supernatural forms of sight and hearing. But with all of them Nathaniel had strong sympathies. The Bethlehem shepherds, watching their flocks by night, had seen a vision of angels; he knew no reason why Westmoreland shepherds should not be equally blessed. He could understand how these grave men, even when fighting the battles of the Lord, had pined for the upper pastures with their long twilights, and their wide view, and their free life.

Several of the farmers had been soldiers in Cromwell's army, and to obey God's will and do duty to its last particle was their ideal of righteousness; special tokens of love, particular help or visitations, they looked not for. The "well done" of the Master at the close of their labor was sufficient. In such strong self-abnegation Nathaniel grew in spiritual stature. And there were times when even the melancholy mysteries of the coastmen fitted into his mood. He could feel with them the harbinger of death going overhead, and see and hear in their dubious, dreamlike intimations as men do and see and hear who

go down to the sea in ships and see God's wonders in the great deep.

One morning, more than a week after this eventful journey, Nathaniel was sitting with the baron upon a large boulder overlooking a great extent of country. Suddenly he had an impression that he ought to go to Sandys. The desire to do so had been with him all the week, but he had felt hurt at Roger's constrained manner, and an honest haughtiness of self-esteem, not to be blamed, had hitherto prevented him from humoring his inclinations.

"Father," he said, "I feel that I must go to Sandys. It appears to me that I have no time for delay."

"Consider whether the feeling be of desire or of duty."

"There are commands which I have no right to consider. This is one of them."

He rose as he said the words and began to unfasten his horse and arrange the bridle. The baron rose with him. The calm induced by their previous conversation was all gone; he looked anxious, and in a wistful, warning voice said, "Before you mount look to the girth."

The words had a much deeper intent, and Nathaniel caught it and nodded a grave assurance in reply. Then he rode away with the hurry of a man who is sent as a swift messenger, and the baron led his own horse down the green, slippery sheep-path, and somehow, for the dim turmoil of his uncertain feelings, he could find no ejaculation but one: "Oh, the changing years! Oh, the changing years!" And though to others the words would have been unintelligible, to Odinel Kelder they were the sum of a life full of vivid emotions and stirring deeds.

Nathaniel reached Sandys in the afternoon. He had been detained a little by a tide-swollen stream, and had lost some of that enthusiasm of conviction which had hurried him at his first setting out. Roger Prideaux was not at home: he had gone to neighbor Gill's, Asa said, but might be back at any hour. Now Nathaniel was a great favorite with Asa, and he had the utmost reliance upon his heart and judgment. He knew, quite as well as if Nathaniel had told him so, that the young man loved Olivia; and he favored the idea of such a marriage. For he thought Olivia too self-reliant and too authoritative for her sex, and expected her to find in Nathaniel's strong character and will a force sufficient to make her obedient to him. Indeed, the only point in which Asa considered Quakerism vulnerable to mortal criticism was its acknowledgment of the spiritual equality of men and women. Asa was willing that God should speak to women, but he was not willing that women

should be in any respect God's messengers to his own sex.

He had been much struck with Nathaniel's determination and authority in the case of John Whitehead. He felt sure that he was exactly suited to keep Olivia in that gentle but positive subjection which he thought was not only the natural but the wisest state for women. So, though he had been told by Roger to admit no one into the house during his absence, he made bold to read the order in the light of his own judgment, and to give Nathaniel the opportunity for a little private conversation with Olivia.

"Friend Roger is gone to neighbor Gill's, but thou canst talk with Olivia. And if thou hast anything to say, say it quickly. I am thy friend in this matter, for I have turned the fleece on both sides. Now, therefore, if thy mind is made up, seasonably insist upon it."

Nathaniel did not receive this advice as kindly as its interest warranted. Olivia was so set apart in his own mind that he could not endure that others should speculate about her affairs or her future, especially where that future touched a subject so personal as his love for her. He answered Asa's advice by asking precisely the same question he would have asked had the advice not been given: "Is Mistress Prideaux within the house?" Asa was "led to think so"; but about women and their ways he never ventured on any statement more positive.

Nathaniel went at once to the dining-room. He opened the door with the quick, decided movement natural to all his actions. Olivia sat in a chair by the window. John de Burg sat near her. He had a book in his hand and was reading aloud. In a moment the scene changed. Olivia came a step forward to meet him, and John de Burg rose and laid the volume upon Olivia's work-table. Her face was suffused with blushes, her manner confiding and yet deprecatory.

"Nathaniel, thou art welcome. This is Harold Sandys, the cousin of thy friend who died at Marston Moor. He was mercifully spared, and, being in danger, has been led to select the old home as a good place of safety. Nathaniel, from thee he has nothing to fear, I know?"

John bowed so profoundly as to suggest a defiance or an impertinence. The eyes of the two men met, and swift as the firing of a gun the pupils of both dilated with anger. Nathaniel's flashed with a blue flame, and the blood rushed crimson over his face and brow. For it was a glance of recognition to him. He was sure that he saw John de Burg, and he knew why he had been sent to Sandys.

John was the only person at ease in the situation. He lifted a volume of George Herbert

and began to read stray lines and couplets from it, and to invite Olivia to comment upon them:

Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

John found an illustration of this dictum in his own experience. He made Olivia confess that it had been better for him as Harald Sandys than it would have been had he assumed another name. He kept to this subject with a persistence which drove Nathaniel to the verge of passionately assailing his identity; for in the few minutes' observation of his face while speaking Nathaniel's insight had changed suspicion into certainty.

The fine profile of almost savage intensity was the De Burg profile, exaggerated by John's especially wicked character. The eyes somber, tawny in color, cold and sinister in expression, moved in the same bluish opal that made Anastasia's soft orbs so remarkable. He carried his head high, with the same domineering look which distinguished all the De Burgs. He had also their full, abrupt voice, but the cool stare, bluish as that of a bull, was doubtless a quality which he owed entirely to his own shameless cultivation of it.

The desultory reading and conversation went on for about ten minutes, during which time Nathaniel was observing and deciding. Suddenly into the strained, suspicious atmosphere came the sound of a shrill, gay voice, the tapping of light heels upon the stone passage, the swish and rustle of trailing silk garments. Olivia stood up pale and discomposed, while a quick intelligence as to the interruption flashed into John de Burg's face. This circumstance was instantly noted by Nathaniel; so that the final confirmation of Anastasia's entrance was scarcely needed by him. She advanced trippingly, with the prettiest courtesy and the brightest smiles.

"Mistress Prideaux, I am hugely pleased to see you. Faith, I thought I never would come at you! There is a stupid old man at your door who would have denied me entrance at all points, had I let him. Captain Kelder, you look yourself to a miracle. Pray, do you ever mean to smile again?"

She had taken Olivia's hand and was gazing into the girl's face with all the inquisitive mockery of her nature. But by this time Olivia was quite composed. It had taken her but a moment to reflect that Harald Sandys could be in no political danger from Mistress de Burg, and she said with a grave, sweet manner: "Doubtless Harald Sandys is known to thee. We have been favored to give him help in trouble."

"All who suffer for the king are known to

me," answered Anastasia; and she gave her hand to her brother with a face full of conflicting feeling, though Nathaniel perceived that the humor of the situation was predominant, and that the girl had much to do to prevent herself turning it into an occasion for mirth. A glance from her brother brought her to reason, and with the utmost manner of a fine lady she said:

"I am but a bad neighbor, Mistress Prideaux, and you have good reason to be rude to me now, but to say truth I have been hindered from coming a score of times; for I assure you that I have not fallen out with all the world because the Lord Protector and my cousin Kelder cannot agree with me. Yet truly"—and she looked at Nathaniel with eyes full of reproachful sadness—"I have been tempted to fly from so many unkind circumstances. 'T is said the king hath ever a welcome for a merry heart, and I hear there is a ship lying off this coast for some who will take refuge with him."

This last piece of information was given with a meaning glance at her brother, and Nathaniel instantly understood why Olivia had received a visit from Mistress de Burg. John's ship was waiting for him, and she had come to give him the information. Having done so she turned the conversation with a rapid and graceful adroitness upon the weather, and the flowers, and the gentlewoman whom she was going to visit as she passed through Milnthorpe. Her name again brought up that of the king, and John, either carelessly or as a matter of defiance, spoke of the Protector as "Old Noll."

The very atmosphere of the room was tingling and provocative. John, in the sense of the security afforded by the near presence of his ship, assumed an attitude indescribably irritating. Anastasia's conversation was full of covert innuendoes, thinly veiled by an almost offensive politeness. Nathaniel's face showed that he had made his last concession to the social courtesies the situation demanded. Then Olivia, whose repose of manner and low voice had been in singular contrast to the restless, irritable spirit of her visitors, rose, and, saying something about "refreshments," left the room. For eating and drinking together has ever been the English fetish for averting quarrels, or for their reconciliation.

As she closed the door John and his sister went towards an open window, but Nathaniel, who was radiating anger as a lamp radiates light, could restrain himself no longer.

"John de Burg," he said, "go at this moment, or I will arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth."

"My excellent cousin, John is *now* ready to

go. The pretty Quakeress has served his turn." It was Anastasia who spoke, facing him suddenly with her sweeping courtesy and her scornful smile. Her brother's countenance was an epitome of every evil passion, and he instantly supplemented his sister's words with the remark:

"I am going on my own orders, not on yours."

He was counting some gold as he spoke, and as he put it in his pouch he glared at Nathaniel with an impudent and rancorous leer, and added, "I am in your debt, Cousin Kelder. I will pay you. I will pay you well. By every devil in hell, I swear it!"

Nathaniel's hand was on his sword, he was in the act of advancing, when John by a rapid leap through the window evaded the intended arrest. Anastasia instantly placed herself in the way. She was the incarnation of rage, and through her set teeth she hissed at him the first contemptuous words which came to the relief of her passion. They were too unwomanly to be answered, and Nathaniel heard them with profound shame and sadness. They ended, as such words generally do, in a threat.

"John will pay you, sir, for these two minutes. And I will help him."

"Anastasia, you will do as you desire in the future. At this moment you will do as I desire; that is, you will leave Sandys at once. You have shamefully wronged its kindness and goodness. Make your adieus when Mistress Prideaux comes in. You shall not eat and drink with her. You are unworthy to be in her presence."

"The sweet saint! So that is the way the wind blows, is it?"

He did not answer her, and she continued her passionate tirade, making both her face and her body partners with her tongue in the expression of her contempt and hatred.

"The canting little Quakeress!" with a snap of her long white fingers. "I am to do her honor and homage, am I?" with a scornful courtesy to the words.

"Only make your respects to her as quickly as possible."

"Faith, sir! I will make no respects to her. Too much grace for the simpering 'thee' and 'thou'; and, with the contempt of the words defacing and darkening her beautiful face, she passionately flung open the door and left him.

The temper of her departure she cared not to hide, and amid the hurry and clatter of carriage doors and carriage horses it was easy to distinguish the imperious tones of her shrill, clear voice.

In the height of the turmoil Olivia returned to the room. She had in her hands a small

silver tray holding a seed-cake and some cow-slip wine. Her plain black dress and the snowy purity of its deep lawn cuffs and neckerchief accentuated the slight flush upon her cheeks. Her clear eyes were troubled, her gentle manner had lost something of its serene repose. She looked at Nathaniel curiously, and then noticed that he was alone.

"It seemeth as if something was wrong. Was it indeed Mistress de Burg who left in such anger? Where is Harald Sandys? Surely thou hast not been quarreling with them, Nathaniel?"

"The man who was here is not fit for your presence. I have sent him away."

"Thou art angry, and thou art going too far. My father's wisdom passeth for a general report, and he thinketh well of the young man."

"But I know him to be only evil."

"We are forbidden to judge, and Harald Sandys—"

"He is not Harald Sandys; he is the brother of Mistress de Burg."

"John de Burg?"

She could hardly ask the question, and Nathaniel answered her only by a movement of affirmation. The horror of the girl was unmistakable, though she sat down and remained for some moments motionless. It was evident John de Burg's history was known to her, and indeed Nathaniel had little to add in explanation of his conduct. For, knowing all, Olivia saw at once that it was the only possible course, and she was the first to speak of what had hitherto escaped Nathaniel's notice—the possibility of her father getting into trouble with the Government for sheltering its outlaw.

"My father did it willingly; for nine days he has sheltered him. He also asked from Edward D'Acre a change of clothing for him. O Nathaniel! my heart misgives me sorely."

Nathaniel looked at the sorrowful girl, and his heart ached to comfort her. Words of affection sprang to his lips, but he would not, at their first outflow, mingle them with words of fear and wrong. Besides, he saw that Olivia was inclined to silence. She was waiting for a greater Comforter and Counselor than himself. So he went away from Sandys soon after Anastasia, and rode slowly towards his home by the road on which he expected to meet Roger Prideaux.

He was very much disturbed and depressed; apprehensions came in crowds, and the low, melancholy tones of the bleating flocks seemed to voice them. He met Roger about five miles from Sandys. His broad face, shrewd and homely, had not its usual benignity; indeed, it had the expression of a man who had worries of his own. Nathaniel told him plainly whom he had been entertaining, and the man-

ner in which he had rid him of his guest. The news startled and troubled Roger; yet it was not altogether bad, for he confessed that he had been anxious about the man's right to Sandys, and had entered into an obligation to buy that right for a sum of ready money. And he had just been to a wealthy neighbor's to obtain a temporary loan for the purpose, as the claimant, he said, had become uneasy to get forward on the king's business.

"It is most certain, Roger, that your guest was John de Burg, and that, after trespassing upon your home, he intended to rob you of your money. I have no doubt he fell a-laughing at you a dozen times a day."

"God forgive him!"

"I would at once convey to the proper officers all particulars of this affair. I fear, otherwise, that it may be made an occasion against you."

"What time hath passed since the man left Sandys?"

"About two hours."

"Then he is manifestly beyond arrest. I doubt not there was a small boat waiting at the nearest point for him. He is on his own ship by this time. I will seek after counsel and clearness before I speak abroad of the matter."

"It is such a matter as may be severely dealt with."

"It is, indeed, a weighty and perplexing dispensation, but I trust that I shall be given to see the right way. Whom dost thou fear? Speak plainly."

"Mistress de Burg."

Roger smiled dubiously. "She hath her own plans; they touch not me or mine, I think. And I have proved that the strength of silence is greater than the strength of speech."

Then they parted, Nathaniel full of a vague trouble, yet in sacerdotal sympathy with all around him. The soft, gray afternoon was fast merging into a dull red on the horizon, the hedgerows were growing indistinct, the wider landscape was a dim outline of light and shadow. Soon the vapors rolling down the valleys made the lonely scene more lonesome. The events of the day fitted themselves into it: the singular impression which sent him to Sandys, John de Burg's threat of injury, Anastasia's words of scorn and hate, all grew remote and indistinct as the natural world around him, while the dull, heavy sound of the sea, its confused tones, its sighing surges, seemed the indistinct utterance of his own unutterable emotions. And as he approached Kelderby the moon rose, and in its light he was conscious of a strange backward prescience, a mysterious memory of some ex-

istence where the sandy shores were longer, and the hills far higher, and the sense of life more sweet and strong.

It was strange that amid all these thoughts Olivia had no distinct preëminence; for the soul is not always on its watch-tower: it has periods of carelessness for which it often sorrows with a hopeless regret. And no intimation of what followed on his leaving Sandys troubled Nathaniel. He had seen the departure of John and Anastasia de Burg, and it never entered his mind that either of them would return. But he knew nothing of the nature of a woman like Anastasia. Before she had quite reached Milnthorpe the devil whispered a few words in her heart which turned the tempest of her passion into a sudden calm.

"Why not?" she asked. "Why not? If he is still there I will confront them both. I will claim his hand, and vow I had his promise. The little saint will be so much of a woman as to believe me. If he is not there — I can say whatever pleaseth me. Yes, I will grant myself this gratification. I can rest all night at Milnthorpe with Mistress Cecil. Faith, I will not go back to De Burg owing myself so much."

Instantly she turned the carriage back to Sandys. Fortunately, Olivia saw her approach while she was yet at some distance, and her well-trained mind instantly began to subdue itself to a settled calm and purpose. Anastasia fully expected to find her in tears and distraction, for she reasoned thus: "If Nathaniel has delivered her so much of my affairs as to explain that Harald Sandys is John de Burg, she will be weeping out her horror to him. If he has not told her, they have probably quarreled on the secrecy of the affair. Do Quakers quarrel? 'T is a point of indifference. For if she speech not her anger it will nest in her heart and breed more and worse."

Asa Bevin met her at the door with a doubly forbidding aspect. But his deliberate speech and manner was no impediment to the resolute woman. She had passed him before his first words of remonstrance were uttered, and again Olivia heard her rapid tread upon the flagged passage, and again saw her enter the room in a still more exaggerated flurry of rustling silk and flying ribbons.

She was dashed by its perfect stillness and order. The wine and cake had been removed. Every chair was in its place. Olivia sat with her hands dropped on her lap, gazing out of the window. She rose courteously as Anastasia approached, but with an air of reserve, and waited for her visitor to address her.

"Mistress Prideaux, I left in something of a hurry, for, to say truth, Captain Kelder roused in me more temper than I usually carry about.

To speak plainly, you must know that he hath the promise of my hand—a promise which lately he values too little. I am advised that you are the excuse for his unkindness."

"I am sorry thou thinkest so unworthily of him, and of me. I have given thee no reason."

"Marry! I believe you not. Captain Kelder is such a man as would be beyond the nay-say of a girl of your breeding and condition."

"My breeding teaches me to take no man into my thoughts until he has sought them with honor."

"That is beyond Captain Kelder. He is already promised."

"And my condition is one that may ask civility, even from thee."

"I tell you plainly that Captain Kelder is bound to me. You have no right to entertain him."

"Thou art going too far. Thou must keep to thy own rights."

"I will take no correction from you."

"But thou must in this matter. My father's guests are to be entertained by me."

"Captain Kelder is a liar and a villain. You ought to give me credit for the warning. I'll swear I cried for you when I saw him here."

"I am sorry thou hast such evil thoughts. And if Nathaniel Kelder hath been false to thee, then truly it is best to weep for thyself."

"O you cunning Quaker wench! Faith, but you are clever in bandying words!"

Olivia turned slightly from her but did not speak.

"Answer me!"

"I am forbidden to give railing for railing."

"Day of the devil! You shall answer me."

"I will have no quarrel with thee. Be pleased to remove thyself from my presence."

So far both had remained standing. Olivia now returned to her chair. Anastasia made an attempt to follow her example, but the impetuosity of her passion would not brook the constraint of the posture. She stood, she walked, she stood again before the girl she was torturing, feeling a certain dominance in the attitude which increased her insolence.

"I will go anon—when I am ready. Do you know that you are in my power—under my feet? For I shall please myself with giving information against you. Yes! it takes a Quakeress to hide a handsome malignant plotting against the Commonwealth. Faith! you shall pay sweetly for the pleasure of Harald Sandys's company."

"Thou art not speaking the truth. Thou knowest that Harald Sandys was never here at all."

"With your gracious leave I will affirm he was! 'T was your own tongue told the lie, and it puts me in a humor of delight to confirm it."

"Thou knowest well that I was deceived, and that it was thy own wicked brother."

"It was my—'own—wicked—brother'? Lord! I would give my golden scent-coffer if my—'own—wicked—brother' could hear you. John de Burg in the seat of the godly, listening to experiences, favored with an evidence, waiting for counsels, and feeling drawn towards thee all the while. It is most delectable. You sweet saint! Do you know what you will have to pay for this honor? John is a luxury. Outlaws cost money. Pray, did he make love to you? Did he vow that for your sake he would forswear murdering and practice praying? And is Nathaniel, the dear religious youth, jealous of him? Lord! I shall die with the fun of it. 'T will serve me to laugh at for seven years to come."

At this moment Asa Bevin entered the room. He cast his eyes first upon Olivia. She had covered her face with her hands, but she was not weeping. She had only shut Anastasia from her sight, in order that she might the more easily be deaf to her reviling and center her whole consciousness upon Him who could hide her in a pavilion from the strife of tongues. The perfect stillness of her attitude relieved Asa; he felt that she had retired into a peace beyond the fretful fever and stir of this world, and he turned suddenly upon Anastasia:

"Thy chariot is waiting, and thou must go."

She looked with contemptuous anger at the little old man in his prim garments and tall stiff hat, and asked:

"Pray, who may you be? The goldsmith from Paul's Walk, eh?"

"I am not bound to tell thee my name, but so far I will humor thy poor pride. I am Asa Bevin, house-steward to Roger Prideaux. Thy chariot is waiting, and thou must go."

"Base-born churl! Off with your hat in my presence!"

"A good man is the son of the living God, and it is a crime in thee to call him 'base.' And thou mightst as reasonably bid me off with my coat as my hat. I will off with neither in thy presence. Wilt thou go? Or shall I send thy men for Stephen de Burg to bring thee to thy own place?"

"What say you, fellow? Out of my way! I have a month's mind to make my men flog you for an insolent Quaker rogue. Mistress Prideaux, remember this 29th of May. You shall date many an evil day from it. Fellow, open the door! I am thankful to escape this pestilent house. And tell your master I will haste to do him all the mischief I can."

"Thou wilt do what thou art permitted to do, and no more. The wrath of man—ay, even the wrath of woman—shall praise Him, and the rest of the wrath he will restrain."

"I will move heaven and earth for his ruin."

"Heaven and earth are God's, not thine."

"A pack of sniveling, canting, Quaker knaves!"

"Canst thou not speak without snarling dog-words? The Lord rebuke thee."

"You are an impudent varlet. I swear I will bring you down to extremities."

"Well, then, Christ for my share."

Asa was growing calmer at every threat, and the angry woman, feeling her impotence against his steady soul, was glad when the clashing of her chariot-door and the trampling of her horses' feet gave her the semblance of a triumphant escape from the scene of her shameful assault. For, though she had met with so little resistance, she felt herself to be utterly defeated and humiliated.

Roger met her in the park. He stood aside to permit the chariot to pass and caught a glance of the handsome, angry face within it. He had also a presentiment that it was Anastasia de Burg, and a sudden fear for his daughter made him hasten his steps. But when he entered the parlor there was no trace of the stormy act of which it had just been the scene. Asa was directing the spreading of the evening meal, a servant was putting fresh logs upon the fire, Olivia sat in the hearth-light, knitting. The homely duties quieted him. When his eyes saw them his lips uttered a blessing. But he sat long with his child that night, talking over the events of the day, for they felt that the situation was one involving danger and trouble.

"How forcible are right words!" said Job. But he might have said, with equal truth, How forcible are wrong words! It was impossible to exorcise the influence which Anastasia had scattered abroad. The room retained the clamorous echoes, the atmosphere of unrest and fear and hate, with which it had been charged by the passionate woman. So the stillness and peace of the upper chambers was a sensible relief. Roger shut the door of his bedroom and then asked himself:

"Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? Thou art girded round by God. This is the rest that never can be shaken."

Olivia was equally glad of the change. She stood motionless a few minutes in the center of the spotlessness and peace of her sanctuary. But she was conscious of a great inward tumult. Anastasia's bitter words still stung her soul, and she could hardly restrain the sharp, low cries that would fain have voiced her suffering. If Anastasia spoke truth, then how false was Nathaniel Kelder!

The first sorrow of womanhood had found her out. Its restless pain amazed and terrified her, and for a few moments she gave way to the passionate fear and love in her heart. She

trembled like a reed in a great wind, and the word "Nathaniel!" broke through her closed lips. At the sound she fell upon her knees and buried her face in the white drapery of her couch. It was the revelation of mortal love, and its first monitions filled her with fear. Was she indeed putting the creature before her Creator? a mortal man before Him whom her soul loved and who had loved her from everlasting?

With a swift abnegation, with eyes raining tears, she resigned everything, gave up all her will, and all her desire, and all the sweet thoughts of love that had sprung up within her heart. Then a great calm encompassed her, and her soul refreshed itself in waves of peace and joy that came, as come the winds of God—whence, and how, unknown to mortal comprehension.

VI.

SORROW HATH MANY FEET.

"King of the Pelasgians, various are the ills of men; nowhere canst thou behold the same wing of trouble."

"But every one bears a ready evil tongue, . . . and to speak slander is an easy thing."

THE village of Kelderby consisted of about fifty cottages clustered around the church and its burial-yard. It was inhabited chiefly by shepherds and husbandmen; the fishers and shrimp-gatherers dwelling in a smaller hamlet below the cliff, almost upon the sea-sands. The two hamlets were known in the neighborhood as Upper and Lower Kelder, but the village had no market, and no special industry, neither was it upon any great highway—only a pretty, lonely place, as natural to its locality as the bluebells were to the hills around it.

As Nathaniel rode through the winding street a pleasant sense of its homeliness fell upon his heart. The calm, serious men smoking on the stone benches by their cottages, and the women with their arms folded under their aprons—both alike gave him a cheerful "Good e'en, sir." And the little lads and lasses playing "How far to Babylon?" stopped their game a moment to doff their worsted caps or drop a courtesy to him. And in the dim, misty gloaming the men and the women and the elfish-looking children affected him very much like figures seen in a dream. He knew them, and they knew him, but the far-off, sensitive mood of his mind gave to all the unreality and remoteness of a vision of the night.

When he entered the park he made an effort to fling off this unworldlike phantasm, and with the help of a brisk gallop he entered Kelderby in a more lively and vigilant temper.

The house was still and duskish. It was just the moment at which it might, or might not, be lighted for the evening, and as it happened Jael was in the more lingering humor.

The sitting-room was empty, and though the baron's chair by the window held a volume by Mr. Richard Baxter, it had the air of a book which did not expect to be talked with again that night; and Lady Kelder's wheel by the hearth wore also the same aspect of loneliness. Nathaniel had prepared himself for sympathy and he felt disappointed. However, he guessed that his mother was in her own room and he went thither. His light, decided tap was instantly recognized:

"Come in, Nathaniel."

There was extreme sadness in her voice, and Nathaniel opened the door with an uncertain fear. Lady Kelder knelt by her dower chest, her elbows were upon it, her brows rested against her folded hands; a book lay below them, and Nathaniel seeing it understood the pathetic resignation of her attitude. He knew that if he should lift it he would find the "Prayer on the Death of a Child" wet and crinkled with tears, especially at the top of the page which had been turned to for its "Consolation":

If it stayed not here to enjoye Pleasure, soe neither did it Stay to be pined away with Sorrow and Care. It lived not long enough to be versed in all the Vexations of our State, nor to run thro' that Great Varietie of Miseryes and Misfortunes which are incident here to our Nature: But went off before it had time to trye how much evil is to be Endured in this Life; yes, before it was come to aggravate any afflictions by imagination, or to anticipate the same by Fear, or to reflect in bitterness of Spirit, and lay to heart what it did endure.¹

"My dear, dear mother!"

He stooped and gently removed her folded hands, and lifted her wet face and kissed it. "My mother, my dear mother!"

"It is twenty years ago to-day, Nathaniel. Surely you have not forgotten! I can see them taking her to her burial. Down that path they went"; and she rose and looked from the window. "The coffin was covered with hawthorns and lilies, and twelve of her companions, wearing white lawn, carried her. They were singing as they went, and, O Nathaniel, I hear their voices now! It was such a lovely afternoon, and the sounds filled the garden. The lilac trees were all bloom: if they could speak they would tell you they had not forgotten."

"Mother, none of us have forgotten. But should we weep for her? Think of all she has gained — and of all she has missed."

"Missed! Yes, the child-bearing and the child-losing — the vain cares, the still vainer

¹ "Deathe made Comfortable." Devotional book of sixteenth century.

hopes, the terror of griefs looked for, the agony of those that come; all the wrongs of wifehood, all the bitter wrongs of motherhood, she is well out of them. Little joy has earth, and much sorrow, much and hard sorrow."

Nathaniel could not answer. He only drew her close to his side and kissed her wet eyelids. And as he did so the tears filled his own eyes, and he said to his soul, "Oh, wonderful mother-love!"

"Come, we will go to the parlor. The dead wish not to wrong the living."

She cooled her face with some sweet-marjoram water, and then put her arm through her son's. Slowly they went together down the wide oak stairway, making — though they thought not of it — as charming a picture as any Mr. Lely ever painted: the aging mother in her black-silk dress and hood of white lace shading her white hair; the son, tall and strong, in high boots and Spanish leather and a handsome doublet of black velvet.

The baron was standing on the hearth gazing into the fire. As they entered he turned his face to them with a smile. The waiting-men instantly began to serve supper. Jael stood at her lady's chair with her shawl and footstool. As the two women met they looked understandingly at each other. Jael had been weeping also. She had been the dead girl's nurse. But, O mystery of Life, from what lowly depths proceed thy comforts! Lady Kelder on sitting down saw by her plate a handful of wild-flowers, and her white face flushed and a gleam of happiness and hope came into it — a few primroses and violets and some leaves of rosemary, tied with a band of scented ribbon-grass. She looked gratefully into her husband's eyes, and perceived that while she had been weeping in her chamber he had been to the grave to weep there. The rosemary grew at its head, her own hands had planted the primroses that starred the turf, and the violets that made it sweet. The father-love had not forgotten either the child or the mother.

Nothing was said during the meal about Nathaniel's sudden visit to Sandys, but as soon as possible afterwards he told the whole strange story. It made a most unhappy impression, and Lady Kelder, who was weary with emotion, very quickly grew fretful over it.

"It is easy to sit still and look troubled, Odinel, but what is to be done? I asked you to let these De Burgs alone. I told you that it was dangerous and foolish to help the wicked; but you were wiser than seven wise men that can render a reason, and I was not heeded."

"My dear Joan, it is not a question of wisdom, but of kindness. God is good both to the evil and the righteous."

"Yes; and God gets very unhandsomely

treated for being good to the evil. Did you expect you were to be better served than the Almighty? It passes my patience that men should ever be trying to imitate God's generosity without his omnipotence."

"My intentions must cover the mistake—if there be one; they were good and pure."

"Oh, indeed! I observe that mistakes are punished without regard to intentions. Good intentions will be but a poor roof-tree when De Burg turns you out of your home."

"Softly, softly, Joan. Why should you think that De Burg will do such a thing?"

"Because it will give him pleasure to do it. See how he has served Roger Prideaux, who never wrought him harm, unless he raised his malice by buying Sandys."

"I think, with Nathaniel, that De Burg knew nothing at all of John's deception. It was the doing of Anastasia. No one hath a greater horror of his son's crimes than Stephen de Burg."

"I am not so far gone in folly as to believe all that Stephen de Burg says on that subject. Furious, of course, at whatever blacks the honor of his family, but at the same time conceiving his family to be vastly superior to the rest of the world. If there be trouble about this affair, De Burg will go to Charles Stuart, and his forfeiture will be demanded of you."

"It will be to his interest to say nothing."

"Do you think Anastasia will take rest under the insult of Nathaniel's dismissal? Truly she will not. And by my faith! I know not why Nathaniel should have interfered in the matter. 'Tis the Quaker's bad broth, and if Nathaniel thinks he can sup against the devil and the Quaker and the De Burg, he will need a long spoon."

"Roger Prideaux is not to be put in such company, mother."

"Indeed, others are of my judgment. Sin is like poison—many kinds, but all in their measure deadly. Stephen and Anastasia de Burg are of a quality differing from Roger Prideaux, but all poison—all poison."

There were a few moments of painful silence; then Kelder, hoping to change the subject, said: "I met D'Acre in the graveyard. He has had a stone of the primest quality put over his father, and was looking to it—a young man of a very sober humor, virtuous and discreet, I think."

"High time he remembered his father. He has been taking a wife, and so forgot the leading virtue until he had convenience."

"Nay, but he is forward in all honorable deeds. He was discoursing with me over some new plot of the Fifth Monarchy Men."

"By troth and faith! I am right sorry for the Protector. Between the Fifth Monarchy

Men who say the Lord Christ is coming, and the Quakers who say that he is come and dwelling with them, he hath but a quarrelsome time." Then stooping forward and touching Nathaniel's arm: "This concerns not us in the main particulars; our first duty is to secure Kelderby. That rests with you, Nathaniel. To-morrow go and see Anastasia. Better bring her to Kelderby as your wife than lose Kelderby forever."

"Mother, how can I marry Anastasia, she being such a woman as I have told you?"

"There is good and evil in her, as in all other women. And I blame her not for her passion. Indeed, it was beyond pardon to be put beneath that Quaker girl. And one thing I see plainly, if we would save Kelderby it will have to be by giving Anastasia an interest in it."

"There must be some other way, mother. Such a course would stand neither with God's word nor with my own conscience."

"Joan, my dear heart! We are but making and widening breaches. Let us patiently digest what we have heard until to-morrow. Clearer reason may come with another day."

"Reason! That is guessing at right and wrong. What is reason, pray? A twinkling little light, fooling men between shade and shining. I have a feeling that I trust beyond it; and it tells me that Kelderby can be saved only by Nathaniel making Anastasia his wife."

"Peace! and in God's name let the thought go. To save stone and mortar shall we ruin our son? No, Joan! If it come to the pinch you will say 'No' and stand to it firmer than any one."

The baron's tone and expression, more than his words, silenced Lady Kelder. She had been supposing a calamity, the dread of which lay in her heart, for the sake of having it contradicted. She had hoped that both her husband and her son would ridicule her fear. It gave her a shock to find that her threat was at once accepted as a likelihood. She had at that hour no more courage to gainsay anything, and a feeling of despair invaded her.

Then that impulse which makes us speak of trivial things when the mind is occupied with some great affair led Nathaniel to talk of additions to be made in the farm offices, and the baron gave him such attention as he was able to give. But the influence of the circumstances was inexorably dominant: their somber eyes reflected it; their voices had the weary tones of those whose thoughts are afar off; and as the fire burned low, and the day came to an end, every word was toilsome, mysterious, weighed down with the heaviness of anxious hearts.

Lady Kelder left the two men earlier than usual. She was glad to escape to the more

loquacious Jael; to whom, sooner or later, she always unfolded her anxieties and sorrows. Jael was truly shocked at the position in which the baron's kindness and Nathaniel's rudeness to the De Burgs had placed Kelderby. But though she had plenty of sympathy she had very little tact in its appliance.

"God-a-mercy!" she cried; "'t was not for nothing that the moles began burrowing about the house New Year. Secret enemies and a-flitting. I pray they go not all round, and add death to it."

"Jael! Jael! It is wicked to bottom our expectations on such things. How could a blind mole that sees not in the present foresee the future?" But the poor lady was in a tremor of sad confirmation, passionately denying what she tremblingly believed.

"Indeed, my Lady, the dumb animals carry God's messages a long way better than man; for, right or wrong, man will add his own words to God's words. The winged birds prophesy, say what you will against it. I've seen enough myself. When Pierson had to fly to Holland, a week afore he left the rats came by hundreds to Pierson Hall, to summons him out. The rooks knew when Squire Fell was to die. The sea-birds show the fishers what the weather will be, and where to find the fish. Dogs and horses see spirits. Cocks tell the time of day; and when men were cowards all, one of them covered shuffling Peter with shame. I think a deal, my Lady, of what beasts and birds know."

"Then you think the moles know that we are to leave Kelderby? O Jael! how could you tell me?"

"They may get back orders, my Lady. I bethink me of much ill-luck turned to prosperity. The sentence had gone out against Nineveh, and there was a free set by after it. Many lets and bars God puts in a down way. And, my Lady, it is hard for ill-luck to keep foot with prayer."

But the gift of prayer is not always in our power. Words of fear, bearing Heaven a grudge at the bottom of the heart, are not prayer; and this was the definition of Lady Kelder's present mood. But as day after day went by, and nothing further was heard of John de Burg, Anastasia's threats lost their terror and their sting. Every one in Kelderby began to regard the event as past and finished, and cut off from the life which was now to go on, as if it never had happened. Lady Kelder again busied herself in her still room, the baron resumed his pleasant communion with nature and his books, while Nathaniel began to wonder if he might not with propriety pay another visit to Sandys. For the thought of Olivia was with him night and day, and the space dividing him from her was full of void and heartache.

Anastasia had not, however, forgotten them; she was even contemplating with enjoyment this very condition of affairs. "They think the evil has passed by"; and the smile upon her face was so happy that it might have answered the sweetest and kindest of affections. Hitherto she had passed for a gay and frivolous, good-natured woman. No one suspected her of a capability for malicious wickedness. But many bad people pass for good people because they have not reached the bottom of their character. Anastasia was herself surprised at her own persistence of wrath. She had expected, even feared, that her anger would not serve her long enough to carry out any plan of revenge. It gave her a feeling of satisfaction to find that it had grown steadily in will and intensity, and that a week's interval had only intensified her hatred and her thirst for revenge.

Her delay had arisen from two causes: first, she had not been able to decide upon the course likely to give the most trouble to Sandys and Kelderby and the least to herself; secondly, her success, in any case, depended upon her father's coöperation and sympathy, and she was aware that there was a time to ask and a time to forbear asking. In certain moods Stephen de Burg would remember his cousin Kelder's kindness, and indignantly repudiate any ungrateful return. In other moods he would regard the insult offered to his daughter, not only as canceling all good-will debt, but also as an occasion for passionate retaliation; and it was this mood Anastasia was waiting for.

One afternoon, ten days after John de Burg had regained his freedom, Anastasia was sitting thinking of him. Captain Bellingham had just left her, and Captain Bellingham usually knew whatever happened in the country-side. But though she had questioned him skillfully, he had given her no news which held the faintest suspicion of John's visit to his home. It was certain, then, that he had reached the coast in safety, found the waiting boat, and gained the security of his ship. At that hour he was probably hundreds of miles away from his enemies. As for John de Burg, *she was the only soul that had knowingly seen him*. She laughed merrily to herself at the idea which suddenly flowed to her from this circumstance. It seemed to her that she had found the clue to a vengeance worthy of the wrong.

Her father entered in the midst of her private mirth. He was in an equally jocund mood, having got the better of "some canting Round-heads" who required taxes of him. "But I showed them that I was only a lodger at De Burg, being there at the pleasure of their Commonwealth; and therein Sir John Freemantle said I was right, and so on. Then comes Mr. Allen, and he thinks the taxes should be col-

lected of my security, and some fell a-laughing at the proposition, and some forsoothed it, but Sir John stood bravely by me, and the case will stand finely. A pleasant day, Asia, and all things else."

"I am extremely glad on it"; and she touched the strings of her lute lightly, and sang:

"Lay by your pleading,
Love lies a-bleeding,
Burn all your poetry,
And throw away your reading.
Piety is painted,
Truth it is tainted,
Love is called a reprobate,
And Schism now is sainted."

The bright June sunshine was all over her, giving to the brilliant colors of her silk gown the prismatic rays of the peacock's feathers. Her black hair fell curling over her shoulders and upon her warm, white neck and bosom, and her hands sparkled with colored gems as they twinkled among the strings. She was the loveliest realization of a gay and brilliant woman, formed for the delight of the senses and the enchantment of thoughtless men.

De Burg watched her with pride and pleasant speculation, and she divined his thoughts, for she suddenly snapped the song in two, and said in a low voice, "Let me tell you the secret of Sir John's complaisance: the king comes soon to his own again."

He opened his eyes wide and flashed their intelligence into hers; and she nodded back a charming assurance ere she continued, "There's a *feel* in the air, a whisper in the wind, a bird in my breast, that tells me so; and besides, a word from London that confirms all."

"Old Noll hath caught an ague."

"He hath caught death."

"Well, then?"

"If we would have the full pay of our loyalty, you know, we must go to the king. In the day of rewards those who have done so will be remembered. As for the general mass who wait for him to come to them, they cannot expect any honor in particular. Faith, sir! before a year be gone, I warrant you, men and women will be drinking the king's health upon their knees in the market-places and on the housetops."

"Well, then?"

"Go to the king."

"My cousin Kelder would have just cause to complain of me."

"We owe nothing but hatred and ill-will to cousin Kelder, and with your good help I will pay it."

"What mean you?"

"Oh, I am deadly mad at them!" Then she laid down her lute and carried a chair to her father's side. "You must know, sir, that when

I was but a maid in ankle-shoes Nathaniel made love to me and vowed me his hand."

"Pray, what did you want with the sour Puritan?"

"Indeed, that is one of the miracles. But now he wants not me. He hath fallen into the toils of the Quaker girl at Sandys."

"I have seen her. A month ago I met her with D'Acre's wife; a pretty pair of sucking doves, truly!"

She laughed and clapped her sparkling hands together.

"Sucking doves! Marry, sir! Prideaux's girl hath the temper of a wild cat. She ordered me out of her presence."

"Surely you joke, Asia; and 't is a poor subject for your mirth."

"Never trust me if I speak not the truth. I called at Sandys for a purpose."

"For what purpose?" He asked the question peremptorily, for like not a few men of small stature he not only was easily made angry, but was rancorous when he had a grievance to avenge. "Pray, what purpose had you at the Quaker's house?"

She looked him steadily in the face and said, "I went to see Harald Sandys."

"What foolery is this? Harald Sandys was killed with his cousin at Marston battle."

"My Harald Sandys is, I hope, now so far out at sea as to be beyond his enemies."

All mirth had vanished out of her face. She was in a mood which demanded attention as she continued: "Be so good as to listen to me. For your sake, 't is all I shall ask, sir."

"Put it in the number of my sins that I kept secretly for many weeks under your roof this gentleman—a fact that you will be best to forget, since it concerns you not, and is beyond your advantage. But presently, when there was like to be suspicion, I sent him to Roger Prideaux, for he hath an affectation of great kindness for the old owners of the house he bought."

"The rogue fancies that dingy guineas, made in some sort of mechanical work, can buy a right to an old estate like Sandys. I had looked to add it to De Burg, as was most natural. For only Bellingham lies between us, and there is so much of ancient intermarriage as would justify the king in making me heir where there is no other heir. Oh, I would have taken Sandys in payment of all scores against him, and then if it had come into your mind to marry Bellingham, there would have been an estate worthy of an earldom."

"I wonder not that you have ever been against this Quaker."

"Nothing moves me to anger like his name."

"All goes well, then, for now you have a good occasion to work Sandys out of an owner again."

The Quaker hath doubtless been harboring a malignant, whom he knew to be on the king's business."

"Make me wiser on the whole matter."

"T was on the 29th of last month. I went out, as I commonly do, to ride. I took the way to Sandys, and at the gates I bethought me of the civility of making a call upon the strange lady there. Being come to the entrance, a cross old man withstood me at all points, and with many excuses. But having determined to gratify my curiosity I would not be restrained, and, with such apologies as left him far behind, I went to the parlor. There I found Mistress Prideaux, and Nathaniel Kelder, and a man whom Mistress Prideaux, with much discomposure, introduced to me as Harald Sandys, 'there being nothing to fear,' she said, 'from one of my affection for the king.'"

"Come, this grows hugely. Nathaniel is in the plot, then?"

"So much belongs to the public ear. For your own there is much more, if you care to listen."

"Oh, I will hear to the last comma."

"Nathaniel was so much annoyed at my visit that he was hard set to give me the commonest courtesy, and when Mistress Prideaux went for a glass of wine for my refreshment he took the opportunity to insult me beyond all patience or endurance."

"The grounds?"

"I had mentioned a ship lying off the coast, supposed to be there for certain of his Majesty's friends, and he turned on Sandys and called him John de Burg,—ordering both him and me to leave at the moment. He said, moreover, that I was unfit and unworthy to sit in the same room or to eat in the presence of Mistress Prideaux, and he bid me depart in such a way as left me for the moment at his word, seeing that I would not, for my own sake, prejudice the escape of the young man. But I went back."

"Oh! you went back?"

"And I found her alone."

De Burg laughed uproariously. "Did you take her eyes out?"

"I promise you I am nothing in her debt."

The whole plot was as clear as daylight to De Burg; but there are none so blind as those who will not see, and clearness of sight in this direction was neither to his interest nor to his pleasure. He looked with something of pity and something of admiration at the sullenly handsome face of his daughter. He saw that her anger burned like a fire, and was likely to grow with the thoughts it fed on. For though mortified feeling turns to ridicule in cold natures, it turns to bitter hatred in passionate ones; and hatred, however it may punish others, is self-punishment of the severest kind.

He rose and walked thoughtfully about the room. Anastasia sat in the gloomy stillness of a soul stumbling from thought to thought of angry love. For when she began to hate Nathaniel then she found out her love by her hate. She could not forget his severe, youthful beauty as he watched with gathering wrath the unfolding of her guilty plot, and his grave rebuke added to it an invincible grace. Her soul was tossed, as in a hurricane, with scorn, anger, mortified love, and a burning longing for revenge.

"Asia!"

"Sir."

"What was, and is not, may be as if it never had been. And of what it is unnecessary to speak we will speak no more. This event begins with your visit to Mistress Prideaux. Do you understand?"

"This moment. I have forgot everything before it."

"In all cases, and to every one, are you prepared to stand to that condition?"

"I'll swear to it."

"Other affairs fit into this one with a strange evidence. 'T is well known the Quakers have made many remonstrances to the Pro—I mean to Old Noll, praying for more justice than he gives them; and also that they are dissatisfied and disquieted at his indifference to their complaints. 'T is likewise well known that the king has been in communication with leading men of all parties and all creeds, sending them promises of liberty in all matters of conscience. We may suppose—we have a right to suppose—that Harald Sandys's visit to Roger Prideaux was as the king's emissary to the Quakers, Prideaux being a man of wealth and weight among them. And old Noll's sickness has brought every one to a consideration of what is to come when *he* goes to the devil. The eye of a Kendal magistrate will see a great matter of treason in this affair, I'll warrant it."

"But Nathaniel—is he to go free? I wish him to suffer, and this is nothing towards it."

"You have a woman's trick of seeing only one thing at a time. Does your mind live in a lane? Nathaniel shall suffer on every hand and in every person. But I foresee in this affair the conclusion of much and the beginning of more. The king must not come home before we go to the king. We have lost too much to lose the claim which entry with him will guarantee. Prepare, then, for such a visit by giving your beauty the advancement of a flashing bravery of dress, for there is nothing like making a show of gentry in his presently shabby court. Thank your stars that I take this matter out of your hands; for it will require to take both wisdom and patience with it."

"Oh, sir, I neither wish nor need for a better stand-by. I can leave all in your care, with great contentment."

"And I swear you satisfaction. Faith! in these dull days of discontent it will be a great delight to me to turn things a little upside down, and as I owe you something for the pleasure, you shall have my Lady Levin's Iceland dog. I am advised that it is for sale."

Half an hour afterwards Anastasia heard her father ride away towards Kendal. She

was not afraid, she was not sorry, for the thing she had done. She went upstairs, washed, dressed, and perfumed herself, but in all her sweet coffers there was no wash or unguent for her restless soul. Reckless and contradictory, sick with a vague trouble which she would neither face nor acknowledge, she muttered defiantly:

"Well, I have set the ball rolling. Where it will go, and when it will stop, the devil only knows!"

Amelia E. Barr.

(To be continued.)

THE CRUCIAL TEST.



It was down on the Altamaha. The Dugarres always spent the summers in their large, old-fashioned mansion, on their own plantation, coming out from Savannah in May and returning in November. It was a picturesque house, with its wide halls, its piazzas, and its white columns that a man's arms could not reach more than half around. It had withstood the changes of time, and war, and the passing away of several generations. It was a landmark of the old South, and though the row of cabins in the rear still had a few dusky occupants, they were farm-laborers, hired to work by the day.

The Dugarres were famous for their hospitality, and entertained guests from all parts of the Union. An unusually large party lounged on the shady piazza one hot, languid summer afternoon, representing Charleston, Atlanta, and even New York, not to speak of the fair Savannahians, and of Valentine Dugarre, all the way from Brazil. It was too warm for exertion, all quiet amusements had flagged, and even conversation had become a stupid effort, when Edward Dugarre brought out a dusty old CENTURY and read Stedman's poem "Hebe." It roused both the lazy and the meditative to lively comments, all agreeing in their condemnation of Florina's revenge, so summary and so terrible. Did I say all? There was one exception — Valentine Dugarre. But some of them looked upon her as half savage, because of her Brazilian birth, and her perfectly frank way of speaking out her thoughts and feelings. The Dugarres themselves were half afraid of her and rejoiced when she became engaged to Frank Black, a handsome young Savannahian of good family but of rather weak, unstable nature. She had been sent up to them to have an American finish put to her education and manners; but alien blood flamed in

her veins, and she had been worshiped and spoiled in her own home until she had become as imperious and exacting as princesses are supposed to be. She could do the rashest, most unheard-of things when enraged, or when in a generous mood — such, for instance, as taking a ring from her finger and giving it to a ragged beggar when he asked her for five cents. When scolded for it by her shocked aunt she impatiently exclaimed:

"Can't you see that he is starving? What real need have I for the thing? Let it go, if it can be the means of bringing him food and clothing. I do not care to be rich, to wear jewels, while others are perishing with hunger."

And that summer afternoon she sat among those people listening in silence to all their comments, and waiting until the last to have her say about the matter.

She was an imperial-looking girl, dark, but with a faint, delicate bloom on her cheeks, and the color of a rose on her lips. Her eyes were not black but golden-brown, and her hair had the texture of silk. Her very dress seemed to set her apart from the other women, who clothed themselves according to the decrees of fashion. It was fine woven yellow linen, its full loose folds girdled in about the waist with a broad band of silver, its sleeves open half way up, revealing beautiful rounded arms. She set at open defiance all forms and rules, and laughed contemptuously at the conventionalities of society.

"I quite approve of Florina's revenge," she said at last, "only I would have killed the woman also"; then she smiled with scornful contempt to see the blood forsaking Helen Lawrence's face. "Why do you turn pale, Miss Lawrence?" she asked, leaning towards her with a gleam of mockery in her eyes.

"I — because it is horrible to hear you talk so," said Miss Lawrence, quickly recovering herself, for she shrank, if Valentine did not, from a crossing of words, as it was known by

all in the house that the young Brazilian was jealous of her.

"Val. does not mean it," said Edward, soothingly.

"I do mean it. What right had she to come between them, to use all her smooth little ways and arts to make him faithless? Yes, by all means, Hebe should have feasted upon her first."

She glanced at her lover, but he was looking intently across the sunlit cotton-fields to the shining sweep of the river, apparently not in the least interested in the conversation. Then she looked around on the disapproving faces of the other women.

"You may all look shocked, but I am different from you only in the expression of my thoughts. There is an untamed savage in every heart, no matter how finely the owner of that heart may be civilized, how highly polished."

"There is also a spirit of divinity, Miss Dugarre," said Mark Livingston, the young Charleston lawyer, in his grave, calm voice.

"But in some unguarded moment, some crisis, the savage conquers all. It is easy to be good until one is deceived or thwarted."

"But what cause have you to talk like a disappointed, soured woman of the world, Valentine?" her cousin exclaimed, a little impatiently.

"Oh, none whatever, of course." But a note of bitterness thrilled her sweet voice, and her jealous eyes saw the glance Helen Lawrence exchanged with Frank Black. She bit her full under-lip, until the blood almost started.

"You believe, then, that the evil in human nature is stronger than the good," said Livingston.

"I do; for is it not true that many a lifetime of noble deeds has been wrecked in a moment of passion, the man stripped of his goodness, as of a garment, leaving the naked savage, fierce, revengeful?"

"But if there are such instances, so we can as easily recall others, where men and women in moments of supreme sorrow, or danger, have so far risen above all personal feeling as to be willing, nay eager, to help their worst enemies."

She turned to her lover. "What do you think, Frank?"

"That it is too warm for argument, and that Ed. might have selected less tragical reading for our amusement."

He laughed a little as he spoke, to give a jesting turn to his words, and, rising, walked away into the hall. Valentine's eyes flashed with anger, but in a moment she rose and followed him into the cool, duskily shadowed library.

"Dearest, did I disgust you with my savage talk?"

"I do not like such sentiments from you, Valentine. It does not sound womanly, and those people criticize you severely enough as it is."

Her eyes darkened again, her lips curled.

"What do I care for their good opinion!"

"It is well for us to care for everybody's good opinion."

"Miss Lawrence has taught you that great and noble truth, has she? You have grown very critical of my speech and manners yourself since she came among us. Frank, Frank! what is it coming between us?" she cried in sudden, piteous entreaty.

"Your jealous imagination, Valentine. A man does not like to be doubted, frowned upon, every time he speaks to, or looks at, another woman."

"Is that all? Tell me, on your honor."

"Yes," he said; but his eyes shifted under her eager gaze, and a slight flush rose to his face. But she was too anxious to believe him to heed such fine changes of expression.

"I am a miserable, jealous creature, all fire and wicked temper," she humbly acknowledged. "I have tormented you, I know; but unfortunately for me I love you with all my heart, instead of just a little bit of it, and it is a great strong heart, dearest, if it is wayward and untamed."

She leaned towards him with luminous eyes, her beauty softened, as sweet and gentle as that of any other woman. What man could resist her in such a mood? He raised her arms to his neck, and kissed her on lips and eyes.

"You love me, you do really love me?" she whispered.

"Love you! How can I help it, my princess?"

They had a little dance at Dugarre that night—a merry, informal party. A large number of young people came out from the neighboring town, the parlors were cleared, and Uncle 'Riah, the old white-haired fiddler, was called in to play for them. It was a moonless night, and to add a little to the picturesqueness of the fine old house and grounds the negroes built a great bonfire on the lawn. It threw its ruddy light afar under the trees, and a rain of glowing sparks fell here and there on the grass, and some even floated away on wreaths of pearly smoke over the roofs.

The ladies of the house were all in evening dress, but it was acknowledged that Valentine Dugarre and Helen Lawrence carried off the palm for beauty. Valentine appeared her loveliest and best. No suggestion of scorn or anger marred her face. Her dress of thin, creamy

silk was Greek-like in its flowing lines and its full draperies, and her throat and arms were bare. She wore no jewels, except her engagement ring, and a single diamond star in her hair. She was radiant, yet so sweet and gentle in all her ways, that those who thought they knew her best wondered what new whim possessed her. She even smiled approval when Black led Helen out on the floor and danced with her. If he had stopped at that!—but he asked her after the dance to walk on the piazza with him. She hesitated, cast a hurried glance about the room, saw Valentine in a distant corner talking to Livingston, and consented.

They walked the length of the long piazza, and then Black drew Helen into the deserted library. She took her hand from his arm, her usually pale face burning with color, her calm eyes agitated. It was enough to set his faithless heart aflame, to call forth treasonable words of love. Curiously enough it was on the very spot where a few hours before he had given Valentine such assurance of his love. The remembrance stung him to shame, but it could not silence his tongue. His love for Valentine had been an infatuation, but Helen held his heart. So he told himself, so he had been telling himself for a month, though he had never before confessed as much to Helen. Valentine was not the woman to make him happy, with her jealous, tempestuous moods and passionate temper.

"But you, you are an angel of sweetness and goodness," he said, kissing her hands, even the folds of her pale-blue silken sleeves.

Helen shivered a little as she listened to him, and cast uneasy glances about the room, for there was a good deal of cowardice in her nature, and she feared Valentine.

"What if she should hear you?" she said, trembling, yet leading him on with her soft eyes, her half-yielding manner.

"Why speak of her, think of her, now?" he exclaimed. "My bondage is not yet hopeless, and I—I cannot help not loving her."

"But you are engaged to her, and it is all wrong to talk so to me," she said, tears starting suddenly to her eyes. What she had deliberately begun as a flirtation had become as serious to her as to him. Her emotion nearly distracted him. Still rasher words trembled on his lips, when—

"Is this tableau for the benefit of the public, or only for your own amusement?" a voice inquired near them, causing them to start guiltily apart, for it was Valentine herself standing there, white as her dress, and with eyes that were terrible in their rage and anguish. "Mr. Black will be perfect in the art of love-making if he continues his present rôle. You

need not tremble, and look as if you'd like to run away, Miss Lawrence. There is no Hebe here to crunch your delicate bones, richly as you deserve such a fate, and willingly as I would give you to it."

"Blame me for it all, Valentine, not her," exclaimed Black, feeling like a craven between them.

"So you would protect and defend her. What a chivalrous gentleman; what a man of honor! Do you think I have been blind and deaf to the sighs and glances, to the thousand little arts she has used upon you—she, the example that has been held up to me by my aunt as worthy of imitation? Well, I congratulate her on the conquest she has made. Two months ago you were ready to grovel at my feet, and to-day—yes, only a few hours ago—you assured me that you were true, that you loved me; and I believed you." Her passion rose again to violence. "I would like to kill you both; yes, with my own hands!"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Black. "Do you want all those people in here?"

"Oh, no! It does n't, of course, make any difference if you break my heart, but it would be shocking for the world to know it. I will hush, and leave you to console and reassure Miss Lawrence; but do not expect me to break our engagement. You shall never be free until I die—never."

And then she left them, disappearing through the open window as swiftly and noiselessly as she had come upon them. Livingston met her on the piazza, and, without questioning his presence there, she allowed him to take her hand and lead her to a seat. He looked almost as pale as she, and far more agitated, and when she turned from him, covering her face with her hands, his self-possession deserted him entirely.

"Don't—don't cry, Valentine. He is not worth a tear, or one pang of that dear heart of yours."

"I know his worth; but that cannot alter my feelings now. I love him."

"And I—I love you, Valentine, even as you love him."

Valentine turned and looked at Livingston. "Then I pity you," she said, simply, but with such pathos that he himself felt like dealing out summary punishment to Black. He did not attempt to plead his own cause then, knowing that it would be not only selfish but worse than useless. She had no thought for him or for anybody or anything but her own sorrow and bitterness. "I wonder if animals can have souls, because if they do I must have been a tigress."

She laughed tremulously, crushing up folds

of her gown in her hands. "I'd like to kill them, I would indeed," she exclaimed, her eyes burning through a veil of tears.

"You think so now because you are excited," Livingston said gently, as though speaking to an angry child.

"Excited! I think I must be mad."

"You could not do them any violence, Valentine, were it really in your power. I know your generous, noble nature better than that."

But she turned away again, with hidden face, jealous rage melting into anguish.

Nobody could ever tell just how it happened. The most reasonable theory was that it caught from some of those vagrant sparks flying up from the bonfire, but deep in the darkness and silence of that night, long after the household had all retired, a little tongue of fire shot up from the roof, growing larger and brighter until its light shone across the woods and fields beyond the river.

It was Valentine who, turning on her pillow to look from the window, saw the strange illumination, and, springing up, discovered its cause. One could hear the curl and crackle of the dry boards as the flames devoured them, feel the heat, smell the rolling volumes of smoke. Confusion reigned supreme as Valentine ran through the halls, waking the slumbering people. Nobody attempted to save anything, but all fled for their lives from the old house, which burned like so much tinder. The great trees surrounding it were shriveled in the heat, and falling flakes of fire set barns and stables ablaze. The low clouds caught the lurid reflection, the river shone like a mirror, while along the horizon the darkness was so intense, so thick and inky black, that it seemed as if all the night had been compressed into it.

The Dugarres wept to see the old house falling to ashes before their eyes—all but Valentine. Its walls held no loving associations, no precious memories for her; but the force, the awful destructive fury of the fire fascinated her.

And then, from group to group, ran a cry for Miss Lawrence. She could not be found. Had she been left, forgotten in the terror and confusion? Then indeed men and women looked at one another with blanched faces and eyes of horror.

"It would be death to go in there now," said one man.

But, death or not, one had gone, running across the lawn, up the steps, and into the clouds of smoke filling the piazza and wreathing the great white columns—Valentine Dugarre. Black and Livingston would have followed her, but were forcibly restrained. It was enough, they were told, that two lives should be lost, without throwing their own away. But in a few moments a joyful shout drew all to the side of the house, where they saw Valentine at a second-story window, with Helen Lawrence half fainting at her side. She helped her through the window, and those below could hear her eager words of encouragement as Helen dropped safely down to the hands outstretched to receive her.

"Now, Valentine, quickly, dear," cried her cousin, sharply.

"Yes, for God's sake!" Livingston cried. But it was too late. A volume of flame seemed to burst up at her very feet, curling in the folds of her white gown and circling about her head. Out of that fiery nimbus her face shone for a moment, and then with a creaking of burning timbers and a great flare of light, the whole building fell in.

Matt Crim.



LONGING.

ARIADNE! Ariadne!
On the sunny lea I sought her,
Traced her footsteps by the water,
Followed them through grove and meadow,
Calling in the forest shadow,
"Ariadne! Ariadne!"

LONGING.

Gray at even grew the air;
 Red, behind the fire-edged mountains,
 Dropped the tired sun; the fountains
 Of the sea flowed dim, and weary
 Fell the bird into its eerie
 Nest to dream, and night was there.

While my soul lay wrapt in vision,—
 I of Ariadne dreaming,—
 All that is was lost in seeming,
 All that seemed was more than real,
 With the joy that dreams may feel,
 With an ecstasy Elysian.

But the morrow came and found me
 Restless, searching for the dream,
 Lost, as are the things that seem,—
 When a sudden turning showed
 Naiads, where a runlet flowed,
 Grouped in loveliness around me.

Startled into sudden hoping,
 Thinking Ariadne nearer,—
 She than all the great world dearer,—
 Quickly did I scan each face,
 But in none her own could trace:
 And my spirit sank, a-moping.

Glad because my joy was brief,
 Happy that my hope seemed dead,
 Then they closer drew them to me,
 With their arms to bind and woo me,
 Smiled upon me, captive led.
 But my soul turned faint with longing,
 For, though beauty rare is thronging,
 Love, *unloving*, still must see
 Only happiness in grief.

So they ceased, with arms outlaid;
 Songs of banter rudely singing,
 Laughter from their lips came swinging,—
 And before me, silent, white,
 Stood the hope of my delight,
 Ariadne, goddess-maid.

As I clasped her with a bliss
 That with keenness stung my heart.
 "Nevermore," I cried, "to part,
 Mystic maiden! Bride of Light!"
 Scarce had fed my starved sight,
 Scarce I held her, when I felt
 All her clinging softness melt,
 Part from me as day from night,
 Leave me, empty, wond'ring there.
 And the unimpressed air
 Mocking, wafted back my kiss.

Ariadne! Ariadne!

Louise Morgan Sill.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.¹



OLD CHATHAM STREET (NATIONAL) THEATER, NEW YORK.

FROM STOCK TO STAR.

THERE is nothing a young actor enjoys more than itinerant theatricals. It is so grand to break loose from a big tyrant manager in the city and become a small tyrant manager in the country.

I was one of those juvenile theatrical anarchists who, after having stirred up a rebellion in the greenroom, would shout to my comrades, "Let's all be equal, and I'll be king!" I had annual attacks of this revolutionary fever, and having saved up all my salary during the regular winter season would lose it patriotically in the summer. It was on the eve of one of these excursions that I received my first telegram. It came in the form of a despatch from my partner, who was in Baltimore, I being in Cumberland. I could not believe it, but there it was; a reply to my letter of the day previous, which he could have received only an hour before the message was delivered to me. I called at the office to inquire if it were really so: yes, there could be no doubt about it. A small group of people had collected about the operator, some having received messages of congratulations at the establishment of the line, others sending them away to the same effect, and all wearing a look of surprise and incredulity. We began showing one another our despatches, and, looking with respectful awe at the mysterious little machine that was ticking away as if worked by some invisible spirit of the other world, wondered what they would do next. The whole town

was up in arms about it. People were running to and fro with little messages in their hands, and stopping one another in the street to talk and wonder over the new event. If I were now to receive a message from the planet Mars offering me a star engagement, I could not be more astonished than I was on that day.

It is said that the man who invented spectacles was imprisoned for daring to improve on the eyesight that God had given us; and that these comforts of old age were called the "Devil's eyes." So, in the height of this telegraphic novelty, did many wise old Solons shake their solemn heads, declaring that the wrath of God would fall on those who dared to take a liberty with lightning. The people with universal consent made the occasion a holiday, and as this was our opening, in the evening the hall was full.

We should have considered it a good house if the receipts had reached forty dollars; but when I made up the account I found myself in possession of more than a hundred dollars, all in silver. Loaded down with this weighty fortune I started after the play for the hotel, being supported on either side by the walking gentleman and the property man, utilizing them as a body-guard lest I should be waylaid and robbed. In this flush of fortune, and as a requital for their valuable services, I stood treat to my escort and dismissed them for the night. My room was in the third story, so there was no fear of burglars from without; but as I fancied that every robber in town must by this time be in full possession of all the information concerning my late acquisition, I ascended the stairs with a solitary tallow candle and a nervous step. The long, dark entry seemed so very favorable for an attack that at each landing I imagined that I should be stabbed in the back. I thought it therefore just as well to hum a tune in a careless way, as though I was quite used to this sort of thing, and thoroughly prepared for any emergency. Sauntering slowly along to the tune of "My Pretty Jane," I reached the door of my room, which I entered as quickly as possible, locking it at once. The next thing was to dispose of my treasure, which I did by placing it between the mattresses of the bed. I spread it all out so as to make it look a good deal when my partner arrived. One always takes delight in showing his partner how well

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things have gone during his absence; it is so delightful to make him feel that he is not of half so much importance as he thinks he is. Having placed the chair under the knob of the door, I could see no chance for a successful burglary unless the operator came down the chimney. I confess this rather worried me, as I felt that in the event of his making a descent upon me by the flue I could not possibly keep him out with the blower. I went to bed with the idea that I should be found murdered in the morning, and dropped off to sleep dreaming of Jack Sheppard.

At daylight I was startled by a loud knock at the door. "Who's there?" I said, still somewhat alarmed. "Sefton," said the voice of my partner. "Are you sure?" said I. "Of course I am," he replied. I opened the door and admitted him. "How was the house?" was the first question. I made no reply, but turned down the mattress and displayed the full receipts to his astonished gaze.

Now our managerial labors began in earnest. The town did not contain more than five hundred playgoers, so that we were obliged to change the performance nearly every night. After the play we would go out and, taking our property man with us as an assistant, put up our own bills. This we continued to do until at last our financial condition enabled us to afford the luxury of a bill-poster.

No one who has not passed through the actual experience of country management, combined with acting, can imagine the really hard work and anxiety of it—daily rehearsals, constant change of performance, and the continual study of new parts; but, for all this, there was a fascination about the life so powerful that I have known but few that have ever abandoned it for any other. It had a roving, joyous, gipsy kind of attraction in it that was irresistible. Who would not rather play a good part to a bad house than a bad part to a good house?—ay, even if he were the manager! Then just think of the eagerly looked-for criticism in the morning papers, of no consequence to the world at large, but of much importance to the actor: how anxious I used to be in the morning to see what the critic said, quickly scanning the article and hurriedly skipping over the praise of the other actors, so as to get to what they said about me. Then after breakfast, sauntering down to the drug-store where the reserved seats were for sale: not to look at the diagram to see how the seats were selling—certainly not, that would appear undignified; but just to inquire if there were any letters. These were the delights that always sweetened the poverty that went hand in hand with country acting. In the present instance we were in possession of a gold mine. We had

captured the town, having been the first to attack it.

It is seldom that partners in theatrical management agree. Wood and Warren, of Philadelphia, were never on very friendly terms, and Ludlow and Smith were in partnership for many years without exchanging a word except on business. How they managed it, or rather mismanaged it, I can't tell. Sefton and I were but human beings, and this sudden success had the same demoralizing effect on my partner and myself. He was obstinate, and so was I.

Dogberry says, "An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind." Now as neither of us would consent to take this undignified seat, I sold Sefton my share of the animal and retired; he vaulted into the vacant saddle and rode his charger to death. About three months afterward I received a letter from him—business had been bad, and he was in great distress—urging me to play a week with him. I did so, partly to help my old partner, and partly to see my name in large letters. This was the first time I had ever enjoyed that felicity, and it had a most soothing influence upon me. My hotel was just opposite the hall, and when I arose in the morning and looked across the street I gazed delightedly upon my name in bold "Roman caps," though I was much annoyed at seeing the citizens pass by this important announcement without taking any notice of it; and the conduct of two strangers who met precisely in front of the theater and began an earnest conversation, without deigning to bestow a glance at the bill-board, was positively insulting.

I had to contend on my opening night with a local favorite in the shape of a rival comedian. This was no easy matter, for not only was he a clever actor, but a feeling had been engendered among his many friends that I had entered into a dark conspiracy with the manager to dethrone him. I had acted here the season before and was something of a favorite, so my reception was very cordial; but as soon as it ceased I was greeted with a storm of hisses. This sudden and unlooked-for demonstration took the audience and myself by surprise, and of course checked the progress of the play. In the midst of this confusion my rival was loudly called for by his friends, at which the curtains of a private box were violently shaken, then jerked apart, and in their opening appeared the form of my rival. He stepped unsteadily upon the stage; one side of his trousers had crawled up his leg, revealing an untied shoe, the brim of his hat was slightly bent, and he swayed from side to side with folded arms and disheveled hair. There was a mingled air of defiance and melancholy in his looks, plainly

showing that he was not only persecuted but intoxicated. The wild encouragement from his friends clearly proved that they were in the same condition, indicating that the entire party had partaken freely of "Dutch courage" in order to stimulate them for the fray. After a maudlin speech, which first amused and then bored the audience, he was led from the stage and the play proceeded.

Actors in sickness or distress are proverbially kind to one another, but little professional misunderstandings will take place now and then. Some overzealous defenders of our art have asserted, I think erroneously, that no true artist is jealous of another. This is going a little too far, and giving us credit for more virtue than we possess. Jealousy is unfortunately an inborn quality, entirely independent of art. If a man has this unfortunate passion he feels it whether he is a true artist or not. In this instance my rival was a good actor, but not too good to be jealous of me, and if our positions had been reversed the chances are that I would have been jealous of him.

FROM STAR TO STOCK.

It was during this, my first star engagement, that I received a telegram announcing the sad intelligence of my mother's death. I started at once for Philadelphia, but by some accident was detained on the road for two days, arriving too late to look upon her face. My brother, my sister, and myself passed a week together after the burial of my mother, and then separated, they returning to New York, whence they had been summoned, and I remaining in the city to look after an engagement.

On the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets stood the Amphitheater. At this establishment in the winter season the circus used to amalgamate with a dramatic company and make a joint appearance in equestrian spectacles, which were produced under the stage management of Mr. Joseph Foster. This gentleman had studied in the best school of the highly colored melodrama—Astley's, on the Surrey side of London. He came to America as property man with Cook's company somewhere about 1836; in this position he continued for some years, ultimately joining the Amphitheater in Philadelphia. His industry, backed up by long experience, made him so valuable that he soon became stage-manager, and was holding this position when I called on him to apply for a situation as comedian. He had been prepared for the visit, having heard something to my advantage as an actor, but he was undoubtedly disappointed with me at first sight. As I entered the managerial sanctum, he lowered his bushy eyebrows

and scowled at me with anything but an engaging expression of face.

"Humph!" was all I could catch of his first greeting. Then, after a slight pause, he said, "Oh, you are the new young comedian, eh?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "There is no doubt about my being young; but how much of a comedian I am remains to be seen."

"Humph; quite modest too. Modesty is a good thing if it is not carried too far," he said. "Humph; where have you been acting lately?"

I told him that I had just finished a starring engagement in Cumberland.

"Starring, oh! Then you are not so modest after all," he replied. "I suppose you have heard that my present comedian is a failure?"

I told him that the welcome news had reached me, and as I had also been informed that in consequence of this the gentleman was about to retire from the Amphitheater, I made bold to apply for the vacancy.

"Well," said Mr. Foster, "my funny man is certainly the most dismal piece of humanity I have ever met with. I engaged him on his face. I never saw such a comical outside belonging to such a serious inside. The man's 'mug' is as funny as Liston's—whom he resembles, too, very much; large, round eyes, fat chops, and a turned-up nose. I thought when I first saw him that, like the milkmaid, his face was his fortune; but no, as soon as he opens his mouth all the humor seems to vanish. But now about yourself. I suppose you know that our plays, such as 'Mazeppa,' 'Dick Turpin,' 'Timour the Tartar,' 'The Terror of the Road,' are not celebrated for good low comedy parts; the actor has a great deal of hard work to do. It is what I call physical comedy; and you are too light for that kind of business, I fancy."

I told him that I regretted this, for if he engaged me by the pound, my salary would perhaps be as light as myself.

"But you do not look like a comedian," said he to me. "You have a serious, melancholy expression; you look more like an undertaker."

This last remark was rather crushing, so I endeavored to put on a jovial, quizzical expression, and failed. In a short time we arranged terms—twenty dollars a week, with a third-clear benefit. The engagement being settled, he gave me a part to study for the next play. I acted all this season at the Amphitheater, and a curious experience it was. The low comedian of a melodramatic theater is generally used as a stop-gap, and his artistic efforts are confined to going on in "front scenes" and amusing the audience, if he can, by speaking some long, dry speech, supposed to be full of humor,

while the carpenters are hammering away behind and noisily arranging an elaborate set. Under these conditions it is very difficult to gain the confidence of an audience, or to distract their attention away from the painful fact that there is a hitch in the scenery. They seem to know that something has gone wrong, and decline to be consoled by a feeble comic song.

Upon the initial performance of the nautical drama of "Captain Kidd," Mr. Foster had given me a long, dismal ditty to sing, in order that I might divert the audience in case of an accident. It was privately understood between us that as soon as the scene was ready he would wave his hat at me from the wing as a sign that everything was right; then I was to finish my song and make my exit. The much-dreaded accident occurred, and I was deputed to go on and distract the audience, which I certainly did. The lines of the song ran thus:

My name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
And wickedly I did, as I sailed, etc.

There were just twenty-five of these verses, equally humorous and grammatical. The audience bore them patiently for the first time, but when I looked towards the wing for a comforting wave of Foster's hat, to my horror he was not there; so I began again. It is said that republics will endure tyranny with more fortitude than empires, but it is possible that I had gone too far even for the forbearance of our free institutions, for many voices in the audience cried out: "No more! We can't stand that again." Other remarks were made too numerous and uncomplimentary to mention. I still tried to get a hearing "as I sailed"; but, with the hammering behind the scenes and the hooting in front, my efforts failed to make any impression, so I retired amidst the confusion.

Of all theatrical entertainments, the equestrian drama is perhaps the most absurd. The actor and the horse refuse to unite; there is nothing of the centaur about them. I have seen the tyrant *Timour the Tartar* stride about the stage tempestuously, inspiring the audience with the idea that nothing could daunt the imperious spirit within him, but as soon as he espied the prancing steed that was to bear him to victory his passion cooled, and with a lamb-like submission he would allow himself to be boosted up into the saddle, where he would sit unsteadily, looking the picture of misery.

Foster was a short, stout man, but extremely active, and as alert as a lynx. Nothing escaped his quick eye. If the house was crowded and the drama going well, he was the personification of good-nature. At such times he would stand with his legs wide apart, his hands clasped

behind him, his face beaming with smiles and his eyes fairly glistening with delight; but if the slightest hitch took place in the performance, he knew it in an instant. He would then jump as if he were shot, rush to the wing, shake his fist at the delinquent, and taking his high, black-silk hat off his head would trample it under his feet in frenzy.

The grand spectacular drama of "Mazeppa" was announced for the Easter holidays, and was produced with great splendor. Charles Foster, a son of the manager, was cast for the hero. He was a handsome, dashing young fellow, possessed of considerable dramatic talent, and, added to this, was one of the finest riders I have ever seen: his graceful figure and youthful appearance fitted him perfectly for the romantic lover of the *Princess*. The announcement that this drama was to be produced caused a slight commotion in the theater, for there was attached to the company an old melodramatic actor by the name of Cartlidge; he had been a leading man of Astley's Amphitheater in London during the days of the famous Ducrow, and was now seventy years of age. I met him at the greenroom door just as he came in to look at the cast. "I hear they are going to play 'Mazeppa,'" he said, with some agitation. "Is this true?" "Yes," I said; "there is the cast." He went over to the cast-case and looked at it in mute bewilderment, and then, as if he could not believe his eyes, took out his spectacles, wiped the glasses, put them on, and stood for a long time gazing in blank amazement at the cast. As he turned around I saw tears in his eyes. He walked slowly out of the greenroom, and, going into a dark corner of the stage, sat down despondently. I knew pretty well what was the matter with him, so I thought I would go up and comfort the old man, for he was usually cheerful, and it was sad to see him so dejected.

I sat down beside him and asked him what was the matter. He took out a large handkerchief, and, burying his face in it, began to sob. After he had recovered himself he said, "Foster has cast me for the Khan." Then turning on me with his eyes full of tears and a retrospective look in his face, he continued: "Young man, I was the original *Mazeppa* fifty years ago, and now I am cast for *Mazeppa's* father. Why should I not play *Mazeppa* still? I may be a little too old for it, but—" Here he broke down again, and as he sat there with his eyes and his spectacles both full of tears he looked more like *Mazeppa's* grandfather than like *Mazeppa*. The fact is, if he had been cast for the part he would have realized that the time had gone by for him to look or act it, and he would have declined: the self-inflicted blow would have fallen lightly on him; but to receive the

stroke from another hand was more than he could bear. It made him feel that he had outlived his usefulness, and brought before his mind the glowing days of his youth when he had been the idol of Astley's. The painful truth that he was getting old and was no longer wanted came upon him.

It is natural that the world should smile at the old and senile as they are pushed aside, but no deposed emperor feels the force of compulsory abdication more than the stage king who has outlived the liking of the people.

"St. George and the Dragon" was the grand final production of the season. I was not in the play, so I saw the first performance from the front of the theater. The opening act ends where the seven champions of Christendom assemble to have a conference, pledging themselves to stand by one another in any emergency. The glittering armor of the knights, and the prancing of the fiery steeds as the grooms led them on, stirred the audience to enthusiasm.

Young Foster was a picture as the gallant St. George of England. His manly form was encased in a rather vulnerable armor of pure spangles, and he shone like a sheet of silver. At a given cue he vaults into the saddle, and waving his bright sword and throwing back his fine, classic head, he shouts, "Up, knights, and away!" Now St. Denis of France, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. David of Wales, St. Andrew of Scotland, and one or two other knights mount their chargers and gallop away, following their leader, the gallant St. George, as the curtain falls upon the animated scene. It so happened that St. Denis of France and St. Andrew of Scotland had been cast to two actors who were not what would be called daring horsemen. All of the knights with the exception of these two mounted their horses and galloped off in the interest of Christendom with unmistakable ardor. But the steeds of St. Denis and St. Andrew had but little faith in their knights, and the knights seemed to have no faith in themselves. This timidity communicated itself from one to the other, and as the riders hopped about on one leg trying to mount, the horses kept going slowly round to avoid any further intimacy. The audience was roaring with laughter, and I knew by this time that Foster was standing on his hat, if not on his head. At last the knights made a powerful effort to "bestride their foaming steeds." St. Denis, being very tall, scrambled up, but over-shot the mark. "He o'erleaped his saddle," so that his head hung on one side and his heels on the other, while the horse kept going round with him in this dreadful position. At this juncture the curtain came down, cutting off the other knight, St. Andrew, and shutting

him outside of it and close to the footlights. Unfortunately in the excitement of mounting this gentleman had got the wrong foot in the stirrup, so that the gallant Scotchman found himself in pursuit of glory with his face towards the horse's tail. Finding that he would make but little progress towards Christendom in this position, he slid gently off behind, still clinging to the bridle, while the horse dragged the unlucky warrior across the front of the stage. The audience shouted as the animal pulled his rider along. The horse now changed his tactics, and standing upon his hind legs came slowly but surely towards St. Andrew, who scrambled for protection into the nearest private box. The horse, still on his hind legs, looked down on the orchestra as if meditating a descent upon the musicians, at which the entire band fled "for safety and for succor," some of them retreating under the stage, while the majority scattered among the audience. The curtain had to be raised and a groom sent on to take the poor frenzied horse in. There was now some anxiety to know what had become of St. Andrew. That gallant Highlander, seeing that the coast was clear, jumped out of the private box where he had been concealed behind the curtains, and, half denuded of his armor, rushed frantically across the stage and darted behind the curtain amid the unqualified approbation of the audience.

I was not twenty-one at this time, but being an old young man, and looking upon life perhaps more seriously than one should at my age, I bethought me that it was time to marry and settle down in life. My brother strongly objected to this; he believed that I was too young, and I believed that he was jealous. The first serious words we ever had were in relation to my prospective marriage, he insisting that my wife and I had not known each other long enough to form any estimate as to the strength of our attachment; but I was obstinate, and the wedding came off.

I wished this marriage to take place privately, well knowing that otherwise my friends of the company, from the leading man down, would be at the wedding in full force, not so much out of compliment, perhaps, as for the purpose of indulging in that passion for quizzing which seems to be so deeply planted in the histrionic breast. My betrothed desired that the ceremony should be solemnized in church, fearing that ill-luck would follow if it came off at any other place. I consented to this. Now I hate to be quizzed, and I think most people do; particularly those who indulge in the habit of quizzing others. Revolving in my mind, therefore, the best method of avoiding ridicule, I boldly told the company that I was to be married at church



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."

(FROM A WATER-COLOR BY W. HEATH.)

a hero, and a public benefactor. To be successful, he must combine force of character and self-control with artistic taste and executive talent. He stands between the public and the actor, the actor and the author; he must judge them all, and unite them harmoniously. To contemplate the amount of skill and industry that is lavished on the splendid dramatic productions of to-day is appalling to a man who wishes to enjoy a good night's rest. If you have a passion for the dog, the rod, the gun, the yacht, or the country, don't think of entering into theatrical management. The eye of the master is absolutely imperative in the conduct of a theater, and only those succeed who give it their undivided attention.

But to return to the managerial partnership between Mr. Ellsler and myself. The relations between us were very pleasant, for as our lines of business were quite distinct, there was no professional jealousy. Besides this, our duties in the management differed widely; consequently we never clashed. He had full control of the front of the house, while I managed behind the curtain, and I think we enjoyed the fullest confidence in each other.

Our season in Macon was quite good, but in Savannah our fortunes had a reverse. From some unknown cause the business here was very bad. I say "from some unknown cause," for it is characteristic of the members of the theatrical profession to attribute their failures to anything or everything else but themselves. It is so disheartening to feel that we are responsible for the disaster. In mercantile affairs, if losses are incurred, the loser can console himself with the fact that it is the merchandise that is worthless; if an artist's picture be refused admittance to the gallery, it is his work that is disregarded; but if an actor fails, it is himself who is neglected. The mortification of a personal and a public slight is so hard to bear that he casts about for any excuse rather than lay the blame upon himself. This is unfortunate, for if we only had the courage to acknowledge that the fault lies within ourselves, we could more speedily set it right; but to go groping on in the dark, with the blind consolation that others are to blame, only retards our advancement.

As I had been married a year, and our first child had just been born, I was naturally beginning to feel the weight of a new responsibility.

A WANDERING STAR.

It has always been my habit, when anything important was to be thought over, to get off alone somewhere in the woods, or to lock myself up in a room, where I can turn the matter over quietly. I had left the theater after re-

hearsal and was walking along in search of some solitary place where I could ruminate.

Savannah is a lovely city at all times, but in April it is like fairy-land. The beautiful Southern houses of semi-tropical architecture are surrounded with live-oak and magnolia shade-trees, and the gardens are laden with flowers. The city was peaceful and quiet — too much so for a manager in distress. The air was redolent of orange blossoms and bad business. I was looking down one of the long, solitary avenues of trees for which this city is famous, when in the distance I espied the tall figure of a man walking leisurely towards me. His height was so enormous that I thought some optical illusion caused by the long vista through which I was looking had elongated the gentleman beyond his natural proportions. No; as he came nearer he seemed to get taller and taller; he was at least six feet six inches in height. He sauntered leisurely along with an elegant carriage and an aristocratic bearing, not assumed, but perfectly natural. I had never seen this man until now, but I imagined that I knew who he was, for if I was not mistaken in his height and appearance I had already heard of him. As we approached nearer, his ease and confident manner were almost impertinent. He had one hand in his pocket, and with the other slowly twirled a long, gold-headed cane. As we met, there was on his handsome face a self-sufficient smile, and he turned his large eyes from one side of the street to the other, with the air of a man who owned half of Savannah, and was contemplating the possibility of getting a mortgage on it with the ultimate view of purchasing the rest of the city. After we had passed I turned to look back, and found that he had done the same. We were both caught dead: there was no disguising it, so we approached each other.

"Pardon me," said I, "if I am mistaken, but are you not Sir William Don?"

"Quite right, old chap. How are you?" he replied. We shook hands and there was a pause. He looked at me with a quizzical twinkle in his eye, and said: "Well, which is it — Jefferson or Ellsler? You can't be both, you know."

I laughed heartily at this: not so much at what he said, which was commonplace enough, but at the way in which he said it. I thought to myself, "This must be a great comedian." He saw he had made a hit, and laughed in the enjoyment of it.

"My name is Jefferson," said I. "Mr. Ellsler is my partner."

"Well, Jeff, old fellow" (as if he had known me all his life), "I'll be frank with you. Here I am, a star in search of a manager."

"Well," I said, "I will be equally frank

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."¹

with you. I am a manager in search of a star."

"Capital!" said he. "Will I do?"

"Will you do? You are the very man," I replied.

"Hurrah! We will play 'Box and Cox' together." Then throwing his arms around me, he quoted from the farce, "'You are my long-lost brother!'"

"Sit down," said I, as we came to a bench, "and we will talk terms."

"What are you going to offer me? Don't be modest—put it high. 'Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him who first cries, Hold, enough!'"

In our present delightful frame of mind there was no difficulty in settling terms—we both would have agreed to anything. I told him I would give him one-third of the gross receipts, with a half-clear benefit at the end of the week.

"Quite right; anything you like. But will your partner ratify this?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "He attends to the finan-

cial part of the business, leaving all matters connected with the stage to me; though, of course, I must consult him before we consider the matter settled."

We walked to the theater and I introduced Ellsler to Don, telling my partner of the arrangement we had made. He acquiesced at once, and seemed quite as much pleased at the prospect of the baronet's engagement as I was.

"Stop," said Don; "I have just thought of it. My wardrobe is in Charleston. Can we get it here by Monday?"

"Yes; but we must send for it at once," said I.

"All right," he replied. "Just let me have fifty dollars, and I will telegraph. It's in pawn, you know."

"In pawn?" said I.

"Yes, I lost a hundred dollars at poker (queer kind of game, is n't it?) on the steamer coming from New York; so I was dead broke

¹ Unless otherwise stated, the pictures in this article are from the collection of Thomas J. McKee.

when I got to Charleston, and I left my traps at my 'uncle's' for money to pay my bill at the hotel, you know—the Charleston Hotel, is n't it? Large columns outside—tough steak inside."

Matters were all settled, and a bill for the first night was arranged—"Used Up" and "The Rough Diamond." Sir William told me that he had a number of letters to the first people in Savannah.

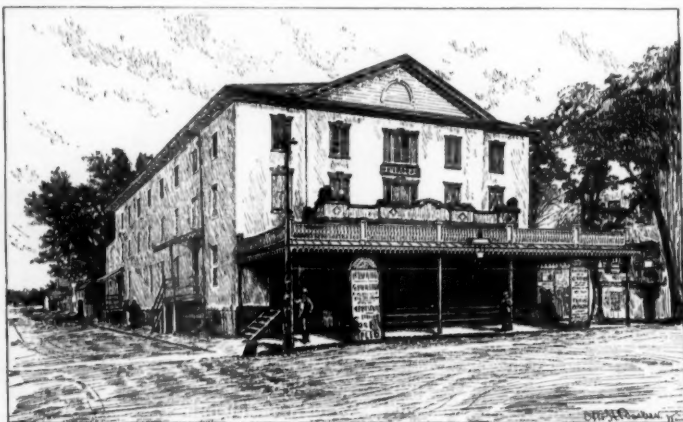
"Don't lose a moment," said I. "Deliver them at once. This will sound your arrival through the city."

"All right," said he; "I'm off. I wish you could go with me; I should like you to see how I cultivate a new acquaintance. No? Very well—by-by." And away he strode, taking such enormous strides that he looked like the Colossus of Rhodes at the commencement of a walking-match.

My partner and I, congratulating ourselves

The curtain rose, and the play proceeded quietly until at last some action revealed that the new star was about to shine. The audience leaned forward as the center doors opened and the baronet stalked upon the stage. As he appeared the applause broke forth; fans and handkerchiefs were waved at him from all directions, and kid gloves were ruined in frantic enthusiasm. The audience at last quieted down and the scene proceeded. The people in front seemed anxious and nervous: I was in the same condition, for I saw that Don, with all his assurance, was suffering from stage fright. His face was pale as death, and he cast his eyes down on the stage. I knew the latter was a bad symptom; he wanted encouragement. I was at the first wing, and catching his eye gave him an approving nod. He seemed to take courage, and, as the audience began to enjoy his acting, warmed up. He finished the great speech of the scene, ending with, "I have been

to the top of Vesuvius and looked down the crater; there is nothing in it." He did this admirably, receiving a tremendous round of approbation. As he sauntered up the stage he again caught my eye; and giving me a comical wink as the applause was continued, he said, so that I could hear him, though the audience could not: "It's all right, old chap. I've got 'em."



THE SAVANNAH THEATER PREVIOUS TO 1884. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY J. D. JOHNSON.)

on this new treasure, began making preparations for the opening. As I had predicted, the quiet city began to stir with an undercurrent of aristocratic emotion. As the week wore on the tide swelled, and by Monday had reached the high-water mark of excitement.

The theater on Sir William Don's opening night presented a picture of beauty and refinement. Families that seldom visited the house, except on the conventional Friday night, crowded the auditorium; costly silks and laces fluttered in the dress circle, and old-fashioned rose and table-cut diamonds glittered in the private boxes. Elderly dames with their white hair dressed *à la pompadour*, and with long and brilliant pendants in their ears, nodded majestically to one another, and prim old gentlemen in stiffly starched cravats looked coldly on. A live baronet was on view!

His engagement proved a great financial success. I was disappointed in his acting: he was amusing and effective, but he was an amateur from head to foot, which in his case meant a good deal. I am of opinion that "once an amateur, always an amateur." There are many good actors that have this peculiar, raw quality who have been on the stage for years; and it is because they begin their careers by acting leading characters. Mrs. Mowatt and James H. Hackett were examples of many in our profession who have committed this fatal error. No matter how bold and dashing they may appear, there is a shyness and uncertainty about everything they do. It exhibits itself in the casting of the eyes down upon the stage in an embarrassed way just after they have made a point. This is very disastrous. When a strong effect is made, the eye, the

pose, the very feeling, should be, for an instant only, a picture, till the public digest it. If it is disturbed by some unmeaning movement the strength is lost, and the audience will at once discover that they are not looking at a master. This characteristic of the amateur may wear off in some instances, but I do not remember any.

Sir William went with us to Wilmington, North Carolina, where we opened with the stock, he appearing at the beginning of the second week. The audience here did not like his acting; they seemed to prefer our domestic goods to the imported article. He saw this, but did not seem to mind it, and so bowed to the situation. He became very much attached to the company and remained with us some time, joining in our fishing and boating parties. His animal spirits were contagious; and as we had no rehearsals, the mornings at least were devoted to amusement. We would do the most boyish and ridiculous things. Three or four of us, himself the central figure, would go through extravagant imitations of the circus and acrobatic feats that were then in vogue. "The Bounding Brothers of the Pyrenees" was a particular favorite with him. We would pretend to execute the most dangerous feats of strength — lifting imaginary weights, climbing on one another's shoulders and then falling down in grotesque and awkward attitudes, and suddenly straightening up and bowing with mock dignity to an imaginary audience. Once he did an act called the "Sprite of the Silver Shower," pretending to be a little girl, and tripping into the circus ring with a mincing step. Then, with a shy look, he would put his finger in his mouth, and mounting a table would go through a daring bareback feat. Nothing that I ever saw was more extravagant.

While in New York during the next summer, I got the following note from Don:

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, June 25, 1851.

MY DEAR JEFF: I have just arrived from Boston, where I have been playing a bad engagement. The modern Athens was not overwhelmed by my nobility. The critics went so far as to say that I was anything but a good actor. What execrable taste! Well, here I am at the St. Nicholas. Fine rooms, but abominable cooking; everything tastes alike. I am beginning to think that the Frenchman was right when he said that in America you had fifty religions but only one gravy. When shall I dine with you? Make it early. I will drop in just as one of the family — pot-luck, you know. Do not put yourself out for me; a pair of canvasback ducks and a bottle of Johannisberg, or two; am not particular.

Yours,

DON.

The day for the dinner was arranged — the Fourth of July; but as it would have needed a journey to the coast of Labrador to get a pair



SIR WILLIAM DON.

of canvasback ducks at that time of the year, I ordered roast beef and plum pudding instead. The occasion being a patriotic one, as far as the date was concerned, it struck me that an English dinner would be in good taste for Sir William. But we were doomed to disappointment, for at ten o'clock in the morning a strange man came to the door and gave me the following note from Don:

LUDLOW STREET JAIL, July 4, 1851.

MY DEAR JEFF: You will see by the heading of this that I have changed my hotel. Was it you or your father who wrote the Declaration of Independence? If it was your ancestor, you are not responsible, and I have nothing to say; but if "in the course of human events" it was yourself, never hope to be forgiven. See what that absurd and unimportant document has brought me to. If America were still one of her Majesty's colonies, an English nobleman would not be treated with this disrespect. Here I am languishing in prison because some old Jew says I borrowed one hundred dollars from him on false pretenses. (He may think himself lucky that it was not a thousand.) I said that I would pay him out of the money I made in Boston. Well, I did not make any money in Boston, so I looked upon the matter as settled. Come and see me. If you have never been in this establishment it will be quite a treat for you. Yours, DON.

Don was a singular character, at once generous and unjust, genial and slightly cruel. He would borrow from his friend for the purpose of lending to his enemy. His wit was charming and original, and he was quite unconscious of his own brilliancy, apparently

setting no value on it. He had that thorough contempt for tradesmen which stamps this type of English nobility, and he would walk ten miles to help an old woman or to escape from a tailor.

THE BALCONY SCENE.

THE love of management still clung to me, and my partner sharing my enthusiasm, we resolved to make another trial of our fortunes in the Southern circuit. Our limited means compelled us to adopt the most economical mode of transportation for the company. It was settled, therefore, as it was necessary, that we, the managers, should arrive at least a week in advance of the opening of the season: our passage must be made by rail, while the company were to proceed by sea.

There was in those days a line of schooners that plied between Wilmington, N. C., and New York. The articles of transportation from the South consisted mainly of yellow pine, tar, and resin, which cargo was denominated "marine stores." Feeling confident that we could procure cheap passages for our company by contracting with one of these vessels to take them to Wilmington, we determined to conclude a bargain with the owners.

The arrangement was made at a rate that suited all parties except, perhaps, the members of the company, who, I fear, had some slight misgivings that they were to be conveyed to their destination as a kind of ballast. The day was fixed for their departure, and Mr. Ellsler and myself went down to the wharf at Peck Slip to see them off. If we had felt any uneasiness before in the thoughts of sending our comrades off in this way, what was the depth of our remorse when we saw the dreadful old tub in which they were to depart. It was an ill-shapen hulk, with two great badly repaired sails flapping against her clumsy and foreboding masts. The deck and sides were besmeared with the sticky remnants of her last importation, so that when our leading actor, who had been seated on the taffrail, arose to greet his managers, he was unavoidably detained. The ladies and gentlemen of the company were uncomfortably disposed about the vessel, seated on their trunks and boxes that had not yet been stowed away. There were handsome John Crocker, our juvenile actor, leaning with folded arms and a rueful face against an adhesive mast; pretty Mrs. Allen, then only eighteen years old and just married, nestling upon the bosom of her husband, with her lovely dreaming eyes serenely wondering, not when they would start, but whether they ever would return; Mrs. Ray, the first old woman, with an umbrella in one hand and a late dramatic paper in the other, sitting on a coil of rope and unconsciously

ruining her best black dress. It was a doleful picture. The captain, too, was anything but a skipper to inspire confidence. He had a glazed and disheveled look that told of last night's booze. Our second comedian, who was the reverse of being droll on the stage, but who now and then ventured a grim joke off it with better success, told me in confidence that they all had been lamenting their ill-tarred fate. Ellsler and myself bid our company as cheerful an adieu as we well could, but there must have been a tinge of remorse in our farewell, for on talking the matter over as we watched the wretched old craft being towed away to sea, we concluded that we should not forgive ourselves if our comrades were never heard of again.

On our arrival in Wilmington the days were spent in preparing the dusty old rat-trap of a theater for the opening, and our nights in wondering if our party were safe. The uneasiness was not lessened, either, by the news that there had been bad weather off Cape Hatteras.

Within a week, however, they arrived, looking jaded and miserable. Another week for rest and rehearsal, and our labors began. It was customary in those days, particularly with provincial companies, to vary the dramatic bill of fare so as to suit the different tastes of the public. Comedy and tragedy were therefore dished up, and I may say hashed up, alternately, as for instance Monday: Colman's comedy of "The Poor Gentleman," fancy dances by the soubrette, comic songs by the second comedian, concluding with the farce of "The Spectre Bridegroom." The next evening we gave "Romeo and Juliet."

The name of this latter play calls to mind an anecdote connected with its performance in Wilmington that will not be amiss at this point. I have before said that a portion of my early theatrical education was drawn from hard work in the paint and property room of a theater, so that when I became a manager I delighted in the "get-up," as it was technically called, of plays, so far as our slender means would permit. To fashion and paint a rustic bridge, with a wide board behind it, set upon two shaky trestles, for *Rob Roy* to cross over, was a special privilege. A profile boat for the "Lady of the Lake" was another delight. This perfectly unsafe-looking skiff was always set on a trunk mounted upon four little wooden wheels that no amount of black-lead could induce to keep from squeaking. The rope must be steadily pulled — the slightest jerk and over goes her ladyship into the gauze waters. But let us return to the story.

"Romeo and Juliet" being announced, I felt that the balcony scene should have some attention, and I conceived a simple and eco-



JULIA DEAN. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.)

nomical idea that would enable me, at a day's notice, to produce the effect in a manner "hitherto unparalleled in the annals of the stage." Skirmishing about the wharves and the ship-chandlers', I chanced to light upon a job lot of empty candle-boxes. By taking a quantity the cardboards were thrown in, and nothing makes a finer or more imposing but unsubstantial balustrade than cardboard. The boxes, placed one by one on top of each other and painted a neat stone color, formed a pleasing architectural pile. Before the play began I had cautioned *Juliet* that when "she leaned her cheek upon her hand" she should let her elbow rest gracefully but lightly on the frail structure that was to support it. *Romeo* also had to be cautioned, for as the house of Capulet was already about his ears, it was necessary that at least his shins should escape any contact with the foundation. The scene opened with a backing of something, supposed to represent the distant city of Verona, with my new balcony in the foreground. *Romeo* and *Juliet* were warm and energetic in their love passages,

but still acted with becoming care and gentle consideration for the balcony about which they fluttered. All seemed to be going well till presently there came the sound of half-suppressed laughter from the audience. "Crocker," said I from the wing, "are you shaking the balcony?" "No," he whispered; "I have n't touched it." "What are they laughing at, then?" "Can't imagine," said he. The laughter increased, and it was quite evident that something not announced in the bills had gradually attracted the attention of the audience till at last the whole house had discovered the mishap. *Juliet* retreated in amazement and *Romeo* rushed off in despair, and down came the curtain.

I rushed upon the stage to find out what had occurred, when to my horror I discovered that one of the boxes had been placed with the unpainted side out, on which was emblazoned a semicircular trade-mark, setting forth that the very corner-stone of *Juliet's* balcony contained twenty pounds of the best "short sixes."

JULIA DEAN.

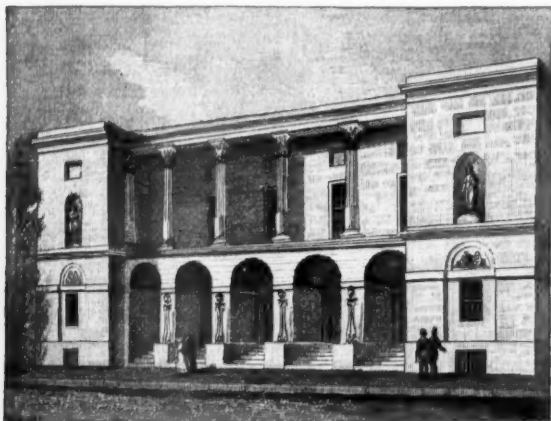
FROM Wilmington we journeyed to Charleston, South Carolina, where, after three weeks of stock and star, we were joined by Julia Dean.

Julia Dean and I had been in the utility ranks of the Mobile Theater during the management of Ludlow and Smith, and as this firm was noted for the economy of its organization, we were made good use of. In the various dramas produced during this season Julia and I had gone hand in hand, alternately espousing the cause of tyranny and virtue for the small sum of six dollars a week. For this reward we were content to change our politics and our costumes at the will of the stage-manager. As brigands, gentle shepherds, or com-

our dramatic corps, so that impromptu talent is a scarce commodity with us. Stanley suggests, "Perhaps Miss Dean can do it." "Oh, no, impossible!" replies the manager; and then a gentle but clear and steady voice says, "I think I can, sir." What, quiet, shy, and modest Julia! Whence comes the courage to avow all this? It does not spring from vanity — she has none; it is begot of that honest confidence which often underlies ability; it wins the manager, who in his dilemma clutches at a straw. While the sweet volunteer is robing herself in the dress of *Lady Priory*, left by the invalid, a friend reads the lines of the first scene to Julia, who drinks them in with eagerness; and the audience are told that they must be charitable to the young novice.

The play proceeds and *Lady Priory* enters; we, her comrades, are standing at the wing. Take courage, girl! There beats not here one heart that envies you. The gentle eyes are raised, so full of innocence and truth, and now she speaks. Who ever thought that Julia harbored such a voice — so low, so sweet, and yet so audible! It sinks deep into the hearts of all who listen. They are spellbound by her beauty, and as she gives the lines with warm and honest power a murmur of delight runs through the house, and from that moment our lovely friend is famous.

Just seven years after this I found myself manager in Charleston, and Julia Dean, then the leading juvenile actress of America, engaged to play a star en-



CHESTNUT STREET THEATER, PHILADELPHIA.
(FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM BIRCH IN 1823.)

munists we gained our daily bread together. We changed our religion without the slightest compunction; as Catholics we massacred the Huguenots, while as Pilgrims we bade a sad adieu to our native land, from which we had been driven by religious persecution. Lay or secular, it mattered not to us. So we trudged on, with perhaps a lurking thought that some day we might lead to victory as we were then following to the death. Straightway comes a change; not for me, but for my gentle comrade. Let me recall the scene. The greenroom is in a high state of excitement; a lady has fainted and is borne to her dressing-room "insensible"; the prompter, George Stanley, brings intelligence to the stage-manager that she is too ill to act. The play to be given is "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are." The audience must be dismissed unless some one can be found to read the part. The economy before referred to has permitted no overflow of genius to glut

my theater. I was rather proud to feel that while my young friend had in the meantime risen to be a brilliant star I was at least a manager, if not a successful one. On the morning of her arrival in Charleston I called at the hotel to pay my respects. I sent up my card. I knew she would smile at the very idea of my having a card; so I wrote in pencil under my name, "All the utility people wanted at ten for the country dance." As the door opened I entered her drawing-room. She burst out laughing, and, giving me both hands in the frankest way, said, "So here we are again." The tall lanky figure of a girl of sixteen, with deep blue eyes and golden hair, had rounded into the graceful figure of a charming woman.

Mr. Ellsler and myself had been struggling along in the old up-and-down way, but were looking forward to an improvement in business as soon as our new star should shine —

JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR PETER TEAZLE."¹

and shine she did. The town fairly went wild with enthusiasm. The star was fêted and entertained by those to whom she would vouchsafe her presence. All vied in paying homage to her beauty and her virtue. She received these attentions with simple dignity and grace unspoiled by flattery or success, and in those days of her artistic splendor she would delight to laugh and chat over the olden time when we marched together in the glorious preparatory ranks. The success of this engagement was quite an event in the annals of Charleston theatricals. At the end of the first week we shared \$900 each—think of it, \$900! My partner was more sedate than I, and I fancy took his good fortune with a quiet, philosophic air. But for me, I was in the clouds, a plutocratic comedian! During the whole week I had been covetously eying two watches in the jeweler's window of Hayden & Greg—one a small, blue enameled one, having a real diamond in the center, with which I intended to, and did, surprise my wife; the other a patent eighteen-carat lever, with which I was bent upon aston-

ishing myself. These purchases were eventually made, absorbing a large portion of our profits.

I had my watch for many years. It was a true and valuable friend. I will not say that we never parted; there were moments of embarrassment when a temporary separation was imperative.

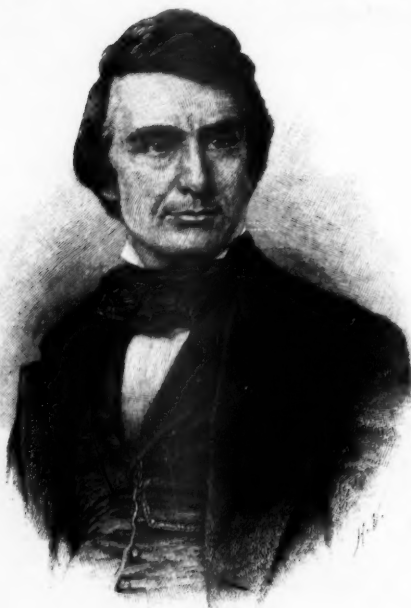
LEGITIMATE COMEDY.

THE following season I was engaged to act the "first comedy" under the stage-management of Mr. John Gilbert, at the Chestnut street Theater. This being a period when stars were rare and combinations unknown, the regular companies were fully commissioned, and generally supplied with excellent actors.

At the Arch, Wheatley and Drew had a most popular stock company, and the ladies and gentlemen attached to it were undoubtedly the dramatic heroes of the city.

Our company at the Chestnut street was not quite so capable, but we produced the stand-

¹ Reprinted from an article by J. Ranken Towse in this magazine for January, 1888.



JAMES E. MURDOCH.

ard plays with considerable effect, and were thought, by ourselves at least, to be formidable rivals of the other actors. I had played *Dr. Ollapod* and *Bob Acres* before, so that in these characters I was comparatively at home; but when the cast of the "Heir-at-Law" appeared in the greenroom I felt rather nervous, though, of course, I was delighted at the prospect of acting the important part of *Dr. Pangloss*. But now there came upon me a dreadful mortification. The speeches of the erudite doctor are filled with classical quotations, and as I knew but little of Latin and nothing of Greek there was only this course left me, I must go to Mr. Gilbert and confess my ignorance. That gentleman kindly offered to assist me in mastering the classics, at least so far as the learned doctor was concerned.

The first thing to be accomplished was to get at the exact meaning of the quotations, that they might be delivered with intelligence. And the next and really most important point was to familiarize myself with the correct pronunciation of them. In two or three days we accomplished this to our mutual satisfaction, and when acting the part I gave out the quotations with such gusto and confidence that I am quite sure the audience was convinced that it was listening to a very learned fellow. I do not feel any remorse, however, at the imposition, for I have no doubt that two-thirds of the spectators who applauded my pronun-

ciation of Greek and Latin knew as little about the matter as I did.

In 1853 I became stage-manager at the Baltimore Museum for Henry C. Jarrett. He was known as the railroad manager, from a habit he had contracted of getting up excursions between Washington and Baltimore. These flying trips were both startling and inconvenient for nervous actors, as he would frequently arrange for one of his stars to play a short piece for the opening performance in Baltimore, and then hasten him, on a mile-a-minute trip, to Washington, in a special train, terminating the entertainment in the latter city with the same attraction.

On one occasion he produced the "School for Scandal" at the capital with a cast so strong, including as it did the first comedians of the day, that some account of it here may be interesting. The characters were distributed as follows:

<i>Sir Peter Teazle</i>	MR. HENRY PLACIDE.
<i>Charles Surface</i>	MR. J. E. MURDOCH.
<i>Joseph Surface</i>	MR. J. W. WALLACK.
<i>Sir Benjamin Backbite</i>	MR. A. H. DAVENPORT.
<i>Crabtree</i>	MR. THOMAS PLACIDE.
<i>Sir Oliver Surface</i>	MR. GEORGE ANDREWS.
<i>Moses</i>	MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON.
<i>Snake</i>	MR. EDWIN ADAMS.
<i>Lady Teazle</i>	MISS LIZZIE WESTON.
<i>Mrs. Candor</i>	MISS KATE HORN.
<i>Maria</i>	MISS MARY DEVLIN.
<i>Lady Snecrwell</i>	MRS. JANE GERMON.

Being stage-manager, of course I was delighted to have this vast array of talent under my direction. Naturally my position on this occasion was a sinecure, as there was but little to do in the way of management. These great lights had been accustomed to manage themselves, and were not likely to expect advice or to brook it from a youngster like myself; so I was contented to get the credit of arranging the whole affair, which had really cost me but little thought or labor. I fancy though, from what I remember of myself about that time, that I went about with a wise and profound look, as though the destiny of nations rested on my head. I have since seen older men than I was assume this importance.

JAMES E. MURDOCH AND HENRY PLACIDE.

THE undoubted hero of this occasion was Murdoch in the character of *Charles Surface*.

James E. Murdoch, as an actor, was not only extremely versatile, but entirely original. Neither the popularity of Forrest nor the fame of Booth could tempt him to an imitation of either of these tragedians, and his comedy was equally free from resembling the style of the Wallacks or that of Charles Kemble—for the school of the latter was still lingering upon the stage. I do not mean to say that the traditions of these great actors were not worth preserving.

On the contrary, they possessed, from all accounts, a dignity and finish that would be welcome at any time. I cite the fact to show that Mr. Murdoch,—though I feel sure that he admired the great ones that had gone before and were surrounding him,—while he strove to emulate, disdained to imitate them. He stood alone, and I do not remember any actor who excelled him in those parts that he seemed to make especially his own. He was one of the few artists that I can call to mind who were both professed elocutionists and fine actors.

There was a manliness about his light comedy that gave it more dignity than the flippant style in which it was usually played. This method elevated the characters exceedingly. *Charles Surface*, *Major Oakly*, and young *Mirabel* cannot be acted with the same free and easy manner that might be thrown into *Richard Dazzle*, *Littleton Coke*, or *Mr. Golightly*. I do not say this in contempt of these latter characters; they are natural pictures of modern men, but they are eccentric rather than elegant. I saw Charles Mathews in the part of *Charles Surface*, and it was a failure. He had been for years acting the London man-about-town style of character, and the modern air and rather trifling manners, which were admirable when introduced into those parts, were entirely out of place in old English comedy. The quaintness of the language and the fashion of the costume seem to demand a courtly carriage, which a modern swagger, with one's hands thrust into one's breeches pockets, will fail to give. It was the finish and picturesque style of Murdoch's acting that agreeably surprised the audience of the Haymarket Theater when this actor played there some forty years ago. The public was unprepared to see comely old English manners so conspicuous in an American actor, and he gained its sympathy at once. The modern light comedians, with a few exceptions, seem to have discarded the quaint manners of the stage, thinking them antiquated and pedantic. And so they were, for modern plays; but it is dangerous to engraft new fashions upon old forms. I should as soon expect to see *Mercutio* smoke a cigarette as to find him ambling about the stage with the mincing manners of a dude.

And speaking of this very character, Charles Mathews told me that, during Macready's Shakspearean revivals at Drury Lane Theater, he was engaged to play *Roderigo*, in which light and frivolous part he made such a hit that Macready tried to persuade him to act *Mercutio*. He was delighted with the idea at first, but upon reading and pondering over the part he felt convinced that it was beyond him. Macready urged, but Mathews would not undertake the responsibility. Some years afterward Charles Kemble returned to the stage for

a short farewell engagement and acted *Mercutio*. "Oh," said Mathews, "when I saw this elegant and manly actor dash across the stage with the confident carriage of a prince, and heard him read the lines of Shakspeare as though they had been written for him, I felt that I had made a fortunate escape in dodging this first gentleman of Verona."



HENRY PLACIDE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.)

The next important figure to James E. Murdoch, in the powerful cast of the "School for Scandal" just referred to, was the *Sir Peter Teasle* of Henry Placide. It was one of this actor's most striking characters. His style, during the latter part of his career, was said to have been founded on that of William Farren, the great English actor. If so, from all the accounts we get of Mr. Farren, the model was superb. Henry Placide was considered a finished artist, but somewhat cold and hard in his manner. These features, however, though they mar the more delicate points in acting, would be less objectionable in *Sir Peter* than in most of the old men in English comedy. Except in the scene where he speaks feelingly of his wife to *Joseph Surface*, the part is stiff, testy, and formal; the humor is dry rather than unctuous. The career of Henry Placide was long and brilliant. He was a strong feature of the old Park Theater for many seasons, and starred in the principal cities of America with success. He was an acknowledged favorite, whose talents as an actor made him a valued member of the theatrical profession.

A PLAY IS AN ANIMATED PICTURE.

I REMEMBER that during the rehearsal of the "School for Scandal" I was impressed with the

idea that the performance would not go well. It is always a difficult matter to bring a company of great artists together for a night and have them act in unison with each other; not from any ill-feeling, but from the fact that they are not accustomed to play together. In a fine, mechanical contrivance, the ease and perfection with which it works often depend upon the fact that the cog-wheels have their different proportions. On this occasion they were all identical in size, highly polished, and well made, but not adapted to the same machinery. Seeing a hitch during the rehearsal in one of the important scenes, I ventured, in my official capacity, to make a suggestion to one of the old actors. He regarded me with a cold, stony gaze, as though I had been at a great distance,—which I was, both in age and in experience,—and gave me to understand that there was but one way to settle the matter, and that that was his way. Of course, as the company did not comprise the one regularly under my management, I felt that it would be becoming in me to yield; which I did, not, however, without protesting that the position I took was the proper and only one, under the circum-

stances; and when I saw the scene fail and virtually go to pieces at night, I confess that I felt some satisfaction in the knowledge that my judgment had been correct. In fact the whole entertainment, while it had been a financial success, was an artistic failure. People wondered how so many great actors could make a performance go off so tamely.

Harmony is the most important element in a work of art. In this instance each piece of mosaic was perfect in form and beautiful in color, but when fitted together they matched badly and the effect was crude. An actor who has been for years the main attraction in his plays, and on all occasions the central and conspicuous figure of the entertainment, can scarcely be expected to adapt himself at once to being grouped with others in one picture: having so long performed the solo, it is difficult to accompany the air. A play is like a picture: the actors are the colors, and they must blend with one another if a perfect work is to be produced. Should they fail to agree as to the value and distribution of their talents, then, though they be ever so great, they must submit their case to the care and guidance of a master hand.

(To be continued.)

Joseph Jefferson.



A DAMASCUS GARDEN.

AMID the jostling crowd, she dwells apart,
Girt by it, but not of it. To and fro
She watches the world's commerce come and go,
With laden caravans for every mart
That craves such traffic. Hers the mystic art
To keep unparched by desert winds that blow,—
By skies that burn, and sands that scorch below,
All the lush freshness of her tropic heart.

Find but the gate of entrance: turn the key,
And gaze within. What fountains leaping bright! —
What palm-like aspirations, rich with bloom
Of lofty passion! What a mystery
Of pure emotion hidden in fragrant gloom!
What a Damascus garden of delight!

Margaret J. Presion.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.¹

CHARLES W. SHIELDS.
HENRY C. POTTER.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.
SAMUEL W. DIKE.
WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON.

SETH LOW.
RICHARD T. ELY.

PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY.

THEIR MAGNITUDE.



FEW years before his death the late Dr. Mulford, whose great book "The Nation" has been the instructor of many statesmen in the higher conceptions of our political institutions, wrote in a private letter that he thought the sixteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States ought to be on the family. His meaning was made clear in some later conversations upon the subject. He saw that marriage, divorce, and polygamy, with perhaps other connected subjects, are so interrelated that nothing short of one inclusive constitutional provision on the family will meet the case when it shall finally be made up for this highest form of political action upon it. Other subjects seemed to him so much beneath this in real dignity, or to be so much more within the scope of the States themselves, that he thought this one should take precedence of them all. But such are the nature and place of the family in the social order, so many and grave evils arise from its present legal and social conditions, and these matters are of such a fundamental, universal, and urgent character, that he thought, as he again wrote and repeatedly said, that "the family is the most important question that has come before the American people since the war." And as the war had brought into the Constitution certain amendments relating to the individual, so he thought the time would come when the results of study and peaceful discussion on the family might find their way into the organic law of the nation. But no one saw more clearly than Dr. Mulford the long and thorough work that needs to be done in preparation for this great end; and for some time before his death he had seriously thought of undertaking a book on the family. No one, certainly no one in this department of pro-

found philosophical thought upon political and social problems, could have taken up the task with larger promise of usefulness.

I have found substantial agreement in this opinion of Dr. Mulford, as to the supreme importance of the family in our social problems, among many persons whose opinions are entitled to the greatest respect. Mr. Gladstone also has lately given the weight of his name to a still more emphatic statement. For he says, "The greatest and deepest of all human controversies is the marriage controversy. It appears to be surging up upon all sides around us. . . . It is in America that, from whatever cause, this controversy has reached a stage of development more advanced than elsewhere."

THE SCOPE OF THIS DISCUSSION.

This paper will not attempt to go into those deeper relations of the subject which lead to the proper apprehension of the grounds on which such opinions rest. For an explanation of them must come from a scientific knowledge of the nature and movement of nearly all the great social institutions and forces which have shaped the Western civilization of twenty-five centuries. It is enough to remark one or two things in passing. The year 1861, the opening of our civil war, was the year in which Sir Henry Sumner Maine, by the publication of his "Ancient Law," introduced to English readers a system of study that, by its use of the historical method upon the material afforded by law, has given us new and larger views of the social life which lies back of and interprets our own. Within nearly the same period a very different school of students of social problems has sprung up — that of those who would account for the present order of society upon the theory of evolution. Whatever may be said of some of the conclusions of this latter school, its facts and theories demand consideration by every one who would understand modern social problems. It is not too much to say that under the combined influence of these two very unlike classes of writers, and from the mighty forces of the

¹ The first Present-day Paper, "The Problems of Modern Society," appeared in THE CENTURY magazine for November, 1889.

present, the problems that are connected with the family are taking on new forms; and it is only as we study them in their historical relations as well as in the more common ways that we can hope to solve them or even understand them. With these remarks, it is purposed to confine this presentation of the subject to the more practical problems before us and sketch some of the work that immediately needs attention.

SOME LINES OF INVESTIGATION.

THE true way to begin is undoubtedly with the use of investigation. For the time has come when social studies demand that we start with indisputable facts, so far as they can be discovered. Dogmatism and sentiment are more and more coming under ban as guides in the work of social reform. We shall gain much if we can enter upon the hard work that is to be done for the family from the solid basis of fact. The statistical report of the Department of Labor at Washington on marriage and divorce was originated for this purpose. It begins at the beginning. It gives, for the United States, and the most of Europe, the fundamental facts as to law and its operations as they bear upon two points: first, the existence of the family as this is affected in its entrance into being through marriage, and secondly, by its unnatural and premature dissolution by divorce. In effect, it is an official report of facts on the vitality of the most fundamental and universal institution of society in the greater part of Christendom. It demonstrates a suspected, but hitherto not clearly proven, fact that the official disruptions of the marriage bond have more than doubled within twenty years on both sides the Atlantic; that the exceptions to the general rule are few; that the movement still goes on and has reached huge proportions in the United States, where the laws regulating the formation and dissolution of the family are extremely lax, indefinite, and conflicting.

The discovery of this uniform tendency of the social tissue to break up into its individual units points to the need of further investigation. For this fundamental fact in social statistics demands more study both by itself and in its relations. That is to say, there are many additional points concerning marriage and divorce to be investigated, and beyond this those matters which are closely related to these subjects should become the object of special inquiry. Licentiousness, that most difficult of all social evils for the student and reformer, needs attention, however reluctant we may be to give it. For licentiousness corrupts the physical basis of the family, whose maintenance in the vigor of absolute purity is of more concern to society than anything else in the physical conditions of

human welfare. Its extent, forms, the classes affected by it, its influence upon pauperism, crime, insanity, intemperance, and its hereditary results are subjects that call for investigation. The study of the productiveness of American families in children, by careful examination both of birth-rates and of death-rates, is another. A knowledge of this subject by classes, whether of so-called native stock or of foreign birth, whether Irish, German, French, Canadian, Protestant or Catholic, white or black, rich or poor, if carried on, as has been done in a good degree in the State census of Massachusetts, will be of great value. It has been found in that State that the birth-rate among foreign mothers is much larger than among others; that the death-rate among their children is also greater, but not enough so to offset the greater birth-rate; and that in the last ten years there has been a decided gain in the number of children in families of native stock, and a loss in those of foreign origin. Any one can see the great value of such inquiries. It is not hard to understand that the future of this country is dependent in part upon the relative operation of these powers of reproduction. The common method of improving society by individual conversions to better ways may need to be supplemented by some control upon the organism of the family, instead of being content in the degree we have been to pick out individuals one by one. In this way we may perhaps turn to our advantage the greater reproductive powers of certain classes against which we now contend with doubtful success. But competently conducted investigations, with their definite and indisputable results, will be needed to fix attention and direct action. And to these several inquiries one more especially needs to be added—the investigation of the home as itself a unit of the various social forces. For it is not enough that we study the effects of its virtues or its vices, one by one, separately. Such is its vitality, and its interrelations are so important, that we miss much if we dissect it and test it by parts only. I believe that the relation of the home, as a social unity, to poverty, crime, intemperance, and other vice, is worthy of the search of the statistician under the direction of social science. The composition of the family, its housing, its relation to the industries of its members and society, its influence in supplying the saloon, the brothel, the almshouse, and the prison with victims, or in resisting the allurements of these places of vice, as well as its own sufferings from them, are subjects of pressing importance. For just here, and very largely by the statistical method, is to be sought that exact information which is almost indispensable to the greatest success in social reform.

CONFIDENCE IN SCIENTIFIC STATISTICS.

NOR is there any need of serious hesitation about using statistical methods here because of the obstacles to mathematical estimates of social forces. That there are difficulties no thoughtful statistician will deny. But the principle on which the statistical measurement of social elements and their movements rests is as sound as that which justifies the man of business in his use of bookkeeping. Indeed, social statistics are only the application of the well-established methods of business and science to social affairs. The units of measurement are less easily managed than in material things, but they are by no means beyond control. And besides, we are continually depending in our practical action upon what is called common observation. That is to say, the judgments and actions of mankind upon social matters are continually made up upon the very material which the statistician uses. But he simply gathers the exact matter for an opinion, reduces it to precise order, and gets out of it the real truth it holds so far as his methods can accomplish the task. In other words, he systematically extracts the reducible truth and puts the rest where its real value can be better understood, even though it is seen to be incapable of measurement by his instruments. He does not put in order the mere observation of one man nor that of all men concerning a class of facts, but goes to the facts themselves and compels the observer to see them all in their proportions and relations. I speak of this matter at some length because the time is evidently near when the call for this kind of work will be more general than it has been, and to direct attention to its essential trustworthiness. There

1 A striking illustration of the value of such statistical work as has been urged in this paragraph, and of the use of it in correcting the opinions of the people, is afforded by some figures that have come to hand since it was written. They are drawn from the report on marriage and divorce already noticed, and throw light upon the probable effect of that uniform legislation which is widely advocated. Uniformity is often sought because it is expected to prevent a great part, if not the greater part by far, of our divorces, since these are supposed by many to be granted largely, if not chiefly, to those who have left their own State in order to obtain them more easily or secretly. But the facts are as follows:

Out of the total of 328,716 divorces granted in the United States in the twenty years from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, 289,546 were granted to couples who had been married in this country, and only 7739 were from marriages celebrated in foreign countries. The place of the marriage of 31,389 is unknown. One-fourth of these latter are reported from Connecticut, as that State does not require a disclosure of the place of marriage in its libels for divorce. Now the report shows that out of the 289,546 divorces whose place of marriage was in this country and was ascertained, 231,867, or 80.1 per cent., took place in the same State where the persons divorced had been married, and 57,679 couples, or 19.9

is, as already intimated, a growing distrust of sentiment as a safe guide, and a readiness to accept the methods of scientific investigation as the basis of social reform, and it is well to know the really high degree of confidence which we can put in these methods. The economist, as I shall try to point out later, the advocates of temperance, sexual purity, prison reform, and the prevention of poverty and of all kinds of vice, have a deep interest in the results of statistical and other investigations touching the home and its social influences. We are now working blindly and wastefully in many of these directions for lack of more exact information about our subjects. And more than this, the popular mind, and even its leaders, need to see the number and tremendous force of the influences that emanate from the family or center in it.¹

With this plea for preliminary and general investigation, let us look at some of the more practical work that needs to be done for the family and about it, as, for convenience, we follow along the line of the cardinal classes of American social institutions. We naturally begin with religious institutions—the most fundamental and important of all. Let us take these on their practical side. We shall soon see that the Church has quite overlooked or negligently used one of its most important forces.

TREND OF ECCLESIASTICAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE American religious life of this century has had two chief centers of development. One of these is the local church. This has been made the subject of a series of inventions that have produced most remarkable results in the Christian organization and life of the more progressive of our communities. The Sunday-

per cent., obtained divorce in some other State. The migration from State to State to obtain divorce must therefore be included within this 19.9 per cent. But it cannot be even anything like the whole of it. For in 1870 there were 23.2 per cent., and in 1880 22.1 per cent., of the native-born population of this country living in States where they were not born. Of course this last class comprises persons of all ages, while that under special consideration is made up of those who migrated between the date of marriage and that of divorce. The length of married life before divorce in the United States averages 9.17 years, which, I think, is from one-third to one-half the average continuation of a marriage in those instances where divorce does not occur. Careful study may lead to a reasonably correct approximation to the proper reduction from the 19.9 per cent., and thus give the probable percentage of cases of migration to obtain divorce, but at present I would not venture an opinion on the point. It certainly is a very small part of all the divorces of the country, though varying in different States. But the necessity of such investigation is the point it illustrates. The discovery of these facts alone justifies the cost of the invaluable report of the Department of Labor. It can hardly fail to compel the study of the problem of uniformity from almost entirely new points of view as to its real nature and place in the general question.

school, the prayer-meeting, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Society of Christian Endeavor, children's societies, and religious guilds of various kinds are examples of a large number of devices that have been made for the use of the churches. But they are all only varying forms of a single sociological type. One underlying principle has been the controlling idea in their construction. Their chief purpose has been to make most effective the method of religious influence through the use of an assembly of the people of a given vicinage. The primary social form for religious work is taken to be the congregation, and seemingly every possible way of turning it to account has been sought out and made the subject of inventive skill. The Sunday-school is the most notable of these recent developments. Not only has it a literature devoted to its work of instruction which perhaps is now larger in amount and the subject of more thought than that of any other single department of religious work, but it has almost created an architecture and system of organization and work peculiar to itself. We have made a great science of the organization, the housing, and the successful operation of the Sunday-school system. This is more or less true of the other later forms of doing religious work in collections of the people of a locality. They are fast becoming elaborate. And the same tendency is seen in those churches which formerly stood aloof from this complete surrender to the idea of dependence upon congregations or local assemblies. Even the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England, if not elsewhere, seems to have lost something of its former reliance upon the class and its meeting and upon the house-to-house work which that institution and the circuit-riding system accomplished in their best days.

I am not pointing to this tendency either to approve or to condemn it, but to call attention to the fact. It has undoubtedly greatly increased the efficiency of Christian work. But we do well to reflect upon the nature of this remarkable process by which most local churches of nearly all Protestant faiths have become as unlike their earlier selves as the modern factory is unlike its predecessor of two generations ago.

Another development has gone on in connection with this of the congregation. I refer to those larger forms of religious action that in some degree are regarded as representative of the life or organization of the local churches. Some of these are truly representative of the lower congregations, both in form and reality. Others are so in name, but in fact only partially, having a dominance of either clerical or other ecclesiastical influence that is neither democratic in origin nor truly representative. Some of these have sprung up in due constitutional

form out of their politics. Others are anomalies as judged by their relation to their politics, but have had a more or less natural development. As society has become more complex, nearly all the Christian denominations have multiplied these larger forms of work to meet the necessities of their times. This is especially true of those politics founded on the theory of the essential independence of the local church.

In this respect the simpler forms of ecclesiastical order have been following that earlier movement in political institutions which has given us the modern state with its interacting parts of national, State, and local institutions. And just as the development has been truly representative of the constituent congregations, or been dominated by the paternal idea with power emanating from a superior order, the religious development has reproduced one or the other of the two great systems of political life. In some directions the representative form of development has done much to improve the former, that is, the congregational. It has often greatly helped the latter to better methods and a larger life. It has quietly brought to the community those broader conceptions and rules of action that have made public opinion a power for good. By use of the two the individual, who is the common object of their solicitude and beneficent care, has been touched and made to feel his relationship to his fellows and his responsibility for the discharge of the duties that grow out of it as apparently could be done in no other possible way.

CONSEQUENT SUPPRESSION OF THE FAMILY.

Now while American Christian life has been making great development in these two directions, or, perhaps, some would say in this one direction, from the inevitable tendency of communal life to expand into the association of communities, there is one of the three great types of social order which has received nothing like the care and skill that have been bestowed upon the others. I refer to the family. While it has not been forgotten, the family has been comparatively neglected. As soon as one attempts to institute a comparison between the labor spent in bringing out and developing the resources of the congregation in the various forms of it, to which allusion has been made, he can scarcely fail to feel the force of my contention. The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school teacher, Sunday-school relations and duties, and Sunday-school rooms and literature have been abundantly, though still probably far from exhaustively, studied and planned for. This and those institutions of the Church which are constructed on the similar principle of work through use of pop-

ular assemblies may be said to have come into full self-consciousness and found abundant recognition and care. But nothing like this has been done for the family as a distinct religious institution demanding a correspondingly distinct treatment. Considerable advance in the welfare of the home may be freely conceded without abating the force of the charge that it has been relatively neglected. There has been of late years considerable talk in the newspapers and elsewhere about doing things for the home, and this is a token of good. But the form it assumes is rather disheartening. It reveals a lack of faith in the home itself. For the plea for the home almost always ends in an exhortation to some other institution to attempt some work for this precious charge of society whose constitution and training are assumed to be too delicate for any effort towards its own support. The irreligion of the home is usually met only by some redoubled effort to bring its inmates into the various congregations of the Church.

ITS PERIL TO THE CHURCH.

THE consequences of this method are very serious. For one thing, we are limiting our religious work to the conditions essential to its success under the peculiar forms we have imposed upon it. Having committed our task to the congregation, we have put ourselves under its limitations to the extent of our dependence upon that ecclesiastical form and the higher one that works upon and through it. We can go where our congregation can be gathered, but we must stop with the length of its rope, or cut loose from it and make our way beyond as best we can, deprived of most of the aids that have been provided for it. Accordingly our hold upon the people fails as we get away from the conditions under which congregations are gathered and do their work. Distance alone cuts us off from some millions of people in the United States. Let no one start at this word millions, for it is true to the facts. The experience of the American Tract Society in the work of its colporteurs and a statistical examination of a large section of rural Vermont go to show that one-third of our people outside the cities—and this means about one-fourth the entire population of the country—live beyond easy access to church. In Vermont thirty-six per cent. live more than two miles from the nearest church of any kind, and the proportion of non-attendants upon public worship was found to be fifty per cent. greater as we passed this limit of two miles. The reader will understand how very large this part of the population is when I say that a careful study of the census of 1880 shows that in the fourteen Northern States east

of the Mississippi River, where a little over one-half of the entire population of the United States was found in that year, there were more people by about a million in the country townships of less than 2000 inhabitants than there were in all the large cities and towns having 4000 or upwards. Any one must see, what the facts prove conclusively, that the attempt to evangelize these great numbers by main reliance on the various forms of congregational effort must largely fail of its object. Statistics for Vermont, where this kind of information has been better gathered than elsewhere, show this. That State has about six hundred churches, spending nearly a half-million dollars annually on her third of a million of people, and yet nearly one-half of the population do not go to church at all. This probably pretty fairly represents the condition of things in a large part of the country. The occupation by two or more churches of the same field has much to do with this state of things. But the limits of Christian action fixed by the conditions of work through public assemblies has a large part of the responsibility for it. We distribute our work far too much with reference to its relation to some church edifice; and where we cannot hope to secure church organization or church attendance we too often let things go, or work our defective method as we can.

But other things operate against the congregational method of doing our work. The social barriers of dress, manners, sympathies, the conditions of health, household cares, and other like influences, often have all the effect of distance. And here the problem is very much the same in country and in city. In the city and larger villages very much has been accomplished by the great working churches, as they are called, through the variety of ways already noted. But the thoughtful student of these methods must see that their simple extension or the intensive development of their work will not fully meet the case even in denser populations. While we may not neglect this, we must soon add something else to it. And I suggest that there is more hope from the recognition and better use of the family than in any other one social instrument within our reach. The latent religious powers of the average American home, of which I am more especially writing in this paper, almost need discovery. They certainly need to be recovered to their legitimate place in Christian service.

RELIEF BY THE USE OF THE HOME.

NOTHING else can be used with so great effect to meet the obstacles presented by distance and the other hinderances to public worship as the home. The home is always in contact with

the vast numbers of the unchurched both in city and country. It is, so to speak, always on the ground. Distance, weather, dress, and the many social considerations that hinder church attendance disappear before the home. Natural affection, parental duty, and domestic interest are pleading for its offices. It brings to its task something of more worth than mere intellectual qualification or professional enthusiasm. And these forces wait the development and direction which the Church can give if it will apply its energies and resources to the work with anything like the way in which it has spent itself over the Sunday-school and similar institutions. In the judgment of the sociologist that cannot be a healthful or permanent adjustment of the forces of the Church which does not distribute them proportionately among the three great forms of social institutions represented by the family, the congregation, and the larger bodies formed out of the latter. The family is the primary social institution. It is the most universal in its inclusion of members and in its presence. It is the most constant in its influence. It comes into the closest contact with persons of all ages and sex, though it touches especially the young, and it is the great channel of woman's influence. To develop into all their complex relations the other social institutions and yet keep the life of the family sound and duly vigorous is the great task of modern society. As our modern civilization pushes out its wonderful growth on this side and on that, it continually finds itself compelled to look to its primary constituents and see that they are kept at their very best. It does this on peril of dissolution. The clearest lessons from the history of Aryan civilization, enforced too by the stress laid by early Christianity upon piety in the household, point in this same direction.

Here, then, is a place for some practical work in the development of the latent religious uses of the family. While we may not cease our talk with men about public worship and the duties they owe it, we may well learn to go to them in behalf of the family. But this must not be done as if the family were a beggar, with self-respect lost, waiting for the dole others may condescend to give it. We have had too much of this sort of treatment of the home. We have made it helpless by the methods of our charity long enough. It is time to help the home to self-respect by our own respect for it. There is in it a slumbering consciousness of itself which needs to be called into activity. It is time we ceased to make people feel that there is no salvation except by way of the church-door, in simple justice at least to Him who said, "I am the door." Where He is there is the church, is at least Protestant doctrine, and no form of ecclesiasticism, not even that of the most

orthodox Protestantism any more than that of Rome, can shut Him within church walls or look to the congregation as the place for the greater part of His work.

Work in this direction will be slow at first. Long disuse of the powers of the family, or perhaps I should say the great neglect to train and use them fully, has had the effect of partial paralysis or of infantile weakness. It is easier to work upon larger collections of people than it is to take single households, just as we can make shoes cheaper in a factory than in the old-fashioned way.

AN EXAMPLE.

BUT the work can be done. I give an example, which is only one, and in the single direction of religious instruction. I refer to the home department of the Sunday-school. This is the name given to an extension of the Sunday-school beyond the limits of the collection of its members in congregations. It secures the enrollment of all it can of those persons who cannot attend with much frequency the central Sunday-school, as its members in the home department of the school. These are supplied with the necessary material and helps, and are pledged to give at least a half-hour every Sunday to the study of the international lesson or some other Scripture at home, either alone or with other members of the family. A record of attendance upon this duty and of other matters is made and sent regularly to the school, which in its turn gives similar information. This is the leading feature, to which others have been and may still be added. This device has been very successful, almost always adding at least one-fifth to the membership of the school, and sometimes doubling its numbers. Several hundred schools probably have adopted it in country towns, where it is working remarkably well, and of late it has been most successfully tried in some cities.

The principle of this is evident, and it is capable of enlargement and application in several directions. It reaches more people than the congregational method of work can do by itself. What is more, it has planted anew in the popular mind the idea of the responsibility of the home to itself and the possibility of doing its own work in some measure. Now we may go on to other arrangements of this general sort. Household worship and perhaps liturgical aids to it, studies in the ethics and esthetics of home life, the assignment of definite parts of religious instruction to the home along with those pursued in the church school, may be named as within the range of the American family of ordinary intelligence. Such a course in Bible study as Dr. Munger lately

outlined in *THE CENTURY*,¹ and also the salient points of Church history, the confessions, collects, hymns, music, and missionary work of the Church might become parts of systematic study at home in the more intelligent families, if not in most.

THE FAMILY IN THE EDUCATION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I NEED touch but briefly the application of this principle in the field of so-called secular education. The same vicious tendency prevails here as in our use of religious institutions. The public school, which is based on the collective principle, and the periodical press are now compelled to do their own work and much of that which belongs to the home. If there is popular ignorance of morals or even religion, we seek a place for instruction and call for text-books on these subjects in the public school. Our cherished school system is in some danger of breaking down under burdens that do not naturally belong to it, by a thoughtless attempt to put upon it the whole task of education. One of the popular needs of the time is a careful survey of the entire range of educational forces—the home, the school, the church, the great university of literature, and the vocation, with a view to determine the province of each and the contributions these various parts should each make to the whole and to one another. Among these the family demands particular attention. For a hundred things in thought, feeling, speech, manner, and morals are determined quite as much by the home as by the school. The home and the school cannot afford to work inharmoniously or at cross purposes.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

THE state among us generally confines itself to the regulation of the education of the schools. But it may point out to the people what must be expected of those educational institutions which it does not attempt to control. It may open the way for a closer interrelation of home and school, and so break up the tendency to concentrate educational thought upon the teacher and pupil to the comparative neglect of the parent and child. The teacher now longs for what the parent does not give, and the parent is sometimes shut out of a participation in what should be common work. Besides this, we are now trying to secure the education of the entire people by concentration of effort upon the younger half. There is a consequent loss in two directions. We work against the unedu-

cated part of the population that is outside the school-room, and we do nothing for the adults. But if we should bring about some coöperation of the parent with the school we should reinforce the work of the teacher with that of the parent and in some degree educate both together. A certain kind of social vitality would be given to what otherwise is too mechanical. Instead of combating nature we should secure her aid. By educational tracts and by other means, like a series of cards reporting weekly or monthly the subjects of study, their methods of pursuit, and such general matters as the proper pronunciation and use of certain words, the points made in manners, morals, and the principles of industry and frugality, very much can be accomplished for the children and much indirectly for the parents. The general life of the home and the instruction of the school-room would then more happily blend with each other. It would seem to be a proper thing for both state and church—perhaps after a common agreement—to take up the work of outlining their respective provinces in education with the purpose of clearly defining each and the duties growing out of their relationship. At present one part of the church seems to be engaged in a determined effort to secure to itself the entire educational functions of society because the state does not do full religious work, while another part is as zealous in its effort to force religious work to a certain degree upon the state. The last is often done on the weak plea that since the church and family do not reach certain classes with instruction in religion and morals, the school must be made to do their work for them. The idea of recalling the two former institutions to their own share in the work is hardly entertained. The only way out of the difficulty consistent with the American political system, and the way that will strengthen all educational interests, would seem to be in the direction here indicated. But it cannot be taken without turning attention to the family as a factor of unmeasured value in our educational problems.

THE FAMILY IN ECONOMICS.

ECONOMIC institutions are the third class where there is new work for the family. It is significant of the need of this that the original meaning of the term "economic" has been lost, and it no longer refers to the law of the house, as the word strictly means, but we use it almost wholly in the larger sense. For our science of wealth is now *political* economy, or the science of wealth in city and State, or rather the nation and the world. In this we have moved so far away from the primary institution—the

¹ September, 1888.

family—that the primary sense of the term has dropped well-nigh out of sight. It clings to the word economic merely in etymology. But any one who has ever traced the great historical movements of the institution of the family and property must have been impressed with their close interrelations and mutual dependencies. Few things in the history of the civilization of Western Europe are more suggestive than the great changes in property from the time when it was largely the corporate possession of a household or village community down to its present form of individual ownership. This history of the growth of individual out of corporate property, of modern capital and the new organization of labor, of the will as a means of transmitting property, of the emancipation of capital and labor from the bonds of status to the liberty of contract, and of the industrial activities of women and children, is closely interwoven with that of the family. In some way or other the family has been deeply affected by all these social changes. And in this movement, as in religion and education, the family has made surrender of one after another of its functions to the institutions above it and to the individual members of itself. The family is still continually yielding something to the boarding-house, the factory, the school, the church, and that multitudinous combination we call society. This is by no means wholly wrong. For it is the very process of life in highly organized society, and the family receives much for what it gives. But it is my present contention that we should know just what has been going on, so that we may act intelligently, and not needlessly run into danger. There may be need of arresting the process of differentiation in some directions, and of turning our thought to re-integration in more constructive lines of work. The friction of our present social life finds a part, at least, of its explanation in this suggestion. The corporate forms of capital and of the industrial organization of the times belong to this class. The irritation over the working of the modern will, by which the individual fixes his property for all time to uses defined by the conceptions of his own short life, is another. So completely has the modern commercial theory of endowments and trusts as affairs of pure contract taken possession of the popular mind, that any other view seems to most people, who do not know the history of law on this subject, either absurd or dishonest.

THE MOVEMENT IN BEHALF OF WOMAN.

THE bearing of modern industrial methods on the family and on the future of woman deserves more study than has yet been given to

it, in order that we may detect the real causes that lie underneath. What some call a woman's movement for industrial liberty is not quite what it is claimed to be. It is largely an incident in the movement of property, which is seeking its own ends, caring very little for either sex or age. In order to find an easier place under the common industrial yoke that rests upon the neck of every individual, women seek more and more employments. But it is not so much womanhood as it is property that is the real impelling force. Let me state the principle concretely. It is the desire of capital, or property in accumulation, to get things done at the smallest cost to itself. If it can have enough intelligence and character to insure the end it seeks, the less there is in labor beyond the ability to accomplish the end the less costly the labor. Put the few indispensable qualities of successful labor into a machine, or supply them in a human being, and mere capital cares little for anything besides. It is under this law that women are continually taking the place of men in our industries, and children that of both. Under it the Irish, the French-Canadians, the Italians, Hungarians, and Chinese successively supplant each other in the lower forms of labor. I do not, of course, forget the powerful and beneficent upward movement that comes to all classes from this. But we must not shut our eyes to the difficulties that the operation of this principle puts in the way of those near the foot of the social ladder, nor the bondage it imposes on all who feel the pressure of it. Its effect upon the family is one of the most serious things in the whole modern industrial problem.

THE DISINTEGRATING WORK OF PROPERTY.

THE general movement of property has, so far, been like that of a huge glacier, breaking and wearing away into their elementary atoms all forms of corporation, whether political or economical. Its ultimate atom is the individual; its favorite corporation is the largest possible combination. The family has in it the greatest cohesive strength, and consequently has most successfully withstood the grinding power that has tended to crush everything subjected to it. This operation of the modern industrial system, and the commercial outgrowth of it, combine with other social causes to help postpone marriage and reduce the size of families in those sections of society where these tendencies are the least needed. It brings the family into the labor market as a mere collection of individuals on the same economic footing as the unmarried. For small provision, at the best, will be made in fixing wages, for the rearing of children, the care of

other dependents, and all those little things that make the home. In the market of wages the family is the accident of the laborer rather than his essential. There is great need that these differentials between the economic value of society as a mere mass of individuals and what it is as actually composed of men, women, and children, living in families and having domestic and social wants above those bare material necessities to which capital is inclined to confine its thought, be carefully sought out and estimated.

Political economy may well think of calling statistics into its service for their aid in the solution of this problem, which is clearly a difficult one. But it may not be impossible, for example, to get the approximate economic value of ten thousand persons of the usual proportions as to age and sex and compare it with the pecuniary returns of the labor of the same number of like proportions in respect of age and sex who are outside real family life. And something like this is the important statistical problem of measuring the share of the home in the general accumulation of wealth. If some work like this could be done even fairly well, it is probable that we should recognize as we never have done the large place of the home in a realm of study where it has been greatly ignored.

THE FAMILY AS THE SUBJECT OF LAW.

THE last field of work for the family is in the region of law and politics. The official report on marriage and divorce shows the need of legal reform. There is dangerous looseness both in the statutes and in their administration.

There is nothing like a scientific and harmonious system of law upon these subjects for the whole country. Great confusion prevails. In too many States and Territories the family can be formed in marriage and dissolved by divorce in the most careless and irresponsible manner. In most there are no provisions for official information on these most important matters. On the other hand, Europe has recovered largely from her early looseness, particularly in respect of the law of marriage, and has pretty generally secured scientific and conservative systems for the civil recognition of marriage and the dissolution of its bond. It has in some countries realized the idea of family law as an organic whole, and as the point from which to treat specifically marriage and divorce laws. Meanwhile we have done very little to reduce to order the colonial confusion and the unrelated growths of the new States. It is not easy to find the term family in national or State constitutions. It is by no means frequent in our statute-books.

Indeed the title has found its way into the encyclopedias only in recent years. We have come at the family in fragments and legislated accordingly. Our ideas of it are extremely individualistic, and so we are dominated by the conception of marriage as a mere contract, with little thought of the family and its relations of status. In this respect law only reflects the common sentiment. There is a vast deal of work to be done here—a work that is scarcely begun.

THE FAMILY IN POLITICAL SCIENCE.

THE more strictly political problem of the family is, if anything, still farther from our present views of public questions. Democracies necessarily part with the political significance of families as Europe understands the idea. Among us has culminated that prolonged social movement by which the family has surrendered its early political functions to build the city, the State, and the nation. And we are now confronting the question whether the last point shall not be yielded, and by the enfranchisement of women secure the completed substitution of the individual for the family as the ultimate and only true depository of the prerogatives of political power. Those who advocate this final step triumphantly quote one of the great generalizations of Sir Henry S. Maine—that the movement of society has been from the family to the individual, assuming that social movements go straight on in the direction they have hitherto been taking. But some of us may well recall another of the remarks of that great scholar. For he has said that "Civilization is nothing more than a name for the old order of the Aryan world, dissolved but perpetually reconstructing itself under a vast variety of solvent forces." An American student of social institutions also reminds us that "The family perpetually reproduces the ethical history of man and continually reconstructs the constitution of society." If these statements of Maine and Dr. H. B. Adams assert historical facts, as will be readily granted, it certainly is high time that we considered more thoroughly than has yet been done the part which this primary and universal social institution is likely to have in the politics of the future. The recovery of an institution like the family to its true place in the ultimate social order, carrying along with it the subordinate problem of the determination of the political functions of woman, may be an early necessity of our political stability and vigor. The wiser political thought may refuse to speak positively on the enfranchisement of woman until it has studied more carefully the political relations of the family.

Whether it be for weal or for woe, the proposed perfection of the economic, political, and legal individualization of modern life is the most momentous of social propositions, and the gravity of the problem is not diminished when we remember that the world has yet to witness the first successful attempt of a civilization at the reconstruction of its own social order after it has reached high achievement and decay has once begun. If pessimism is to be shunned, let us not forget that it is also unscientific, at least, to proclaim with unhesitating confidence the ultimate triumph of our present social order.

RETURN TO THE FAMILY OF THE PAST IMPROBABLE.

BUT we may not by any means return to the exact type of even the better family of the past. For social movements, as already implied, do not vibrate like a pendulum between two extremes, rising to a fixed point only to return to the exact place whence it started. The cry heard in some quarters, which calls simply for "the good old family of former times," may not be a wise one. For it is a recovery to yet unexperienced possibilities rather than to a narrower domestic life that seems most likely. We have been tending politically towards nationalization; that is, to the concentration of more and larger functions in the highest political forms of government. This almost necessarily goes on at the expense of the state, the municipality, and the family. The whole modern industrial system tends to compel all the minor social organizations to give way. The Trust, as we now feel it, is the latest evidence of this tendency in the field of economics.

Economic forces have of late years had an immense influence in shaping public and private law. As has been already intimated, the family is the strongest natural barrier to that great disintegrating process which constantly tends to reduce to their lowest terms all intermediate combinations or institutional forms between the individual and the largest conceivable organization; in short, between the individual and the largest massing of social force. Social readjustment along truly natural and therefore proportional lines, in which each social combination shall have its true place and share of work, is the great task before us.

No one can think long upon the point without seeing that in this great work the family, from its nature as the original germ and permanent tissue of society, will become a leading object in the study of the problem. Its profound study is indispensable to the solution of the problems which underlie socialism.

EDUCATIONAL WORK TO BE UNDERTAKEN.

THIS leads to a final suggestion. Since the problems of the scholar and the statesman among us are preëminently those of the people, there is need of fundamental educational work in which both classes can share. Chairs of sociology are needed which shall begin work by such analysis and historical study of social institutions that the framework of society may be understood both as it now exists and from the comparative point of view, and our concrete social problems be made to appear in the light of their relation to the great social institutions whose working has given rise to them. The trouble with much of our social therapeutics is that our practice is not based on sufficient anatomical knowledge. Comparative social anatomy and physiology are strangely neglected. There is need of some provision by which young men who are to be legislators, clergymen, missionaries, and writers for the periodical press, and young women, too,—for whom there is plenty of work based on this very kind of knowledge, both in city and country, in touching the home-life of our people,—may be trained so as to be able to understand the chief features of the social order about them. I mean that such shall have the advantage of knowing the social life around them in the way they know things in the inferior departments of biology. Have we not come to the time when the biology of society demands some place in the majority of our higher institutions, such as it is just beginning to have in one or two of them? Such study will bring out the place of the family in the development and present constitution of society. It will help us to forecast in some degree our future work. It will equip for their work—at least partly—the educated young men and women whose opportunities for usefulness in the solution of social problems increase with the years.

Some of these subjects open fresh fields for monographs. We need, for example, a good manual on social structure and functions. Then another needs to be written, making, as I suggested some years ago,¹ a critical historical study of the development of the family in Christianity. For there is reason to think, as I there tried to show, that the family has not come out into its proper perspective, even in the thought of the Church at the end of all these centuries, as a distinct well-proportioned whole. Its practical and theoretical aspects in their several and separate parts have usually been the subject of study and precept. But now a singularly fortunate convergence of several of its fragmentary prob-

¹ In an article entitled "The Family in the History of Christianity," *"Christian Thought,"* Dec., 1885.

lems make it a fit time to bring forward the inquiry whether the family is not soon to receive something of that special and larger thought which has been occupied during the last hundred years with the individual. The great treatise upon the family, and indeed anything worthy the subject, is yet to be written. And before that is done, we need to measure accurately what has and what has not been already achieved. We might well go much farther and examine anew the ground of antiquity, on which, in some parts at least, we do have some valuable books, and study the place of the family in all the great religions. A special treatise on its relation to property or to education is equally needed. And it might be well to consider the usefulness of distributing this great work among those who should take up its various parts with the co-operation and under the direction of that increasing number of scholars who are becoming competent for tasks of this kind.

POPULAR STUDY OF THE FAMILY.

MORE popular agencies for study should be set in motion. The great Chautauqua idea of home study deserves its vigorous prosecution. But we need to go beyond this. There is work enough for the energies of a great publication society. The great publication societies seem slow to perceive that the times have outgrown the piously written but often weak tract of former days and demand almost a new order of literature. The Christian spirit, the scientific accuracy and method, the liter-

ary form, and the practical touch upon such subjects as are treated in this paper might be combined, in the hope of the widest usefulness, in issues from some of the old publication societies which have lost their hold upon large portions of our people. These tracts should be written by or under the supervision of the best teachers of their subjects whom we have, and by well-educated young men and young women mostly, who have taken in the fresh thought and methods of recent years at every step in their education. For it is useless to disguise the fact that recent advances in scientific methods have made rubbish of a great deal that was well enough a generation ago.

It is, then, my conclusion that much original and other special work, both in study and in the practical application of its results, needs to be done for the family; that this should be applied to the family considered by itself and to it in its relation to religious, educational, economic, and political institutions, with the multifarious practical problems to which their working gives rise; that the collection of facts by the aid of statistical science be continued and extended in various directions and be supported by the other departments of scientific inquiry; and finally, in order that we may accomplish all these ends in the best way, that we ought as speedily as possible to lay broad and deep the foundations of a thoroughly scientific training in that department of sociological study which is connected with the family; and to do all we can meanwhile to bring the best results of such knowledge as we have into the service of those who have practical uses for it.

Samuel W. Dike.

ANDREA MANTEGNA (1431-1506).

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

MANTEGNA must be ranked among the very few artists of the highest order to whom fortune was always kind and whom every material circumstance in his life led in the direction of his highest abilities. Born near Padua ("of a most humble stock," according to Vasari), only one condition was lacking to his artistic development—that, like Bellini and Raphael, he should have been born into a painter's house. He lived at an age when state and church were more than at any other time in a vein of appreciation of what was best in the art of the day; when that art was also true and progressive; and in a city where the spirit of the day was in a remarkable sympathy with his mental

tendencies, intellectual, severe, and genuinely classical, and where the best Italian art of the preceding century had lavished its noblest work: Giotto and some of his best followers formed his taste, and the high-tide of the Renaissance had set in on Padua; Paolo Uccello and Filippo Lippi had painted there; the sculptor Donatello had shown how the antique was to be accepted by the modern artist, not in the inane repetition of accessories and of imaginary prescriptions as in the more modern classical school, but in the Greek manner of seeing nature. Mantegna no doubt saw Donatello's equestrian statue of Gattamelata and the marvelous reliefs of S. Antonio fresh from the founder's hands; and though we have no record of his having lived or worked in Venice, it is

impossible that with his early intimacy with the Bellini, he having been the fellow-pupil of Giovanni with old Jacopo, he should not often have been in Venice, whose campaniles are almost in sight of Padua; while the vigorous individuality of the brothers Bellini, his contemporaries and personal friends, was well calculated to make him eclectic and defiant of mere precedent. Squarcione, the master to whom he seems to have owed the earlier part of his technical education, was not, as Vasari takes the pains to tell us, "the finest painter in the world," but he was a more or less original painter who had traveled, and we are told had been to Greece and brought back antiquities which he set his pupils to draw from.¹ But the character of the designs of Mantegna makes it clear that the source of his knowledge of antique art was rather Roman. There is nothing in his manner or material which suggests a direct knowledge of pure Greek architecture, but always of Roman, and it is probable that, in common with his pupil Squarcione, he was carried away by the great Italian Renaissance of which the originators were the Pisani, and which had invaded the Venetian and Tuscan schools before Squarcione began to paint, which is the more indicated in the fact that he began life as a tailor and embroiderer, and had therefore presumably taken up painting comparatively late in life. He probably knew the technical processes of fresco and tempera, and the habit which he formed in his pupils of drawing from the model was probably the substantial part of his teaching, which does not seem to have been very fruitful; for, though his pupils numbered 137, the only two of them who attained distinction were Mantegna and Niccolo Pizzolo. He was probably a simple drawing-master who had not individuality enough to do his pupils either good or harm. In the sacristy of S. Antonio of Padua there are some cupboards in marquetry after his designs and executed by his pupils. To the training in this school, and the habit of drawing from the round which an artist of his intensity was certain to do with great sincerity and elaborateness, we may be indebted for the careful drawing and modeling of the details of his pictures which distinguish Mantegna from all his contemporaries. We found in Benozzo Gozzoli the practice of drawing all the figures from life, and ineffaceably stamped with the *pose-plastique*; but in Mantegna, while the model is generally to be felt, there is more of Donatello's portraiture of the ideal, his re-

alization of a certain conception of character, and in this character an ideal of the antique is to be found. And this ideal in Mantegna is always Roman, as are his architecture and his decoration. In the fresco of the "Trial of St. James," in the Church of the Eremitani, Padua, the head of the magistrate before whom the saint is brought, or that of the officer who superintends his execution, might have been taken from a Roman portrait, and perhaps they were, for he continually introduces Roman monumental portraits in his ornamentation. But nowhere is there a hint of anything Greek.

From an inscription which has been preserved—though the picture to which it belonged has not—Mantegna seems to have appeared as an independent painter as early as his seventeenth year. The picture was an altarpiece in the church of S. Sophia, and the inscription was: "*MCCCCXLVIII Andreas Mantineas Putavino ann. septem et decem natus sua manu pinxit.*" This should at least settle the question of his having been born in Padua, and not, as has been suggested, in Vicenza. In 1452, at the age of twenty-one, he was so far a recognized master that he was called to paint the fresco of SS. Bernardino and Antonio over the door of the church of the latter saint in Padua, and in 1453 the Benedictine monks gave him the order to paint the altarpiece for the church of S. Giustina—a Gothic arrangement of twelve pictures on panel, this survival of the Byzantine usages being the orthodox type.

According to the letters found by Basquet in the archives of Mantua, Mantegna was under engagement to the Marchese Lodovico Gonzaga soon after to go to that city. The Marchese writes, January 5, 1457, mentioning this engagement and desiring him to leave Padua and come to execute the commissions he had at Verona, where he had also an engagement with the prothonotary and where he would be nearer his new patron. Gonzaga waited fifteen months, during which time Mantegna was at work in the Eremitani, and then renewed his urgency. A subsequent letter was still more pressing and more explicit, offering fifteen ducats a month, with a house for his family, corn for six persons during the year, and wood for all his household uses, and gives till 1459 to finish all other work he may have in hand. Again, fearing that Mantegna would not be punctual, he writes, on the 26th of December, further to impress on him his agreement. Gonzaga is informed by some one who has seen Mantegna that he is still at work for the prothonotary of Verona in January of 1459, and he accords him a new delay of two months. On March 24, Jacomo Marcello, the podesta, begs for a further delay, as Mantegna is at work finishing a little picture for him. On the

¹ It is far more probable that the Greece intended was Constantinople, Greece proper having for centuries been ravaged and desolated by barbarian invasions, and certainly nowhere in the land now known as Greece could he have purchased antiquities.

4th of May there is another letter pressing the painter to come on to Mantua, and accompanied by twenty ducats for the journey. On the 28th of June the Marchese writes again, "Come for a day to see our chapel." He probably arrived in Mantua at the end of 1459, and after some absences remained there.

This chronicle is of interest as showing how high the painter was in the graces of those whose favor was fame and fortune, and it tells us also the date of the great frescos of the Eremitani, *i. e.*, from 1457-1459, before he was thirty years of age, though they may have been begun before the former date.

The work on which he was engaged at Verona was a frame of subjects painted for San Zeno, and the prothonotary who ordered it was Gregorio Corraro, "Abbate Commendatore" of the church. It was composed of six pictures: the upper portion was a Madonna surrounded by angels, with side panels of saints; the lower a Calvary, with side panels of the Resurrection and of Christ on the Mount of Olives. It was carried off to France in 1797, and the lower part still remains there — the "Calvary" in the Louvre, while the side panels are in the Museum of Tours.

Mantegna seems sometimes to have been dissatisfied with his treatment at Mantua: in December, 1466, he writes to the Marchese from Goito, one of the hunting-seats of the latter where the painter was doing some decorations, that he had not had his pay for four months. In this year he was sent to Florence by the Marchese, who was then constructing the greater chapel of the Annunciata. Giovanni Aldobrandini, who had charge of the work, writes to Gonzaga saying that Mantegna had arrived and that he had given some advice on the subject; and in the same year Mantegna writes to Gonzaga to borrow one hundred ducats to enlarge his house, the money to be repaid by keeping back instalments of three or four ducats a month from his salary. In 1468 he writes to complain of the gardener and his wife, whose disorderly conduct annoyed him greatly, as well it might, considering how incessantly he was occupied in the designs of every kind he was making for his patron's country houses, for tapestry, architectural decorations, etc., as well as portraits, as we learn by a letter which the Marchese writes him requesting him to bring the two portraits he had just finished to show to Zanetti of Milan, who was coming expressly to see them. In 1472 he goes to Bologna at the desire of Cardinal Gonzaga, who wishes to show him his antiquities, and in 1476 we have a memorandum of the Marchese having given him land near the church of S. Sebastiano to build himself a house.

In 1478 Lodovico died, and Mantegna, full of disquietudes as to his future and his expenses, passed on with other princely appanages to the successor Frederico, who treated the artist with the same indulgence and friendliness that his father had shown to him. There is especial mention of another room at Mantua which Frederico was anxious to have finished that he might occupy it. He died the year that it was finished, 1484, and his successor, Giovanni Francesco II., kept up the traditions of the family and of Mantua; but Mantegna had probably the usual fortune of artists, no matter what their stipends, for he writes that year to Lorenzo de' Medici for a little money to enable him to finish his new house, though orders were pouring in on him from the different courts — more, in fact, than he could accept. There is mention of a madonna painted for the Duchess of Ferrara in 1485, and the same year the Duke of Ferrara mentions having seen him at work on the "Triumphs of Cæsar"; and three years later Pope Innocent VIII. writes to Francesco to lend him his painter for a while. Mantegna went to Rome and decorated the Belvedere chapel, since destroyed, in the Vatican, with four frescos, the "Baptism of Christ," the "Entombment of the Virgin," the "Nativity," and the "Adoration of the Magi," with decorations after his manner in grisaille, "finished like miniatures," as Vasari tells us. Mantegna seems to have remained in Rome two years, for in 1489 Francesco begs the Pope to send back his painter for the festivities of his marriage with Isabella d'Este; but he was ill and unable to return till 1490, when he was nearly sixty, but in the height of his powers, as he shows by finishing the "Triumphs of Cæsar" for the San Sebastiano palace in the following year. As extra compensation for this and the decorations of the new room he receives a grant of a piece of land free from taxes. Francesco being commander of the Venetian forces in the war with the French King Charles VIII., Isabella was often regent for him, and was especially gracious to Mantegna and continually asked of him new designs, and his son was employed at court and received a salary. Isabella wished to order a statue to Virgil, and Mantegna made a design which is now in the Louvre, but the statue was never made, the Marchese having many embarrassments at the time. In 1499 Mantegna married his daughter Taddea to Antonio Viani, and gave her a dowry, which shows at least that he was getting forehanded in money matters; though later on, and perhaps in the decay of his powers, he was obliged to sell to Isabella a bust of Faustina to which he was much attached; but this was in 1506, shortly before his death. In 1501 a gentleman of Ferrara writes of having

been at a theatrical representation at which the designs of Mantegna, the "Triumph of Petrarch," formed the decoration of the room, and between this and 1505 the lovely decorative designs now in the Louvre had been executed for the Marchesa — "Parnassus" and "Wisdom Triumphant over Vice," which must be ranked among his very best work in refinement and fertility of invention. In 1504 he made his will, leaving an endowment for a chapel to S. Andrea, of which 50 ducats were for the decoration and 100 for the purchase of a piece of ground large enough that the light might not be cut off — a characteristic provision of a painter who had perhaps not always found the corresponding forethought in his patrons. The decorations were to be executed within a year after his death. He afterward added a codicil in favor of an illegitimate son, Giovanni Andrea, the child of a connection formed after the death of his wife. At the age of seventy-three he engaged to paint for Francesco Cornaro, a Venetian, the "Triumph of Scipio," the price being stipulated as 150 ducats; but as he found this too little, he seems not to have gone on with the work, and Cardinal Bembo wrote to the Marchesa in 1505 to beg her to urge Mantegna to go on with it. This is now in the National Gallery of London. It was apparently his last work, for in 1506 he wrote to Isabella saying that he had finished the "Comus" she had ordered, adding that he had paid 340 ducats for a house and that his purse was empty, and offering her the Faustina, which she sent her bailiff to buy, she being then at one of her country houses on account of the plague which was raging.

Five weeks later he died and was buried in the chapel he had ordered, where he lies, with his bust by Speranzio above the grave. Considering the unbroken prosperity of his life, and the uninterrupted favor which he enjoyed with the sovereigns of the little north-Italian states whose capitals were the refuge of all that was most distinguished in art and literature, and whose taste was, for an official taste, singularly good and refined, it is difficult to understand his continual complaints of pecuniary embarrassment. His sons, of whom he had two legitimate and one illegitimate, may have brought him into difficulties, and we know that Francesco, the one who was in the service of the court of Mantua, fell into disgrace and was exiled, but we have no hint of his personal extravagance. On the contrary, the devotion to his art, shown by the enormous amount of work, involving the most concentrated effort, which he maintained to the last days of his life, denies the suspicion of any irregularities or excesses; and the singular absence of the sensuous element in his work — its dry, severe,

and imaginative intellectuality — indicates its remoteness from the common temptations of the artistic temperament: next to Michael Angelo Mantegna rises into the serene regions of abstract intellect.

As an artist he must rank with the very greatest whose works we possess. Color is to him only the means to the same end as his minute finish, *i. e.*, the complete representation of whatever he undertook to tell. Invention and imagination were in him at their maximum, and to these he added a scientific and archaeological fervor quite his own, the combination of which qualities gives him a position apart from all other painters. The reproach that his master Squarcione brought against him, that his works were conceived in the spirit of sculpture, is only so far justified as that he cared nothing for color *per se*; and as was the habit of his time, even in the Venetian school, he never painted direct from nature, but from drawings which must have been of extreme finish and naturally in monochrome, or with but slight indication of color, and that conventional rather than realistic. He was an idealist of intense vision, and his reproduction of his conceptions has only that in common with the modern idea of realism which any intensely elaborate representation must have. It was this intensity of imagination which led up to his introduction into art of the element of emotional expression, which no preceding artist, with the exception of Giotto, — and he to a very limited extent, — had ever before made the object of his art. The student of early Italian art, if he follow his studies in Florence and with the system which they require, will, when he comes to make the acquaintance of the little triptych from which the illustration of Mr. Cole has been taken, find in that example something of which he had never before noted the existence — the pathos in the face of the little Jesus, who, shrinking from pain, turns to his mother for a refuge, to which the grave, pathetic face of the mother responds, as who should say, "Cruel, inexorable fate"; and that of the high-priest, with the kindly pity of a tender-hearted surgeon who performs an operation which cannot be escaped. This triptych was painted in Mantua soon after Mantegna arrived there, and Vasari mentions it as "Una tavoletta non molto grande ma bellissima" ["A panel not very large but most beautiful"]. Of the "Calvary" from the altarpiece of S. Zeno, already mentioned as being in the Louvre, it has been said that "It is one of the finest works of art the world has ever produced." Although classifications of this kind are not always easy to justify and never possible to prove correct, I am not disposed to quarrel with it, for certainly in the quality of dramatic expres-

sion, which is its highest artistic motive, no painter has ever surpassed Mantegna; and the subject of this composition, the crucifixion, was that which, to the devout Christianity in which the painter was educated and for which he worked, made the highest demand on his powers of delineation and called out his greatest intensity. The Virgin sinks fainting into the arms of her women—a heterodox conception of the event, as I had to notice in the case of Masaccio, who shows the same sign of the merely human nature of the Virgin, who is supposed by the Church to have borne the great sorrow without yielding to human weakness; a disciple tells his pain by a gesture of desperation; and the faces of the bystanders betray an emotion in complete sympathy with the great woe of the consummation of the divine sacrifice: their eyes are red with weeping, and their lips are parted in their pain. It is this command of the expression of dramatic emotion that distinguishes Mantegna from all his predecessors and contemporaries. The elaboration of his detail is not so intense as that of Gentile da Fabriano, or more tender than that of Fra Angelico: his archæology is not an artistic quality but a purely scientific one; but in this power of rendering the pathos of the sacred emotion, the tragedy of the sacred history, without a tinge of exaggeration or the least display of the *pose-plastique*,—a power given only to the most vivid imagination,—he is rivaled only by Giotto, and Giotto was too impetuous in his nature and too much driven by the exuberance of his invention to delay over the subtleties of expression and delight in the elaboration of suffering, as Mantegna could and did.

Of his extraordinary fertility of production it is hardly necessary to speak, for the number of works I have mentioned would fill the life of an ordinary painter; but his frescos have mostly disappeared. He painted the façade of the Pescheria Vecchia at Verona and the upper part of the façade of a house near the gate of the Borsari belonging to Niccolo Giolfino, his painter friend, with whom he staid, and he made many engravings of his works. He is chiefly to be known by these engravings and his easel pictures, and is best studied at Paris and London. With the exception of passages of the St. Christopher subjects the Eremitani pictures (Padua) are in good condition, though I find some difficulty in accepting the decorative part of the upper two subjects of the St. James series as by Mantegna. But the work of this kind unmistakably by him is of a delicacy that is scarcely approached by any other work of the kind. The modeling of the fruits, the pine cones, and the ears of grain in the lower frames is as delicate as if they

were human heads;—nothing is slighted, or treated as if it were of less importance.

The perspective of these pictures is evidently something on which Mantegna prided himself, and on which he spent a great deal of labor, but it is, in my opinion, the weakest point of all those involved in his art. It is laborious, ostentatious, and in the main overdone. It is done by rule and calculation, and does not betray the eye for perspective which we found, for instance, in Giotto. It has the effect of photographic perspective as given by wide-angle lenses when the subject is so near the camera that it seems distorted. We seem to be under the buildings of Mantegna. This is especially the case with the subject in which St. James on his way to be judged stops to bless and heal a believer, evidently a blind man. At the left of the picture is a tower in the middle distance, which he has put askew on the street, apparently to show his knowledge of perspective, and he has drawn it wrong. In one of the St. Christopher subjects he has made the architectural elevation of his principal building with an elaborate pergola covered with a vine in full bearing, the grapes hanging through the interstices, the whole like an architectural drawing, and in the second distance is a brick building in which every brick is pointed with the most exemplary patience and quite correct; but between this and the next important building he seems to have found it necessary to put in a bit of unimportant brick wall, also pointed with care but utterly wrong in perspective, and so conspicuously so that if he had had a correct eye for perspective he must have seen it to be so. In the "Martyrdom of St. James" a railing separates the spectator from the action. Just beyond lies the saint, and above him stands the executioner; but a soldier, who also stands on the other side, leans over the railing to the side of the spectator to see the execution. The impression produced is that the mallet with which the saint is to be killed is going to spend its blow on the railing.

The landscape is formal but full of invention of delicate detail: a fig tree in one of the St. Christopher subjects and an oak in the St. James are drawn leaf for leaf and the stems carefully modeled. The minuteness throughout is amazing, and the compositions are full of little incidents of by-play—people happening to look out of the windows, side conversations, friezes in the architecture, medallions, etc.; and considering the period in his life in which these works were executed and their relation to previous work we must recognize in them the justice of the claim which has been put forward for them of being the most important mural painting of northern Italy. The frescos in the castle at Mantua have disappeared, with

the exception of a portion of those in the room called the *Camera de' Sposi*, of which there are some remains. Those of the room which Federico was so anxious to have finished are effaced, and the frescos painted for the Pope were destroyed in enlarging the Vatican Museum, having already gone out of favor in Rome.

Of his easel pictures the "*Madonna della Vittoria*," now in the Louvre, painted in commemoration of the battle of Taro, is considered the best; but to my feeling the triptych in the Uffizi holds that place, and for the qualities in it that I have described.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE Mantegna triptych, from which the detail of "The Circumcision" is taken, is in the tribune of the Uffizi, Florence, and is composed of the "Adoration of the Magi," "The Circumcision," and "The Ascension" (improperly styled "The Resurrection"). The whole measures, with the frame, seven feet wide by three feet seven inches high. It is painted in tempera on panels. The panel to the right is "The Circumcision," and is thirty-four inches high by seventeen inches wide, and the figures measure from ten and a half inches to twelve inches high. By taking this portion only I was enabled to get at the expression of the faces and the detail, which is remarkable for delicacy of finish, though this has been to the sacrifice of the full length of the figures and the grouping of them, which is very graceful; and also of the lofty and beautiful interior of the temple, which, however, could never receive justice in a small engraving. The group is composed of the Madonna and Child, accompanied by two female attendants, and a child who is standing near the skirt of the foremost. The priest is accompanied by the altar-boy, and following him is Joseph, who carries a small basket containing the "pair of turtle doves," the offering for a sacrifice according to the law (Luke ii. 24). Behind the priest rises a yellow jasper pillar for some two-thirds of the distance up. This is surmounted by an ornamental capital in gray marble of a warm tone, from which spring two arches of the same material, to the upper corners of each side. In the space above and between the two arches is a triangular panel of a variegated, deep-colored marble, with a seraph painted in gold upon it, ornamentally filling the space with its outstretched wings. Beneath the arches are semicircular panels of dark spotted green marble, illuminated with scriptural subjects painted in gold. These are deeply framed in a frieze of dark red granite illuminated in gold with ornamental scrolls of foliage. The panels thus framed are supported by pilasters on each side of the jasper pillar, of the same dark red granite, and illuminated in gold in the same manner, and having fine capitals of the same material. The spaces on each side of the pilasters and beneath the panels just described are filled, that to the right of the priest by a sideboard in marble, the upper portion of which is composed of four panels of precious marble or jasper of various glowing hues. These are framed in marble of a soft gray dove color. The lower portion of the sideboard is of the same gray marble formed in panels decorated in low relief with sculptures of foliage in ornamental designs. This space forms the background to the standing figure of Joseph and the altar-boy. The space answering to this to the left of the Virgin, and forming the background to the two attendant females, is filled by two oblong panels of dark wood highly ornamented in gold, framed in the dove-

colored marble, and capped by a beautiful sculpture of two cornucopias mingling their fruits and flowers. The pavement is checkered with alternate squares of dark red spotted granite and yellow Sienna marble. The beauty and finish of all this work is indescribable. What patience it must have required, for instance, to work in the infinitesimal and innumerable spots in the dark red granites, and each with its characteristic shape and various color, and the delicate, soft graining, veins, and clouds of the various colored marbles and rich jaspers, and the exquisite finish of the gold illuminations — all true to nature. But outvying these tints are the rich hues of the draperies. That of the Madonna is of a deep rich shade of peacock blue; the folds are illuminated with touches of gold that sparkle and blend with the drapery, the variety and grace of the forms being most pleasing to look upon. Her underskirt is of a garnet shade, illuminated in like manner with gold in the high lights. The robe of the priest is of a rich, soft shade of ultramarine blue of a changeable hue, being shot with purple in the part over the breast where it recedes from the high light of the shoulder. The ornamental border is of gold upon a ground of deep blue or bright crimson, according to the pattern. His white garment and the towel falling over his shoulder — beneath the other portion of which the form of his hand is clearly marked as it gently supports the thigh of the Child — are of a soft, cool, creamy shade tinged with blue. The folds are strongly marked, with delicate ones in low relief playing in between. The linen head-dress of the Madonna is thus treated, also the white robe of the altar-boy, the headdresses of the female attendants, and the towel which the older one holds. Their charm of color depends upon viewing them in their proper relation to the surrounding brilliant hues; for when looked at near and out of this relation they appear quite warm and yellowish in tone, but from a few feet and as a whole, their juxtaposition to the rich garnet and yellow robe of Joseph, and the brilliant vermilion of the dress of the Child, renders them of a cool and bluish cast, and the difference is surprising.

The flesh tints throughout are warm and glowing, and have all the depth and softness of nature. I was much struck with this on looking through my magnifying-glass at the face of the priest: the softness and decision of the detail, the quick intelligence of the eye, and the mobility and tenderness of the expression made me smile at my audacity in attempting such wonders by great coarse lines in boxwood.

But how my heart beat when I came to the face of the child Jesus! I always leave the most difficult part of my work till the last, so that while engaged upon the easier portions I have time to study over and work up gradually to the climax. Fortunately on this I had the benefit of Mr. C. F. Murray's criticisms, as he



DETAIL OF "THE CIRCUMCISION," BY ANDREA MANTEGNA, IN THE TRIBUNE OF THE UFFIZI.

happened in at the Uffizi when I had about finished the block. The appealing look the child casts to his mother, and her sympathy, are very touching. I had to do every stroke on this block before the original, or rather in another room next to where the picture hangs, and this kept me running in and out the whole time, so that I was enabled to accomplish but very little in a day; the original being marvelously finished and exquisite in detail, and the photograph being very bad and quite altered in the expression of the heads, I was kept down to every eighth of an inch.

MANTEGNA AS AN ENGRAVER ON COPPER.

MANTEGNA was a famous engraver on copper, and was among the first who practiced the then new art. His style is grand, and it is a pleasure to note the vigor and spring of his lines. He cuts everything — drapery and all — in slanting lines, all in one direction, and it is wonderful how he suggests the form of things in so simple a manner. Everything yields to the power

and magic of his touch. His marvelous mechanical dexterity, unerring precision, and perfect mastery of the smallest part of his art are here displayed in all their energy and brilliancy. With what vim he runs through a background, making each line sparkle with life and character! With what freedom and nonchalance he dashes off his heads; as in his Bacchanalian pieces! He must have cut with lightning-like rapidity; and he drew in much of his work with the tool as he went along. The directness with which he plows along is amazing. How fearlessly he takes his trenchant blade in hand! What a sculptor he appears in the faces of his "Battle of the Sea Gods"! The forms of his lights, so delicate and true, appear as though freshly chiseled out in marble, and shine like silver. I could dwell for hours over this exciting work. Every line is electric and bristling in sympathy with the fury of the scene.

Then, too, the charming grace and airy lightness of his engraving of the "Dancing Nymphs"! Buoyant, classic forms tripping hand in hand in breezy move-

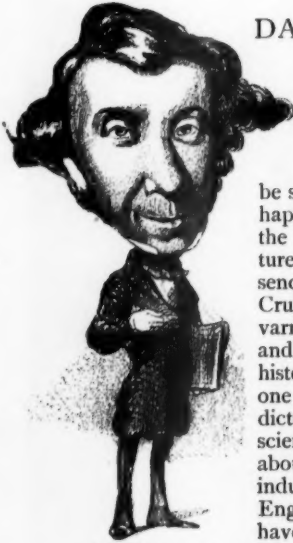
ment, with flutter of flying draperies, all in a delicate silvery key. Nothing more completely translates one into the realm of the mythological than his treatment of such themes. His masterpiece on copper is his engraving of the "Entombment of Christ," and in this he rises to a sublime height.

Raphael must have dwelt over this marvelous work.

This is clearly perceptible in his treatment of the same subject in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, where the figures bearing the body of our Lord walk backward.

Considering the few engravings made by Mantegna, —not more than twenty or twenty-five,—the virility and freedom of his technique are all the more remarkable.

T. Cole.



DE TOCQUEVILLE.

DAUMIER, CARICATURIST.¹

AS we attempt, at the present day, to write the history of everything, it would be strange if we had happened to neglect the annals of caricature; for the very essence of the art of Cruikshank and Gavarni, of Daumier and Leech, is to be historical; and every one knows how addicted is this great science to discoursing about itself. Many industrious seekers, in England and France, have ascended the stream of time to fol-

low to its source the modern movement of pictorial satire. The stream of time is in this case mainly the stream of journalism; for social and political caricature, as the present century has practiced it, is only journalism made doubly vivid.

The subject indeed is a large one, if we reflect upon it, for many people would tell us that journalism is the greatest invention of our age. If this rich branch has shared the great fortune of the parent stream, so, on other sides, it touches the fine arts, touches manners and morals. All this helps to account for its inexhaustible life; journalism is the criticism of the moment *at the moment*, and caricature is that criticism at once simplified and intensified by a plastic form. We know the satiric image as periodical, and above all as punctual, as we know the printed sheet with which custom has at last inveterately associated it.

This, by the way, makes one wonder considerably at the failure of caricature to achieve, as yet, a high destiny in America—a failure which might supply an occasion for much explanatory discourse, much searching of the relation of things. The newspaper has been taught to flourish among us as it flourishes nowhere else, and to flourish moreover on a humorous and irreverent basis; yet it has never taken to itself this helpful concomitant of an unscrupulous spirit and a quick periodicity. The explanation is probably that it needs an old society to produce ripe caricature. The newspaper thrives in the United States, but journalism perhaps does not; for the lively propagation of news is one thing and the close interpretation of it is another. A society has to be old before it becomes critical, and it has to become critical before it can take pleasure in the reproduction of its incongruities by an instrument as impertinent as the matutinal crayon. Irony, skepticism, pessimism are, in any particular soil, plants of gradual growth,



COQUEREL.

¹ Of the accompanying pictures, "Connoisseurs" is from a water-color in the gallery of the Montreal Art Association; the portrait of Daumier and "In the Court of Assizes," from the collection of Charles de Bériot, are from "L'Art"; and the others are from "La Charivari."



HONORÉ DAUMIER.

and it is in the art of caricature that they flower most aggressively. Furthermore, they must be watered by education,—I mean by the education of the eye and hand,—all of which takes time. The soil must be rich, too; the incongruities must swarm. It is open to doubt whether a pure democracy is very liable to make this particular satiric return upon itself; for which it would seem that certain complications must not be wanting. These complications are supplied from the moment a democracy becomes, as we may say, impure, from its own point of view; from the moment variations and heresies, deviations, or perhaps simple affirmations of taste and temper begin to multiply within it. Such things afford a *point d'appui*; for it is evidently of the essence of caricature to be reactionary. We should hasten to add that its satiric force varies immensely in kind and in degree, according to the race, or to the individual talent, that takes advantage of it.

I used just now the term pessimism; but that was doubtless in a great measure because I have been turning over a collection of the

wonderful drawings of Honoré Daumier. The same impression would remain with me, no doubt, if I had been consulting an equal mass of the work of Gavarni, the wittiest, the most literary and most acutely profane of all mockers with the pencil. The feeling of the pessimist abides in all these things, the expression of the spirit for which humanity is definable primarily by its weaknesses. For Daumier these weaknesses are hugely ugly and grotesque, while for Gavarni they are either rather basely graceful or touchingly miserable; but the vision of them in both cases is close and direct. If, on the other hand, we look through a dozen volumes of the collection of "Punch" we get an equal impression of hilarity, but we by no means get an equal impression of irony. Certainly the pages of "Punch" do not reek with pessimism. Leech is almost positively optimistic; there is at any rate nothing infinite in his irreverence: it touches bottom as soon as it approaches the pretty woman or the nice girl. It is such an apparition as that that really, in Gavarni, awakes the scoffer. Du Maurier is as



VICTOR HUGO.

graceful as Gavarni, but his sense of beauty conjures away almost everything save our minor vices. It is in the exploration of our largest ones that Gavarni makes his principal discoveries of charm or of absurdity of attitude. None the less, of course, the general inspiration of both artists is the same: the desire to try the innumerable different ways in which the human subject may *not* be taken seriously.

If this view of him, in its plastic manifestations, makes history of a sort, it will not in general be of a kind to convert those persons who find history sad reading. The writer of the present lines remained unconverted, lately, on an occasion on which many cheerful influences were mingled with his impression. They were of a nature to which he usually does full justice, even overestimating, perhaps, their charm of suggestion; but, at the hour I speak of, the old Parisian quay, the belittered print-shop, the pleasant afternoon, the glimpse of the great Louvre on the other side of the Seine, in the interstices of the sallow *estampes* suspended in window and doorway — all these elements of a rich actuality availed only to mitigate, without transmuting, the general vision of a high, cruel pillory which I extracted,

piece by piece, from musty portfolios. I had been passing the shop when I noticed in a small *vitrine*, let into the embrasure of the doorway, half a dozen soiled, striking lithographs, which it took no more than a first glance to recognize as the work of Daumier. They were only old pages of the "Charivari," torn away from the text and rescued from the injury of time; and they were accompanied with an inscription to the effect that many similar specimens of the artist were to be seen within. To apprehend this circumstance was to enter the shop, and to find myself promptly surrounded with bulging portfolios and tattered relics. These relics — crumpled leaves of the old comic journals of the period from 1830 to 1855 — are neither rare nor expensive; but I happened to have lighted on a particularly copious collection of them, and I made the most of my small good fortune, in order to erect it, if possible, into a sort of compensation for my having missed, unavoidably, a few months before, the curious exhibition "de la Caricature Moderne" held for several weeks, just at hand, in the École des Beaux-Arts. Daumier was said to have appeared there in considerable force; and it was a loss not to have had that particular opportunity of filling one's mind with him.

There was perhaps a perversity in having wished to do so, strange, indigestible stuff of contemplation as he might appear to be; but the perversity had had an historical growth. Daumier's great days were in the reign of Louis Philippe; but in the early years of the



THE PRODIGY AT THE AGE OF SIX.

Second Empire he still drove his coarse, formidable pencil. I recalled, from a juvenile consciousness, the last failing strokes of it. They used to impress me with their abnormal blackness as well as with their grotesque, magnifying movement, and there was something in them that rather scared a very immature admirer. This small personage, however, was able to perceive later, when he was unfortunately removed from the chance of studying

to make up for my want of privilege by prolonged immersion. I did not take home all the portfolios from the shop on the quay, but I took home what I could, and I went again to turn over the remaining piles of superannuated paper. I liked looking at them on the spot; I seemed still surrounded by the artist's vanished Paris and his extinct Parisians. Indeed no quarter of the delightful city probably shows, on the whole, fewer changes from the



A FRENCHMAN PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

them, that there were various things in them besides the power to excite a vague alarm. Daumier was perhaps a great artist; at all events unsatisfied curiosity increased in proportion to that possibility.

The first complete satisfaction of it was really in the long hours that I spent in the shop on the quay. There I filled my mind with him, and there, too, at no great cost, I could make a big parcel of these cheap reproductions of his work. This work had been shown in the *École des Beaux-Arts* as it came from his hand; M. Champfleury, his biographer, his cataloguer, and his devotee, having poured forth the treasures of a precious collection, as I suppose they would be called in the case of an artist in a higher line. It was only as he was seen by the readers of the comic journals of his day that I could now see him; but I tried

aspect it wore during the period of Louis Philippe, the time when it will ever appear to many of its friends to have been most delightful. The long line of the quay is unaltered, and the rare charm of the river. People came and went in the shop (it is a wonder how many, in the course of an hour, may lift the latch even of an establishment that pretends to no great business). What was all this small, sociable, contentious life but the great Daumier's subject-matter? He was the painter of the Parisian bourgeois, and the voice of the bourgeois was in the air.

M. Champfleury has narrated Daumier's life, in his lively little "*Histoire de la Caricature Moderne*," a record not at all abundant in personal detail. The biographer has told his story better perhaps in his careful catalogue of the artist's productions, the first sketch of

which is to be found in "L'Art" for 1878. This copious list is Daumier's real history; his life can have been little else than his work. I read in the interesting publication of M. Grand-Carteret ("Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France, 1888") that our artist produced nearly four thousand lithographs and a thousand drawings on wood, up to the time when failure of eyesight compelled him to rest. This is not the

otherwise vocal than in the emission of the rich street-cry with which we used all to be familiar and which has vanished with so many other friendly pedestrian notes. The elder Daumier wrought verses as well as window-panes, and M. Champfleury has disinterred a small volume published by him in 1823. The merit of his poetry is not striking; but he was able to transmit the artistic nature to his son, who, becoming promptly conscious of it, made the inevitable journey to Paris in search of fortune.

The young draughtsman appeared to have missed, at first, the way to this boon; inasmuch as in the year 1832 he found himself condemned to six months' imprisonment for a lithograph disrespectful to Louis Philippe. This drawing had appeared in the "Caricature," an organ of pictorial satire founded in those days by one Philipon, with the aid of a band of young mockers to whom he gave ideas and a direction, and two or three others, of whom Gavarni, Henry Monnier, Decamps, Grandville were destined to make themselves a place. M. Eugène Montrosier, in a highly appreciative article on Daumier in "L'Art" for 1878, says that this same Philipon was *le journalisme fait homme*; which did not prevent him—rather, in fact, fostered such a result—from being perpetually in delicate relations with the government. He had had many horses killed under him,



CLYTEMNKSTRA.

sort of activity that leaves a man much time for independent adventures, and Daumier was essentially of the type, common in France, of the specialist so immersed in his specialty that he can be painted in only one attitude—a general circumstance which perhaps helps to account for the paucity, in that country, of biography, in our English sense of the word, in proportion to the superabundance of criticism.

Honoré Daumier was born at Marseilles on the 26th of February, 1808, and he died on the 11th of the same month, 1879. His main activity, however, was confined to the earlier portion of his life of almost exactly seventy-one years, and I find it affirmed in Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains" that he became completely blind between 1850 and 1860. He enjoyed a pension, from the state, of 2400 francs; but what relief from misery could mitigate a quarter of a century of darkness for a man who had looked out at the world with such vivifying eyes? His father had followed the trade of a glazier, but was

and had led a life of attacks, penalties, suppressions, and resurrections. He subsequently established the "Charivari" and launched a publication entitled "L'Association Lithographique Mensuelle," which brought to light much of Daumier's early work. The artist passed rapidly from seeking his way to finding it, and from an ineffectual to a vigorous form.

In this limited compass and in the case of such a quantity of production it is almost impossible to specify—difficult to pick dozens of examples out of thousands. Daumier became more and more the political spirit of the "Charivari," or at least the political pencil, for M. Philipon, the breath of whose nostrils was opposition,—one conceives from here the little bilious, bristling, ingenious, insistent man,—is to be credited with a suggestive share in any enterprise in which he had a hand. This pencil played over public life, over the sovereign, the ministers, the deputies, the peers, the judiciary, the men and the measures, the reputations and scandals of the moment, with

a strange, ugly, exaggerating, but none the less sane and manly vigor. Daumier's sign is strength above all, and in turning over his pages to-day there is no degree of that virtue that the careful observer will not concede to him. It is perhaps another matter to assent to the proposition, put forth by his greatest admirers among his countrymen, that he is the first of all caricaturists. To the writer of this imperfect sketch he remains considerably less interesting than Gavarni; and for a particular reason, which it is difficult to express otherwise than by saying that he is too simple. This was not Gavarni's fault, and indeed to a large degree it was Daumier's merit. The single grossly ridiculous or almost hauntingly characteristic thing which his figures represent is largely the reason why they still represent life, and an unlucky reality years after the names attached to them have parted with a vivifying power. Such vagueness has overtaken them, for the most part, and to such a thin reverberation have they shrunk, the persons and the affairs which were then so intensely sketchable. Daumier handled them with a want of ceremony which would have been brutal were it not for the element of science in his work, making them immense and unmistakable in their drollery, or at least in their grotesqueness; for the term drollery suggests gaiety, and Daumier is anything but gay. *Un rude peintre de mœurs*, M. Champfleury calls him; and the phrase expresses his extreme breadth of treatment.

Of the victims of his "rudeness" M. Thiers is almost the only one whom the present generation may recognize without a good deal of reminding, and indeed his hand is relatively light in delineating this personage of few



THE MATCH BETWEEN RATAPOIL AND M. BERRYER.

inches and many labors. M. Thiers must have been dear to the caricaturist, for he belonged to the type that was easy to "do"; it being well known that these gentlemen appreciate public characters in direct proportion to their saliency of feature. When faces are reducible to a few telling strokes their wearers are overwhelmed with the honors of publicity; with which, on the other hand, nothing is more likely to interfere than the possession of a countenance neatly classical. Daumier had only to give M. Thiers the face of an owl, minus the stupidity, and the trick was played. Of course skill was needed to keep the stupidity out and put something else in its place, but that is what caricaturists are meant for. Of how well he succeeded the admirable plate of the lively little minister in a "new dress"—tricked out in the uniform of a general of the First Republic—is a sufficient illustration. The bird of night is not an acute bird, but how the artist has presented the image of a witty individual! And with what a life-giving pencil the whole figure is put on its feet, what intelligent drawing, what a rich, free stroke! The allusions conveyed in it are to such forgotten things that it is strange to think the personage was, only the other year, still contemporaneous; that he might have been met, on a fine day, taking a few firm steps in a quiet part of the Champs Élysées, with his footman carrying a second overcoat and looking doubly tall behind him. In whatever attitude Daumier depicts him, planted as a tiny boxing-master at the feet of the virtuous colossus in a blouse (whose legs are apart, like those of him of Rhodes), in whom the artist represents the People, to watch the match that is about to come off between Ratapail and M. Berryer, or even in the act of lifting the "parricidal" club of a new gagging law to deal a blow at the Press, an effulgent, diligent, sedentary muse



A BLOW AT THE PRESS.



THIERS.

(this picture, by the way, is a perfect specimen of the simple and telling in political caricature)—however, as I say, he takes M. Thiers, there is always a rough indulgence in his crayon, as if he were grateful to him for lending himself so well.

He invented Ratapoil as he appropriated Robert Macaire, and as a caricaturist he never fails to put into circulation, when he can, a character to whom he may attribute as many as possible of the affectations or the vices of the day. Robert Macaire, an imaginative, a romantic rascal, was the hero of a highly successful melodrama written for Frédéric Lemaître; but Daumier made him the type of the swindler at large, in an age of feverish speculation—the projector of showy companies, the advertiser of worthless shares. There is a whole series of drawings descriptive of his exploits, a hundred masterly plates which, according to M. Champfleury, consecrated Daumier's reputation. The subject, the legend, was in most cases, still according to M. Champfleury, suggested by Philipon. Sometimes it was very witty; as for instance when Bertrand, the muddled acolyte or scraping second fiddle of the hero, objects in relation to a brilliant scheme which he has just unfolded, with the part Bertrand is to play, that there are constables in the country, and he promptly replies, "Constables? So much the better—they'll take the shares!" Rata-

poil was an evocation of the same general character, but with a difference of *nuance*—the ragged political bully, or hand-to-mouth demagogue, with the smashed tall hat, cocked to one side, the absence of linen, the club half way up his sleeve, the straddle and pose of being gallant for the people. Ratapoil abounds, in the promiscuous drawings that I have looked over, and is always very strong and living, with a considerable element of the sinister, so often, in Daumier, an accompaniment of the comic. There is an admirable page—it brings the idea down to 1851—in which a sordid but astute peasant, twirling his thumbs on his stomach and looking askance, allows this political adviser to urge upon him in a whisper that there is not a minute to lose—to lose for action, of course—if he wishes to keep his wife, his house, his field, his heifer, and his calf. The canny skepticism in the ugly, half-averted face of the typical rustic, who considerably suspects his counselor, is indicated by a few masterly strokes.

This is what the student of Daumier recognizes as his science, or, if the word has a better grace, as his art. It is what has kept life in his work so long after so many of the occasions of it have been swept into darkness. Indeed, there is no such commentary on renown as the "back numbers" of a comic journal.



RATAPOIL AND THE PEASANT.



CASMAJON RATAPOIL.

They show us that at certain moments certain people were eminent, only to make us unsuccessfully try to remember what they were eminent for. And the comparative obscurity (comparative, I mean, to the talent of the caricaturist) overtakes even the most justly honored names. M. Berryer was a public servant of real distinction and the highest utility; yet the fact that no one to-day devotes many thoughts to him seems to be positively emphasized by this other fact that we pore over Daumier, in whose plates we happen to come across him. It reminds one afresh how Art is an embalmer, a magician, whom one cannot speak too fair. People duly impressed with this truth are sometimes laughed at for their superstitious tone, which is pronounced, according to the fancy of the critic, mawkish, maudlin, or hysterical. But it is really difficult to see how any insistence on the importance of art can overstate the plain facts. It prolongs, it preserves, it consecrates, it raises from the dead. It conciliates, charms, bribes posterity; and it murmurs to mortals, as the old French poet sang to his mistress, "You will be fair only so far as I have said so." When it whispers even to the great, "You depend upon me, and I can do more for you, in the long run, than any one else," it is scarcely too proud. It puts method, and power, and the strange, real, mingled air

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of things into Daumier's black sketchiness, so full of the technical *gras*, the "fat" which French critics commend and which we have no word to express. It puts power above all, and the effect which he best achieves, that of a certain simplification of the attitude or the



"BEAUTIFUL LADY, ACCEPT MY ARM!"

gesture to an almost symbolic immensity. His persons represent only one thing, but they insist tremendously on that, and their expression of it abides with us, unaccompanied with timid detail. It may really be said that they represent only one class—the old and ugly. So that there is proof enough of a special faculty in his having played such a concert, lugubrious though it be, on a single chord. It has been made a reproach to him, says M. Grand-Car-

Madame Chaboulard or Madame Fribochon, the old snuff-taking, gossiping portress, in a nightcap and shuffling *savates*, relating or drinking in bewildering wonders. One of his masterpieces represents three of these dames, lighted by a guttering candle, holding their heads together to discuss the fearful earthquake at Bordeaux, the consequence of the government's allowing the surface of the globe to be unduly dug out in California. The representation of confidential imbecility could not go further. When a man leaves out so much of life as Daumier,—youth and beauty and the charm of woman and the loveliness of childhood and the manners of those social groups of whom it may almost be said that they *have* manners,—when he exhibits a deficiency on this scale it might seem that the question was not to be so easily disposed of as in the very non-apologetic words I just quoted. All the same (and I confess it is singular), we may feel what Daumier omitted and yet not be in the least shocked by the claim of predominance made for him. It is impossible to spend a couple of hours with him without assenting to this claim, even though there may be a weariness in such a panorama of ugliness and an inevitable reaction from it. This anomaly, and the challenge to explain it which appears to proceed from him, make him, to my sense, remarkably interesting. The artist whose idiosyncrasies, whose limitations, if you will, make us question and wonder, in the light of his fame, has an element of fascination not attaching to many a talent more obviously charming. If M. Eugène Montrosier may say of him without scandalizing us that such and such of his drawings belong to the very highest art, it is interesting (and Daumier profits by the interest) to put one finger on the reason why we are not scandalized.



WOMEN SOCIALISTS.

teret, that "his work is lacking in two capital elements—*la jeunesse et la femme*"; and this commentator resents his being made to suffer for the deficiency—"as if an artist could be at the same time deep, comic, graceful, and pretty; as if all those who have a real value had not created for themselves a form to which they remain confined and a type which they reproduce in all its variations, as soon as they have touched the esthetic ideal which has been their dream. Assuredly, humanity, as this great painter saw it, could not be beautiful; one asks one's self what a maiden in her teens, a pretty face, would have done in the midst of these good, plain folk, stunted and elderly, with faces like wrinkled apples. A simple accessory most of the time, woman is for him merely a termagant or a blue-stocking who has turned the corner."

When the eternal feminine, for Daumier, appears in neither of these forms he sees it in

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I think this reason is that, on the whole, he is so peculiarly serious. This may seem an odd ground of praise for a jocose draughtsman, and of course what I mean is that his comic force is serious. This is a very different thing from such a force being absent. This essential sign of the caricaturist may surely be anything it will so long as it is there. Daumier's figures are almost always either foolish, fatuous politicians, or frightened, mystified bourgeois; yet they help him to give us a strong sense of the nature of man. They are sometimes so serious that they are almost tragic; the look of the particular pretension, combined with inanity,



THE EARTHQUAKE AT BORDEAUX.

is carried almost to madness. There is a magnificent drawing of the series of "Le Public du Salon," old classicists looking up, horrified and scandalized, at the new romantic work of 1830, in which the faces have an appalling gloom of mystification and platitude. We feel that Daumier reproduces admirably the particular life that he sees because it is the very medium in which he moves. He has no wide horizon; the absolute bourgeois hems him in, and he is a bourgeois himself, without poetic ironies, to whom a big cracked mirror has been given. His thick, strong, manly touch stands, in every way, for so much knowledge. He used to make little images, in clay and in wax (many of them still exist), of the persons he was in the habit of putting forward, so that they might constantly seem to be "sitting" for him. The caricaturist of that day had not the help of the ubiquitous photograph. Daumier painted actively, as well, in his habitation, all dedicated to work, on the narrow island of St. Louis, where the Seine divides, and where the monuments of old Paris stand thick and the types that were to his purpose pressed close upon him. He had not far to go to encounter the worthy man, in the series of "Les Papas," who is reading the evening paper at the café with so amiable and

placid a credulity, while his unnatural little boy, opposite to him, finds sufficient entertainment in the much-satirized "Constitutionnel." The bland absorption of the papa, the face of the man who believes everything he sees in the newspaper, is as near as Daumier often comes to positive gentleness of humor. Of the same family is the poor gentleman, in "Actualités," seen, in profile, under a doorway where he has taken refuge from a torrent of rain, who looks down at his legs with a sort of speculative contrition and says, "To think of my having just ordered two pairs of white trousers." The *tout petit bourgeois* palpitates in both these sketches.

I must repeat that it is absurd to pick half a dozen at hazard, out of five thousand; yet a few selections are the only way to call attention to his strong drawing. This has a virtuosity of its own, for all its hit-or-miss appearance. Whatever he touches—the nude, in the swimming-baths on the Seine, the intimations of landscape, when his *petits rentiers* go into the suburbs for a Sunday—acquires relief and character. Docteur Véron, a celebrity of the reign of Louis Philippe (he made his fortune by some much advertised curative compound, was a Mæcenas of the hour, and also director of the opera, and wrote the "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de



OLD CLASSICISTS.



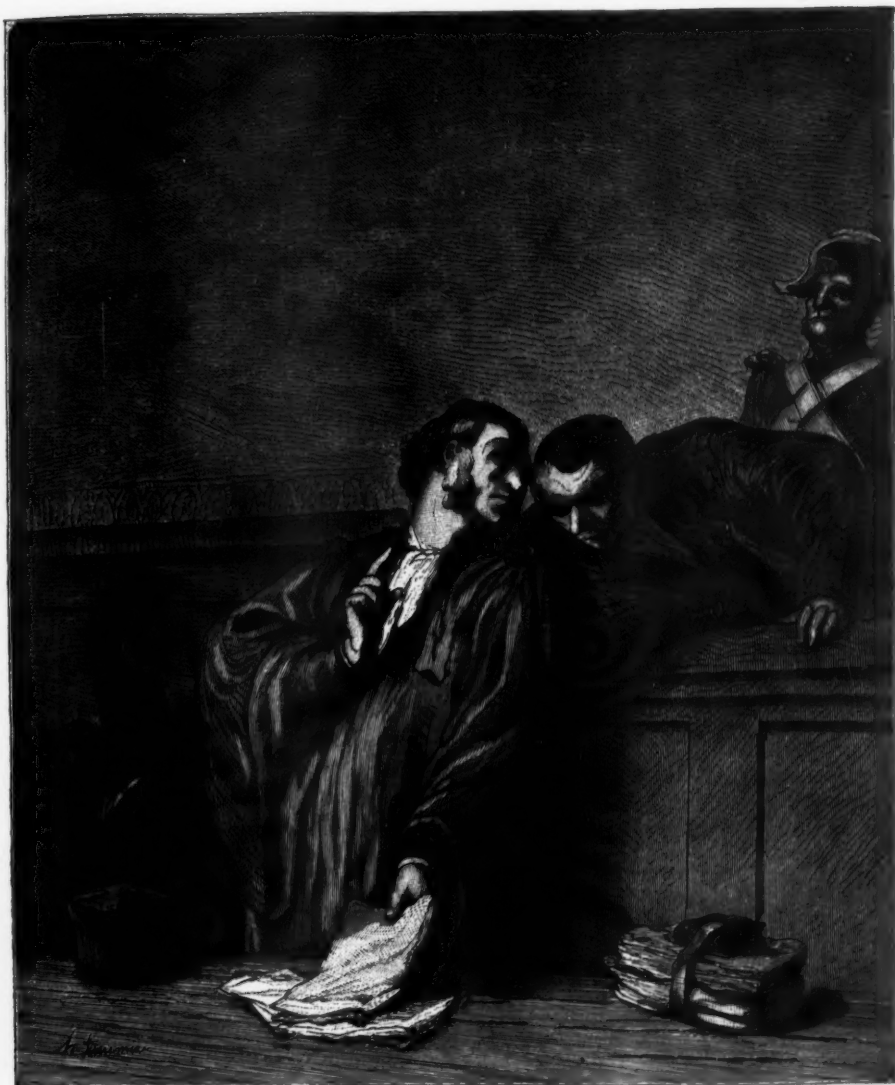
CONNOISSEURS.

Paris") — this temporary "illustration," who was ignobly ugly, would not be vivid to us today had not Daumier, who was often effective at his expense, happened to have represented him, in some crisis of his career, as a sort of naked inconsolable Vitellius. He renders the human body with a cynical sense of its possible flabbiness and an intimate acquaintance with its structure. "*Une Promenade Conjugale*," in the series of "*Tout ce qu'on voudra*," portrays a hillside, on a summer afternoon, on which a man has thrown himself on his back to rest, with his arms locked under his head. His fat, full-bosomed, middle-aged wife, under her parasol, with a bunch of field-flowers in her hand, looks down at him patiently and seems to say, "Come, my dear, get up." There is surely no great point in this — that is, the only point is life, the glimpse of the little snatch of poetry in prose. It is a matter of a few broad strokes of the crayon; yet the pleasant laziness of the man, the idleness of the day, the fragment of homely, familiar dialogue, the stretch of the field with a couple of trees merely suggested, have a communicative truth.

I perhaps exaggerate all this, and in insisting upon the merit of Daumier may appear to make light of the finer accomplishment of several more modern talents, in England and

France, who have greater ingenuity and subtlety and have carried qualities of execution so much further. In looking at this complicated younger work, which has profited so by experience and comparison, it is inevitable that we should perceive it to be infinitely more cunning. On the other hand Daumier, moving in his contracted circle, has an impressive depth. It comes back to his strange seriousness. He is a draughtsman by race, and if he has not extracted the same brilliancy from training, or perhaps even from effort and experiment, as some of his successors, Charles Keene, for instance, or the wonderful, intensely modern Caran d'Ache, does not his richer satiric and sympathetic feeling more than make up the difference?

However this question may be answered, some of his drawings belong to the class of the unforgettable. It may be a perversity of prejudice, but even the little cut of the "*Connoisseurs*," the group of gentlemen collected round a picture and criticizing it in various attitudes of sapience and sufficiency, appears to me to have the strength which abides. The criminal in the dock, the flat-headed murderer, bending over to speak to his advocate, who turns a whiskered, professional, anxious head to caution and remind him, tells a large, terrible,



IN THE COURT OF ASSIZES.

story and awakes a recurrent shudder. We see the gray court-room, we feel the personal suspense and the immensity of justice. The "Saltimbanques," reproduced in "L'Art" for 1878, is a page of tragedy, the finest of a cruel series. M. Eugène Montrosier says of it that "The drawing is masterly, incomparably firm, the composition superb, the general impression quite of the first order." It exhibits a pair of lean, hungry mountebanks, a clown and a harlequin beating the drum and trying a comic attitude, to attract the crowd at a fair, to a

poor booth in front of which a painted canvas, offering to view a simpering fat woman, is suspended. But the crowd does not come, and the battered tumblers, with their furrowed cheeks, go through their pranks in the void. The whole thing is symbolic and full of grimness, imagination, and pity. It is the sense that we shall find in him, mixed with his homelier extravagances, an element prolific in indications of this order that draws us back to Daumier.

Henry James.

TO THE TSAR.

O THOU into whose human hand is given
A godlike might, who, for thy earthly hour,
Above reproof, self-counseled and self-shriven,
Wieldest o'er regions vast despotic power;
Mortal, who by a breath,
A look, a hasty word, as soon forgot,
Commandest energies of life and death,—
Midst terrors dread that darkly multiply,
Wilt thou thy vision blind, and listen not
Whilst unto Heaven ascends thy people's cry?

In vain, in vain! The injuries they speak
Down unto final depths their souls have stirred:
The aged plead through them, the childish-weak,
The mad, the dying,—and they shall be heard!
Thou wilt not hear them; but,
Though Heaven were hedged about with walls of stone,
And though with brazen gates forever shut,
And sentried 'gainst petitions of despair,
'T were closely guarded as thy fearful throne,
That cry of helpless wrong should enter there!

From sunless casemates by the Neva shore,
From parching steppes where lifeless waters flow,
From polar wastes, from mines where men explore
Grief's inner mysteries, that cry of woe
Moves trembling unto God:
And thou who, like Siberian tiger caged,
Must secret journey o'er thy native sod,
In bomb-proof chambers masked 'gainst perils dim
That threaten thee from wretched ones enraged—
Dost thou not falter at the thought of Him?

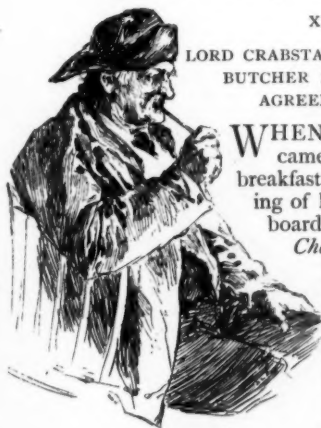
O Majesty! 'T is great to be a king,
But greater is it yet to be a man!
The exile by far Lena perishing,
The captive in Kara who bears thy ban,
Ransomed at length and free,
Shall rise from torments that make heroes strong—
Shall rise, as equal souls, to question thee;
And for defense there nothing shall endure
Of all which to thy lofty state belong,
Save what thou hast of human, brave, and pure.

Cæsar, thou still art man, and servest a King
Who wields a power more terrible than thine:
Slow, slow to anger, and long-suffering,
He hears his children cry and makes no sign:
He hears them cry, but, oh!
Imagine not his tardy judgments sleep,
Or that their agonies He doth not know
Who hidden waste where tyrants may not see!
Eternal watch He over them doth keep:
Eternal watch—and Russia shall be free!

THE "MERRY CHANTER."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc.



CAPTAIN BODSHIP.

X.
LORD CRABSTAIRS AND THE
BUTCHER MAKE AN
AGREEMENT.

WHEN Dolor Tripp came on deck after breakfast on the morning of her arrival on board the *Merry Chanter* she was in a state of intense delight with her surroundings. She was going to sea in a ship! She had been on the bay in a

boat, but never on the sea in a ship! And what was this for—and that? And how different the air was, even such a little way from shore!

When Doris told her how we came to own the *Merry Chanter*, and had talked to her about the four captains, and about the butcher, and about Lord Crabstairs, and about the schoolmaster, Dolor Tripp declared that that ship was the most interesting place she had ever been in in her whole life.

She was in no hurry to start, and was perfectly willing to wait for the tide. Being on board the ship was joy enough for the present. She asked questions about every part of the vessel; and although the four captains would have been the proper persons to answer these questions, these experienced mariners were not allowed the opportunity of so doing. Lord Crabstairs and the butcher always happened to be near at hand when Dolor Tripp wanted to know anything; and sometimes both answered her question in the same instant, while sometimes one got a little ahead of the other.

Towards noon, however, I noticed that Dolor Tripp was walking about the after portion of the ship accompanied only by Lord Crabstairs, and soon afterwards I found that he and the butcher had come to an agreement on the subject. A chalk line had been drawn

across the deck midway between the bow and the stern, and it had been settled that Lord Crabstairs should explain to Dolor Tripp everything aft of that line, while the butcher should have the privilege of being her guide over that portion of the schooner which lay forward of the line. By this amicable arrangement annoying interferences would be avoided.

Lord Crabstairs, with his glowing, ruddy face, and his sparkling blue eyes, was in a very good humor as he told his companion everything he knew about the after portion of the ship, and a great deal, I am sure, that he did not know. But want of knowledge did not interfere in the least with the fluency of his merry talk, nor with her enjoyment.

For some time the butcher had been below, but now he came up and informed Doris and me that he had been consulting with Captain Cyrus and getting as much information as possible in regard to foremasts and bowsprits, with their attachments and surroundings, so that when his turn to guide the young woman should come he would be able to give her points that might be depended upon. When he and Lord Crabstairs had tossed up for the two portions into which the ship had been divided by the chalk line he had been very glad that the bow end had fallen to him.

"Passengers," said he, "are mostly at sterns, and bows are newer to them. And, besides, the *Merry Chanter* is on my end, and I intend to come out strong on that dilapidated old party. I think she's the kind of young woman to take to things that are on the romantic."

But he did not intend to begin with her as soon as Lord Crabstairs had finished. No, indeed! He was too deep for that! He would take her when she was fresh, and not so bored with ropes and spars that she did not wish to hear such things even so much as mentioned.

It was yet early in the afternoon, and we were enjoying ourselves idly on deck, some reading, some smoking and talking, and nearly all of us in the shade of the mainsail, which had been partly hoisted to serve the purpose of an awning. Even the butcher was content to gaze quietly out at sea, for in his opinion Dolor Tripp had not yet sufficiently recovered from her ordeal of the morning properly to

enjoy his interesting accounts of the nautical objects forward of the chalk line. Suddenly there came from landward a shrill voice; and the voice cried, "Do — lo — r!"

Instantly we all sprang to our feet, bobbed under the boom, and ran for the stern of the schooner. On shore, close to the water's edge, stood a woman in a black-and-white sunbon-

ward, and hailed her sister. "I-do-not-know," she cried. "It-depends-on-flour."

"What-flour?" screamed Lizeth.

Dolor Tripp turned inquiringly. "Minnesota Family Joy," said I, for want of better information to give.

"Min-ne-so-ta-Fam-i-ly-Joy," screamed Dolor Tripp.



THE PROMENADE BATH.

net, who was easily recognized by those who had seen her before as Lizeth of the poultry-yard.

Again came the voice across the water: "Dol — or! Are you on that ship?"

Dolor Tripp stood on tiptoe and showed herself well above the bulwarks. "Don't you see me, Lizeth?" she cried.

The distance between the ship and the shore was not great; and as there was but little wind the clear, high voices of the sisters were distinctly heard across the intervening space.

"Where-are-you-going?" cried Lizeth.

"I-am-going-to-Boston," replied her sister.

"How-long-do-you-expect-to-stay?" cried Lizeth.

Dolor Tripp turned to Doris. "How long do you think," she said, "that the ship will stay in Boston? You know I want to come back in it."

"I really do not know," was the answer; "but we shall certainly stay long enough to take on board some barrels of flour."

Then Dolor Tripp turned her face shore-

Lizeth did not immediately resume her questions, but after a few moments' thought she cried, "Why-don't-you-start?"

"There-is-some-thing-the-matter-with-the-tide," replied Dolor Tripp.

Here there was another pause in this high-strung conversation, and several persons on board the *Merry Chanter* looked at one another and smiled.

Lizeth now called out again, "Will-you-get-me-in-Boston-four-yards-of-the-inch-wide-black-and-white-ribbon?"

"I-will!" cried Dolor Tripp. "Does-Al-wilda-know-I've-gone?"

"Yes," called back Lizeth. "She's-begun-painting-you-on-the-dining-room-wall. You-are-stretched-out-drowned-on-the-sea-shore. Your-face-is-all-soaked-and-there's-little-slimy-green-weeds-flappin'-against-it. She-was-just-beginnin'-to-paint-a-puddle-under-you-when-I-came-away. Good-bye!"

"Now, is n't that mean?" said Dolor Tripp, turning a troubled countenance towards us, and then, suddenly recollecting herself, she

called after her departing sister a shrill "Good-bye!"

"I notice," remarked the butcher, as he cast a severe look shoreward, "that she did n't say anything about the weeds and the puddle till she'd got in her black-and-white ribbon."

In order to dissipate from her mind all thoughts of the dismal picture of herself which was in course of creation upon the dining-room wall of her home, the butcher now invited Dolor Tripp to allow him to show her that portion of the *Merry Chanter* which lay forward of the chalk line. The invitation was accepted, and from the general appearance of things forward I think that Dolor Tripp's enjoyment was troubled by no visions of soaked countenances.

The captains were on the forecastle, and as they all knew something about Dolor Tripp or her family, they had frequent snatches of talk with her. Lord Crabstairs and the schoolmaster took to wandering about the bow, but the former never uttered a word. He had agreed that the butcher should take charge of the lady on this part of the ship, and he religiously forbore to speak.

When the butcher and his fair companion leaned over the extreme bow, and he began to describe and descant upon the wooden figure of the *Merry Chanter*, Doris, who had gone forward, requested permission to listen, which being cheerfully granted, we all gathered about the speaker.

It is astonishing how well that butcher talked about our old figure-head. He let himself out splendidly about roaring winds and mountain waves, and driving rain and freezing sleet, and banks of blinding fog, and yet ever that right arm, or what there was left of it, was stuck straight out, and that head was thrown back boldly, and that mouth was open ready for song, or shout, or to take in sea-water, as the case might be.

"He has been through it all, time and again," said the butcher, in conclusion, "and he is ready for it all over again, fair weather or foul, as long as those iron bolts through his body hold him fast to the ship."

"I love him already," cried Dolor Tripp; "and as soon as we begin to plow the waves I am going to stand in front here and see him do those things."

"Of course," remarked Captain Timon, "that will depend on the principal owner"—waving his hand towards Doris. "I have heard her say that she wanted to stand abaft the figure-head when there happened to be a good sea on."

"Oh, there will be room for us both," said Doris, who had already begun to take very kindly to Dolor Tripp.

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XI.

THE PROMENADE BATH.

THE next morning after breakfast Captain Timon made a little speech to the assembled ship's company. "I feel bound," he said, "to tell you all that I've been disapp'inted in the wind and the tide. They are two things, as everybody knows, which won't wait fur no man, but they 're willin' enough to make any man wait fur them, and that 's not what I call the square thing."

"You are right there, Captain," said Lord Crabstairs; "but the rascals have been at it all their lives, and it is too late to try to reform them."

"This schooner," continued the captain, "draws a leetle more water than we thought she did. You see none of us ever sailed in her before, and she draws a leetle more water than we thought she did. And then ag'in there 's a leetle less water in this bay than there generally is at this season. You see when we anchored here to get water out of that spring we did n't know that the ship drew so much and the bay was so low."

"Then," interrupted Lord Crabstairs, "you should get more water out of your spring and pour it into your bay."

Captain Timon joined in the laugh that followed this remark, and then went on:

"What we want is a high wind, pretty nigh to a gale, comin' in from sea along with the flood tide. That will give us enough water to get out of this bay, and then we 're all right. That half-gale from the sou'east is what we 're a-waitin' fur."

"That sort of gale," said the butcher, "most generally comes in the fall of the year."

"That is autumn, is n't it?" cried Lord Crabstairs. "Now, really, that is three months off!"

"If you 'd sailed the sea as much as we have," said Captain Timon, addressing the butcher, "you 'd have known that them gales blows whenever they 've a mind to. That 's their rule; whenever they 've a mind to. Now there 's just two things we can do; and one of them is to get a vessel that don't draw so much water; Cap'n Teel has got one to hire. She 's a sloop, and a good one. He can bring her round here, and we can put our stores into her and sail to Boston without no trouble at all."

At this point there was a general outcry. "Sail in another ship!" cried Doris. "Never! It is not the voyage to Boston I care about; it is the voyage there in our *Merry Chanter*."

I joined in the remonstrance. Lord Crabstairs vowed that he was in no hurry, and could wait for a wind as long as anybody else. And Dolor Tripp asserted with considerable warmth

that if she could not sail behind that bold, wooden singer of the sea she did not wish to sail at all.

The butcher had been gazing intently upon first one and then another of us; and when Dolor Tripp had said her say he spoke out fully and definitely. "I stick to the ship," said he.

The schoolmaster made no remark. He was not now so uneasy as he had been at first, but it was plain enough that he wished to sail away, no matter in what vessel.

"Well, then," now continued Captain Timon, "as none of you seems to want to leave the schooner, there 's another thing you can do. You can just make yourselves comfortable and wait fur the gale with a flood tide. Some of you can take the boat and go fishin'; some of you can walk about on shore; and if any of you wants to hire a horse you can do it over there in the village. If there 's a special high tide when you are not aboard we 'll just run the schooner out into deeper water and fire a gun and wait fur you."

This plan was instantaneously agreed upon, and to prove that we were perfectly contented with the *Merry Chanter*, we all set about to amuse ourselves.

Lord Crabstairs went to look after his poultry. These were mostly scattered about the deck, none of them having courage to fly overboard; but some had gone out on the bowsprit, and the truant cock was still in the rigging. His master had vainly endeavored to coax him down, and was obliged to scatter his corn on the maintop, where it was contentedly pecked up. Doris applied herself to the care of her little chicks and their mother; three of the captains went ashore in the boat; the butcher was making some remarks to me in regard to the improbability of the schooner's moving from her present position without leaving behind her her hold, her paving stones, and her barnacles; and what Dolor Tripp was looking at in the water I do not know, but suddenly her little boots in which she was standing tip-toe slipped backward, and in an instant she disappeared over the side of the vessel.

I gave a shout and rushed for the spot where she had been leaning over the bulwark. Doris, startled by the great splash, was by my side in a moment. Looking down with pallid faces we saw below us what appeared like the surface of a boiling pot some five feet wide. Out of the tossing turmoil of the water now arose the dripping head, shoulders, and arms of Dolor Tripp, who had succeeded in struggling to her feet and who stood upright, puffing and blowing the water from her mouth, wildly waving her hands, and endeavoring to scream.

In the next instant there were two great splashes, and the butcher and Lord Crabstairs

went overboard. Each of them went under water for an instant, and then emerging upright they swashed towards the dripping maiden and each took her by an arm.

"You are as safe now," exclaimed Lord Crabstairs, sputtering as he spoke, "as if you were high and dry on shore."

"Unless we sink in the sand," said the butcher.

But Dolor Tripp paid no attention to similes and suppositions. "Oh, get me out!" she cried. "Get me out!"

Those of us who were on deck soon discovered that it would not be easy to get her out. There was one broad ladder with hand-rails by which we descended into or ascended from the one boat which belonged to the *Merry Chanter*, and this ladder had been taken ashore in the boat by the three captains who had gone for fuel, and who proposed to use it when sawing off such lower branches of trees as might be small enough to suit their purpose. The idea that anybody might want the ladder while they were gone never entered the minds of these wood-cutting mariners.

Captain Teel, who was left on board, was not very fertile in expedients. He proposed hauling up the young woman by means of a rope; and when the butcher declared that if this were done she would be cut to pieces by the barnacles, the captain suggested that if a spar were put out at an angle, with one end held down to the bottom and the other resting on the side of the vessel, she might climb on board without touching the barnacles.

This proposition meeting with no approval, the captain stated that the proper thing to do was to put a block-and-tackle out at the end of a boom and haul her up that way, but that as he was the only seaman on board he did not like to undertake this job by himself. He might put a barrel of fish on board that way, but it would take a good deal of careful hauling and steering to prevent a dangling young woman from getting bumped. He rather guessed that the boat would be back pretty soon, and that the best thing to do would be to wait for it.

This seemed like hard lines for Dolor Tripp, and I suggested that the three should wade to shore.

"They can't do that," said Captain Teel. "The water is deeper nearer shore than it is just here. If they go a dozen yards from the schooner it will be over their heads. We've made soundin's."

"I suppose," said Doris to the group in the water, "that you will have to wait till the boat comes; but you ought to walk about to keep from taking cold."

"Very good," said Lord Crabstairs; and re-

leasing his hold upon Dolor Tripp, he offered his arm in the usual fashion. The butcher, on her other side, did the same, and the three began their walk through the water.

"You can go all around the ship," said Captain Teel, "if you don't get too far away from her, and I guess you'll find the bottom pretty hard and smooth."

The tide was very low, the water being not more than waist-deep for the men and below the shoulders of Dolor Tripp; but it was quite deep enough to make walking a very slow performance. But as the young woman put perfect faith in the ability of her protectors, and as the two men were greatly pleased to have this opportunity of aiding and protecting her, the spirits of the little party recovered their usual level as they pushed their way through the water. On deck Doris and I, with Captain Teel and the schoolmaster, kept pace with them, the latter carrying a plank which he intended to hurl to or upon Dolor Tripp in case of danger, such as a tidal wave or an attack by sharks.

"I like it ever so much!" cried Dolor Tripp to Doris. "It is a promenade bath. The water is warm and lovely."

Reaching the bow of the ship, Dolor Tripp looked up at the Merry Chantier.

"I never expected," she said, "to be under him and look at him from the sea. I wonder if I could climb up to him by this anchor-chain?"

"Don't try it, miss," said Lord Crabstairs. "If you ever climb up to anybody, don't let it be to a wooden-headed old party like that."

"When it comes to that sort of thing," said the butcher, "the climbing will be the other way."

Perhaps Dolor Tripp did not understand this remark, for she made no answer to it. As they moved on she said:

"How gently these little waves lap up against us! Does either of you gentlemen believe in mind waves?"

"I don't know what they are," answered the butcher.

"If you mean a wavering of the mind," answered Lord Crabstairs, "I have had it often; particularly when I bought my last cow. I wavered between Alderney and Ayrshire for nearly a month, and, after all, I bought a Devon."

"Oh, it is n't anything like that," said the young woman. "It is a sort of understanding between minds that are far away from each other. It comes along in a sort of airy waves something like these ripples, I suppose, and the thoughts and feelings of one friend go to another ever so far off."

"Oh, I know what it is!" cried Lord Crab-

stairs. "You can do it with snails. You go to China and take a she-snail with you, and I stay here with a he-snail, or vice versa. I can go to China with either and you can keep the other—"

"Do they have to be a married couple, to begin with?" interrupted the butcher.

"What! The people?" cried Lord Crabstairs.

"No, the snails," said the butcher.

"Yes," replied the other. "I forgot to say they must be a pair, so that there shall be a sympathy between them." Then, again addressing the lady, "You have one snail and I the other one, and we've got the whole world between us. Whichever of us wishes to communicate with the other takes a pin and jabs his or her snail, as the case may be, and in that very same instant the other snail wiggles."

"Horrible!" cried Dolor Tripp. "If I had to do that I would never communicate."

"I don't believe it hurts them," said Lord Crabstairs. "The least little bit of a prick will do. And we could get up a jab alphabet: one short jab, a long jab, two short jabs, with a rest between them—three long jabs, a rest and a short jab, and so on."

"I never would do it," said Dolor Tripp, firmly. "I would n't even watch wiggles that were made by pins in China."

The butcher did not wish to be left out of this conversation. "That must be pretty much the same thing," he said, "as is the case with the legs of frogs. You catch a dozen frogs and put their hind legs on a plate, all skinned and ready to be cooked, arranged in a circle with their toes pointing out like the spokes in a wheel, and then you sprinkle some salt on them and every one of those legs begins to kick. If you never saw it before you'll drop the plate."

"That is not like my snails at all!" cried Lord Crabstairs. "A person in China could n't sprinkle salt on frog-legs here. If he were near enough to do that he might as well talk. I don't see any sense in that sort of thing, even allowing that your frog-legs do kick."

"I don't see any sense in the other sort of thing," said the butcher, "even if your snails do wiggle."

At this Dolor Tripp declared that her correspondence should always be either by letter or by telegraph; and she began to wonder when the boat would return. We all strained our eyes shoreward, but nothing could be seen of the nautical wood-cutters, and the three in the water were obliged to continue their stroll around the vessel.

Captain Teel now made a joke which for some time had been resolving itself into form in his mind. "She calls it a promenade bath,"

he said with a subdued giggle, "but to me it looks a good deal more like a promenade baptize. That butcher in his shirt looks just like a minister with a pair of uncommon sinners."

I had noticed that every time the party passed under the bow the butcher looked very attentively at his disengaged arm, which hung down by his side. Having caught my eye, he now turned back a little and held up his hand with his forefinger and thumb separated about two inches. He then pointed towards the surface of the water and then let his arm drop again.

The meaning of this pantomime was very plain to me. He had been measuring the depth of the water by some mark on his sleeve, and the tide had risen two inches. He wanted me to know that he was getting uneasy. I began to grow uneasy also. I would have been better pleased had not the butcher always chosen me as the recipient of his forebodings.

But there was no reason for anxiety, for, as the hour for dinner drew nigh, the three captains emerged from the woods, two of them carrying the ladder and the other a bundle of sticks. Dolor Tripp and her companions were then near the bow of the vessel, and concealed from view of the persons on shore. By the time the boat had nearly reached the schooner the three water-walkers came around the bow, and there never were more astonished mariners than our captains when they beheld the three heads and shoulders which apparently floated towards them. Captain Cyrus, who held the tiller, was so startled that he nearly fell overboard, and in their sudden consternation the two others allowed a few words of the swearing variety to escape from their lips—the first we had heard from them since they had entered our service.

"Now you see," said Lord Crabstairs to Dolor Tripp, "if those sailors had taken a snail with them and we had had a snail, we could have let them know what was the matter, and they would have turned back immediately and taken us out of the water. Every ship should carry a lot of snails in case the people on board get separated."

The butcher shrugged his shoulders, but evidently saw no way of bringing his frogs' legs to the fore.

Our friends were soon on board and in dry clothes; and when the butcher appeared on deck he took me to one side and remarked: "As I was walking round this ship I made up my mind it would n't be long before her barnacles grew down into the sand bank—that is, if they grow that way; and when that happens, and taking into consideration the seventy cart-loads of paving stones in her hold, she'll

have a pretty strong foundation. But of course there's no use saying anything of that kind to the ladies, especially if they're beginning to feel as if they'd like to be getting on to Boston."

XII.

DOLOR TRIPP TAKES US UNDER HER WING.

THE gloomy remarks of the butcher in regard to the permanency of the *Merry Chanter's* position had a certain effect upon me. I did not agree with him, for I had full faith in the knowledge and experience of our skipper, and believed that when the exceptional gale and the exceptional tide came along together our ship would float off the sand bank and sail out of Shankashank Bay. But the continual allusions of the butcher to our barnacles and our seventy cart-loads of paving stones could but depress me. It would require such a very high tide and such a very strong gale to move us. As we had started for Boston, I wanted to go there.

Doris, to my surprise, appeared to have become reconciled to the delay. Of course, as she had started for Boston, she wanted to go there; but, as she several times remarked, she did not wish to be unreasonable. She knew there were many delays connected with voyages on sailing vessels, such as calms, head winds, and the like, and she supposed the cause of our present detention was equivalent to a calm. With this view Captain Timon coincided.

She had begun to feel at home in Shankashank Bay, and so long as she had to stay she determined to make the best of it. And in this resolve she was joined by the rest of the ship's company.

Lord Crabstairs could sing a good song, and he sang a great many. The butcher had a deep and earnest voice, and with this he joined in choruses. The rest of us also did our duty in this line according to our abilities. The schoolmaster conducted spelling-bees; Doris told stories, which she did excellently well; and I delivered one lecture on "The Analysis of Lava." The only person, however, who appeared to be much interested in the subject was Lord Crabstairs, who inquired if there were any old volcanoes near Boston. I think this question was inspired by a glimmer of hope in regard to the lifting of the hereditary debts of his family; for when I told him that there were no volcanoes, new or old, near the port to which we were bound, he fixed his eyes upon the back of Dolor Tripp, and I am sure gave no further thought to lava.

On the second day after the water promenade a picnic on shore was proposed; and immediately after dinner the two ladies, with myself, the butcher, Lord Crabstairs, and the

schoolmaster, went on shore. The latter declined at first to be of our party, for fear that Mrs. Bodship might catch sight of him; but as the butcher lent him a gown and a high silk hat, he was convinced that he might go with us without danger of being recognized—at least at a distance. He took with him the sandpiper in its cage; for although the bird was well on its way to recovery, he considered it not yet able to take care of itself.

Our plan was to go some distance inland, eat our supper at an appropriate rural spot, and, returning to the shore at the close of the day, take a moonlight row on Shankashank Bay. This was to be long or short according to our pleasure, and when it was over we would return to the *Merry Chanter*. We invited any of the captains who chose to accompany us, but they all declined. The exceptional gale might come in with the tide, and in that case they should all be on board to take the schooner out into deeper water.

We rambled about two miles inland, and our little excursion was enjoyed by all of us until we were preparing to return to the shore after having eaten our supper. Then a sudden rain-storm burst upon us, and we ceased to enjoy the excursion. Hastily gathering up our baskets and wraps, we ran for the nearest house; but as this was about a quarter of a mile away, we were well wet before we got there.

Even when we reached it we found it a poor place of refuge. It was a very small house, and there was nobody at home but a boy and girl, who, I am sure, would not have admitted us if we had knocked at the main door. But as we rushed pell-mell into the kitchen from the back of the house, they had no option in regard to our entrance. The girl, however, locked the door of the front or best room so that we should not go in there with our wet feet and clothes, and we were obliged to bestow ourselves as well as we could in the little kitchen, in which there was one chair. There was no fire, and the girl declared there was no need of making one until her mother came home with the supper, and that now she would not come until the rain was over. Had we been able to discover any fuel we would have made the fire ourselves; but as we saw none, we merely stood about and grumbled.

The heavy clouds, which had come up so fast from behind the woods in which we had supped, brought darkness upon us at least an hour before we expected it, and the rain continued to fall steadily. When we had spent half an hour or more in the dismal little kitchen Dolor Tripp spoke up.

"It will never do to stay here," she said. "We shall take our deaths of cold. Our house is not a mile away, and the best thing we can

do is to go there. We are so wet now that we might as well be wetter, and when we get there we can warm and dry ourselves and stay until the rain is over."

This suggestion was accepted instantly, and heaping coals of fire upon the heads of the youngsters by giving them some small change, we tramped out into the storm. Dolor Tripp declared that dark as it was she knew she could find the way, for the road to her house was a moderately direct one, having but few turns; and, supported by Lord Crabstairs and the butcher, she led the way.

The road might have been direct enough and smooth enough if we could have kept in the middle of it; but the sides on which, without intending it, we did most of our walking were very rough, and as we frequently ran against the fences on either side, Dolor Tripp declared that she believed that the roads were a good deal narrower by night than by day. But during our slow and stumbling progress we cheered ourselves with two reflections—we were getting nearer and nearer to a sheltering roof, and the exercise was keeping us from taking cold.

After walking for what seemed to me a very long time, Dolor Tripp remarked that she believed that she had passed a fork in the road where we should have turned to the right, and that we must go back a little. We went back; but after stumbling and splashing and peering about for nearly a quarter of an hour, our guide said that she now believed we had not passed the fork, and we might as well keep on.

We kept on and on and on, and at last we came to a fork,—which the butcher discovered,—and then we turned to the right. The rain now began to slacken, the clouds grew a little thinner, and a diluted and shadowed moonlight enabled us better to find our way. I asserted that I believed it would be well to change our course, and, instead of going to the Tripp house, turn shoreward and get back to the schooner as soon as possible.

This proposition, however, met with no favor. The others declared that as the road to the shore would from this point lead us over fields and sand hills we should be lost, and should miserably perish; whereas, from the Tripp house to the boat-landing we all knew the way, which, moreover, we need not take until we had dried ourselves and rested.

We therefore pressed on; and as we could now see the roadway, which, although sloppy, was comparatively smooth, we made fair progress, and after a time the house of our destination loomed up dark before us. As we made our way to the front gate Dolor Tripp remarked: "Of course they are abed and asleep, for they

always go to bed early, and the gate must be locked."

"But I hope they will get up and open it," said I.

"Not Alwilda and Lizeth," she said. "You would n't think that if you knew them. They would n't unlock the gate after dark, even if they were up; and as to getting out of bed to do it, they'd let Queen Victoria stand here and wait till morning."

For some time I had been in a bad humor, and I now felt very much provoked. "It might have been well," I said, "if you had thought of all this before you brought us here."

"I did, partly," said Dolor Tripp. "That is, I thought it would be just as well that they should be in bed and asleep when we got here, for I know Alwilda will talk dreadfully to me about going to Boston, and perhaps talk me out of it; but I did n't happen to think that if they were not up we might not get in."

"There is no need bothering about the gate," quickly spoke up the butcher. "I can make an opening in this fence and not hurt it, either. And when we get inside the yard I expect we can find some window or door unfastened. There always is in country houses."

Dolor Tripp replied that if he did not hurt the fence she thought that would be a good plan, and in a few minutes the butcher had felt along the fence and found a place where the pales were somewhat loose, by reason of age. He and Lord Crabstairs then pulled five or six of them from their bottom fastenings and pushed them to one side, so that the party easily entered.

The butcher enjoined us to make as little noise as possible. It was natural that he should not wish to wake up a woman who might talk Dolor Tripp into not going to Boston. Then he said he would go by himself round the house and try the shutters and doors.

"You need n't do that," said Dolor Tripp. "There is n't a door or a window on the lower floor that is n't bolted, or locked, or barred, or screwed up."

There was a little murmur among us. The rain had almost ceased, but we were tired, wet, and miserable, and what we wanted above all things was to rest ourselves before a fire. The situation was disheartening, and as for Doris and me, we did not care whether the sisters were awakened or not so that we got in and were warmed.

"I'll knock at the door," said I, "and make some one come down and open it."

Dolor Tripp held up a warning hand. "Don't do that," she said. "Alwilda has a gun. I've thought of a way to get in. Do you see that pine tree at the corner of the house? That is the tree that I expected the burglars

to climb up when I used to sit and watch for them. And if a burglar could do it, I should think some one else could; and then he could easily push up the sash of that window and get in, and go through the room into the hall and down the stairs, and take down the bar from this door and unlock it, and let us in."

"I'll do it!" said the butcher the moment she had finished speaking; and without delay he advanced towards the tree.

"I would climb up and go in myself," said Lord Crabstairs, "but I am not sure that I understand these American houses."

The butcher took off his gown, which clung to him like a wet shroud, and casting it upon the grass he began to ascend the tree. This he did easily and rapidly, the horizontal branches affording him convenient hold for foot and hand. Very soon he was inside the house, and we listened anxiously, fearing that we might hear a noisy stumbling and the report of Alwilda's gun. But we heard no noise at all; and after what seemed an unnecessarily protracted period of waiting, the front door quietly opened.

"I did n't strike the stairs at first," whispered the butcher, "and I went too far along that upper hall; but when I came against a door that was partly open I knew I was wrong, and turned back."

"Mercy!" gasped Dolor Tripp. "That was their room!"

We all now entered, and the butcher gently closed the door behind us. There was an unshuttered window at the other end of the hall through which came enough dim light to enable us faintly to discern one another and surrounding objects.

"I'll go first," whispered Dolor Tripp, "and take you to the old part of the house."

So saying she led us, all stepping as softly as we could, to a transverse hall, and along this to a large open door, through which we passed and went down three steps into another hall. This was very short; and opening a door at the end of it Dolor Tripp ushered us into a large room, into which the moonbeams, now grown brighter, came through a small unshuttered window high up in the wall.

Dolor Tripp, who seemed to be used to doing things in semi-darkness, took down an iron candlestick from the mantelpiece, and asked if anybody had a match. One was immediately produced by Lord Crabstairs and the candle was lighted.

"Now," said she, holding the light above her head, "this is the kitchen of the old house. Part of the old house was torn down to make room for the new one, which is pretty old itself, but this kitchen was left. If some one will close that door we shall be entirely shut off from

the rest of the house, and then we need not be so particular about keeping quiet."

I did not care a snap whether this part of the house was old or new, but I saw before me a great old-fashioned fireplace with some charred logs lying upon the iron andirons, and at one end of the hearth a pile of firewood. This was what we had come for. We fell to work, and in ten minutes a great fire was blazing and crackling, the wet wraps of the ladies were removed, and we all were gathered around the hearth, which fortunately was large enough to accommodate the six of us. It is astonishing how the genial heat dried our shoes and clothes and raised our spirits.

The schoolmaster and the butcher sat at the corners of the fireplace, and they were very well placed indeed. The former took off his gown and hung it on a crane that extended from one side of the great fireplace. He wished to have it dry enough to put on when he went out. It was not probable that Mrs. Bodship would be rambling about the country at night, but he wanted to feel quite safe.

"Now, then," said Doris, "if we only had some good hot tea we ought to be perfectly happy."

"And something to eat," added Lord Crabstairs. "I, for one, am half famished."

"You can have both tea and something to eat," said Dolor Tripp. "We have used this kitchen as a storeroom for the things we buy in quantities. In that cupboard is a box of tea, and there is sugar and salt and spices, and a barrel of flour."

"We can't do anything with flour and salt without waiting ever so long," said Doris.

"I feel as if I could eat them without baking," said Lord Crabstairs.

"You need n't do that," said Dolor Tripp. "I can go quietly to the other end of the house, where the pantry is. There is always something to eat there. But first let us boil the kettle. If you, sir, will move your gown a little farther to the back of the crane there is a kettle here which we can hang over the fire."

Under her direction the butcher, with as little noise as possible, pumped some water from a cistern under the kitchen, and when the kettle was filled and over the fire the two ladies got down some cups, saucers, and a tea-pot from the shelves of a dresser which seemed to be filled with old-time pottery.

Then Dolor Tripp started to go to the pantry. "I will blow out the candle," she said, "and take it with me. Then I will light it when I get there. They are very hard to wake, but a light passing through the house might do it. You folks won't mind sitting here in the firelight?"

Of course we did not mind, and Doris offered to go with her. The two opened the kitchen door and went out into the little hall. In a moment they returned.

"What do you think," said Doris, in an excited undertone; "the door at the top of the steps that leads into the main building is fastened, and we cannot open it!"

In great surprise we all rose to our feet and looked towards Dolor Tripp that she might tell us what to think. "Is there a spring-lock on the door?" I asked.

"No," said she, "there is no spring-lock, and we did not close the door after us. We shut only this kitchen door. But I know who did it," she added, quietly. "It was the ghost. It is one of its ways to lock and bolt doors."

XIII.

THE PIE GHOST.

"THE ghost!" exclaimed Doris, with a quick grasp upon the arm of Dolor Tripp.

"I was sure of it!" said the butcher, looking straight in front of him and speaking very decidedly. "I saw something white moving in the front hall as I came down the stairs. I knew it for a ghost, but I did n't say anything, for I did n't suppose it would meddle with six people."

"Fiddle-faddle!" said Lord Crabstairs. "There are no such things as ghosts." And with this opinion I coincided. The schoolmaster said nothing. He resumed his seat at the side of the fireplace and rearranged his gown upon the crane, so as to expose all parts of it to the heat. It might be necessary to put it on suddenly.

"There is no mistake about this ghost," said Dolor Tripp. "If you will all sit down till the kettle boils I will tell you about it."

We resumed our seats in front of the fire, and the butcher put on some fresh sticks.

"It has been in this house," said Dolor, still holding the unlighted candle, "ever since I first came here, a little girl only ten years old. I soon began to see it, though I don't believe it often saw me."

"Did n't it frighten you nearly to death?" asked Doris.

"No," replied the other. "At first I thought it belonged to the house just as much as any of the other queer things which I found here, and there seemed to be no reason why I should be frightened at one thing more than another."

"What did your sisters say about it?" asked Doris.

"They did n't say anything," replied the other. "I soon began to believe that they did n't know anything about it, and I was afraid

that if I told them they would have something done to drive it out of the house."

We all looked at her in amazement. "And you did not want that?" asked Lord Crabstairs.

"No, indeed," replied Dolor Tripp. "I used to like to watch for it. I would go into different parts of the house at night and watch for it, hoping it would come by. Sometimes weeks and weeks would pass without my seeing it, and then I would get a glimpse of it on two or three nights in succession."

"What did it look like?" asked Doris.

"Its head was light or whitish, and below it gradually melted down into darkness."

"That was it," said the butcher. "That is exactly like the thing I saw."

"And you never, never told your sisters," said Doris, "that they were living in the house with a ghost?"

"No, indeed!" replied Dolor Tripp. "You see, before we came here we lived in a horrid little house in the town, and when it was decided by the court that this place belonged to us nobody was so glad as I was. So, as I told you, I did not want Alwilda and Lizeth to do anything to drive the ghost away; but what I was most afraid of was that they might find that they could n't get rid of it, and would go away themselves. I would n't have that happen for anything in the world."

"And so," said Doris, "as the burglars would not come you did n't want to lose the visits of a ghost."

"Perhaps so," replied Dolor Tripp. "And now the kettle is boiling, and we can have some tea, if we can't get anything else."

"As for ghosts," interjected Lord Crabstairs, "I never have believed in them, and never shall. But I do know that I am as hungry as a wolf; and if you'll allow me, miss, I'll push open that door, no matter who fastened it on the other side, and I'll go with you to the pantry, or anywhere else where there's bread and meat, and defend you against all comers, ghost or otherwise."

"Oh, you must not do that!" exclaimed Dolor Tripp. "The door would be broken, and Alwilda and Lizeth would surely wake up."

"As for believing in ghosts," said the butcher, "a good deal depends upon who does the believing. If you've never had a chance of seeing ghosts, sir, you are out of the race."

The candle was now lighted, and cups of hot tea were served by the ladies. I hurriedly drank a cup and then began to consider the situation. I went to the door at the top of the steps and tried it, thinking perhaps there might be a mistake in regard to its being fastened. But there had been no mistake. It was locked, and the key was on the other side. I did not

like to be fastened up against my will in any place or by any agency.

I now insisted that we should leave this place without delay, by a window if there was no other outlet, and make our way to our boat.

"Oh, you can't get out," said Dolor Tripp, "until he unfastens the door. The window sashes are all nailed and screwed fast, and the outside shutters and that back door are padlocked. Alwilda and Lizeth are very particular about having this kitchen secure from burglars. But you need n't worry. That door will be opened before long. The ghost always does that after making you wait a little while."

"I think it is rather jolly," said Doris, "to have a ghost for a jailer, though I can't really say I should like to have him come in and bring us a jug of water and a loaf of bread."

"If he will do that," said Lord Crabstairs, "I'll believe in him; although I don't care for the water, and should like him to fetch some meat or cheese with the bread."

Doris suddenly turned towards the schoolmaster. "What have you done with the sandpiper?" she said.

The butcher started. "You are not thinking of eating him?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said Doris, with a laugh. "We have not got so low as that yet, although I must admit that I also am awfully hungry. But talking of things to eat made me think of the bird, and I wondered what had become of it."

"I left the cage," said the schoolmaster, "just outside by the front door. I put my hat over it to keep the rain off the sandpiper."

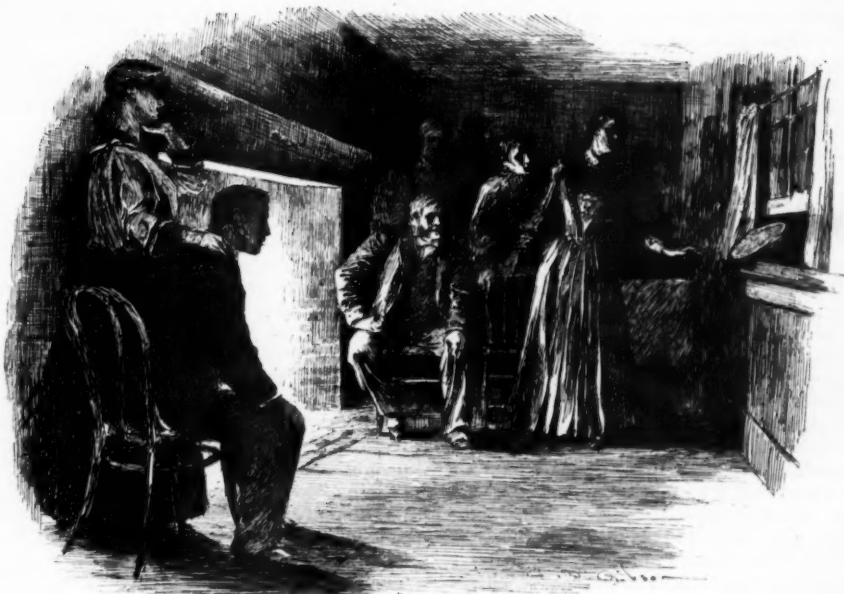
Lord Crabstairs smote his knees with his hands and laughed. "Why, man," he cried, "that tall silk hat has blown forty miles across country by this time!"

The butcher looked at him severely. "That's all right!" he said. "I should like to know how it could get out of this yard with such a high fence and no gate open. I don't believe it's raining, anyway; so you may feel sure, ma'am, that the sandpiper is comfortable."

At this moment there was a little noise at one of the windows, and, turning my eyes in that direction, I saw the lower sash raised a couple of inches. I was about to spring towards the window when Doris, who had followed my glance, caught me by the coat.

Instantly we all rose to our feet, and as we looked at the window, beyond which we could see nothing, something like a young moon began to protrude itself through the opening under the sash. In a moment the lunar apparition had greatly increased in size and was a half-moon.

Dolor Tripp now made a quick step forward. "Keep back, all of you," she said. "I know



THE PIE GHOST.

what it is." And going to the window she took hold of the moon, and, drawing it into the room, she held it up to us in all the glory of its fullness.

"A pumpkin pie!" exclaimed Doris.

We gathered about it. It was of the largest size and as yellow as gold. "Oh, delicious!" cried Doris. "Somebody get a knife."

"But where did it come from?" I asked.

"From the ghost, of course," replied Dolor Tripp. "That is one of its ways. It leaves pies about. Several times when it has locked me into a room I've just waited quietly until I found the door unfastened, and there outside, just where I would n't step into it, there would be a little pie."

"A lovely ghost!" cried Lord Crabstairs.

"I am converted. I believe in him. But this isn't a pie, it's a tart. Pies are made of meat."

"No, they are not," said the butcher; "at least, not punkin pies. I should think I ought to know what things are made of meat."

"And I ought to know what things are made of fruits and vegetables," retorted Lord Crabstairs. "That is a tart!"

"I'll toss up to see who is right," said the butcher.

"Done!" said Lord Crabstairs, producing a penny.

"Heads!" cried the butcher.

It was tails.

"All right," said the butcher. "I'll take some of it, but all the same I never imagined

that I should live long enough to eat punkin tart!"

Dolor Tripp quickly cut the pie into six parts, but I would have none of it. I do not believe in ghosts, and will not eat food brought by them. I went to the window and endeavored to raise the sash higher, but could not do so. With all my strength I could not increase the width of the narrow aperture. One of the shutters was open, but the shadow of the main building and a growth of evergreen bushes made everything dark immediately outside.

I left the window, and walking quietly out of the kitchen into the little hall, I again tried the door at the top of the steps. To my delight it was unfastened. I stepped gently back, and looking in at the kitchen door I caught the eye of the butcher, who was finishing his piece of pie. Without attracting the attention of the others, who were making some fresh tea, he came to me.

I whispered to him to follow. We went up the steps, and through the door. We groped our way along the passage, turned into the main hall, opened the front door, and went out.

"It is no ghost," I said. "Let us go around the house and catch him!"

"I began to have my doubts," said the butcher. "The pie was too real."

As quietly as possible we walked along the front of the house and around the end of it,

returning by the back towards the old kitchen. The moon gave us light enough to see our way until we reached the shaded corner by the window; but when we had slowly and gently pushed through the evergreens we found ourselves in almost total darkness, the little light that came from the candle within amounting to almost nothing. But although we could not expect to see an approaching figure, we might hear one, and we stood silently and waited.

But we did not wait long. Down from some region above came a light, misty spot like a will-o'-the-wisp. When it was about five feet from the ground it moved towards the kitchen window. I do not know what the butcher thought, but at this moment it occurred to me that perhaps after all it might be well not to interfere with this apparition. We really had no right to interfere and we were ourselves intruders upon the premises. And whether it were a ghost, or a man, or a woman, there was something in my nature, naturally sensitive, which prompted hesitation before actively interfering with the pursuits of another.

But I had no time properly to revolve this subject in my mind. The butcher reached out one hand and took me by the coat-sleeve. Following the impulse thus given I moved with him towards the window, our feet making no noise upon the soft grass.

Against the faint light in the room, on the side of the window where the shutter was opened, we could see the top of a strangely formed head raised just high enough above the window-sill to enable its owner to look inside. The ghost was watching our friends!

There was a quick movement of the apparition; the butcher had seized it. In the next instant I also laid hold of it. Within my grasp I felt an arm, a human arm quite firm and solid. Not a word was spoken; there was no struggle, no noise. Silently the butcher and I pulled our captive away from the window, through the overhanging evergreen boughs, and out into the moonlight.

There we discovered that we held a man, quite a small man, with a white cap on his head.

"Well, now," said he, looking from one to the other of us, "you have caught me, have n't you? And I must say you did it pretty neat. I knew it was risky, foolin' with sech a big party, but for the life of me I could n't help it. Never sech a chance turned up before in this house!"

"But who are you?" said I.

"You are a stranger to me," replied the little man, "and you would n't know who I was if I told you. Now, this gentleman knows me, and I know him."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed the butcher, "that you are —"

"Yes, I am," interrupted the other.

"And you are the ghost?"

"Now, tell me," asked the little man, "did she take me for a ghost? I always hoped she would, but I could n't help feelin' sort of on-certain about it."

"She certainly did," answered the butcher.

"That 's what I call real jolly!" said our prisoner, rubbing his hands. "Let 's go in, and have it all out. I guess I 've served my time as a spook, and might as well come down to the level of common people."

As the butcher had released his hold of our prisoner, I did so likewise. The little man now started off, and went around the house to the front door. We followed, and he led us into the hall and along the passage to the kitchen. Entering abruptly he stopped near the door, and exclaimed in a cheery voice, and without removing his cap: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, here 's your ghost! What do you think of him?"

The party had been anxiously discussing our absence, and Lord Crabstairs and the schoolmaster were about to start out to look for us. They now all stood in amazement, gazing wide-eyed at the new-comer.

Suddenly Dolor Tripp stepped forward. "Griscom Brothers!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the little man, "I am Griscom Brothers."

"In the name of common sense," said Doris, "please tell me what you two are talking about? Is this the pie ghost?"

"Yes, madam," said Griscom Brothers. "And not only pie but bread, both wheat and Boston-brown, with rye to order; cakes of all kinds, especially home-made ginger; and family bakings and roasts on reasonable terms. In a word—Griscom Brothers."

"Of the village over here," added Dolor Tripp, in further explanation.

"Griscom Brothers," said the butcher, in a tone of confident affirmation.

All this was as surprising to me as it was to the others. As for Lord Crabstairs, he stood up very straight with his feet wide apart, and stared at Griscom Brothers.

"Now, really!" he exclaimed. "It is Brothers, is it? And the ghost of a baker besides!"

"No, sir," spoke up quickly the little man. "I may be a baker ghost, but I 'm not the ghost of a baker; not yet."

"Are you two in one?" asked Lord Crabstairs. "If not, where is the other one of you?"

"My brother," said the little man, "who, with me, gave our business its firm name, is not now living."

"Then," said Lord Crabstairs, "Griscom Brothers is half dead, and has a right to be a half ghost."

"Aha!" said the little man. "That 's about right. Half the time I 'm a baker, and half the time a ghost. And now, then, if you folks care to hear all about it, I 'm ready to talk."

"Care to hear!" said Dolor Tripp. "I 'm on pins and needles to hear!"

The fire was now built up afresh, and again we placed ourselves on our chairs, stools, and boxes about the hearth, Griscom Brothers

having a place in the middle, between Dolor Tripp and Doris. I happened to notice that in this arrangement the schoolmaster was left out, and was standing back of our half-circle. But as the schoolmaster was evidently a humble-minded person and did not appear to object to his position, I thought it wise not to disturb the company by interrupting the story which the baker had just begun.

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

A GOD OF THE AZTECS.

[The Aztecs chose a youth without blemish, gave him a palace and household, and worshiped him as a god for a year, and then sacrificed him to the god he represented.]

MY fawn, my bride of an hour,
Dark as a dusky cloud,
Lithe-limbed, shadowy-browed,
Why do you droop and cower
As the languid lilies nod
With the weight of the sunset shower?
Is it sad, my fawn, my flower,
To be the bride of a god?

Have you left the garden gloom,
To be sad here for my sake—
To sit in the pillared room,
With your tender, tearful gaze;
Have you left the garden ways
And the women half awake—
My silent, statuesque women—
As cool and calm as the lake
That they lave the languid limb in?

Do you find me fair, my flower,
That you look with troubled eyes—
Fashioned without a flaw
For a god and a sacrifice?
I walk in the morning hour
And the people gather in awe,
The people gather and gaze
As I walk in the crowded ways;
The flowers are on my head,
The flowers are under my feet;
I touch my lute in the street,
And the throng with the lute are led.

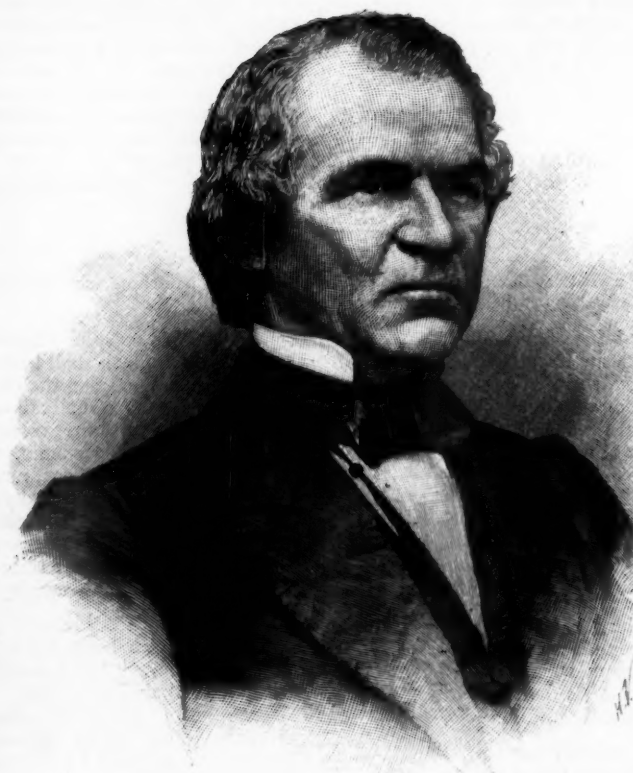
Do you shrink from the scent of the flowers?
Do you start at the lute's soft sound?
Do you count the passing hours—
The hours of my pomp and pride—
Do you think of the day, my bride,
That the circling stars bring round,
The day when my feet shall ascend
Where the altar-stone is laid—
The day when my hand shall rend
The lute whereon I have played—
When I lay my godhood down
With the robes that the god arrayed,
And part my blossoming crown,
And fling the flowers to the gale

From the temple tops, for a token
That the pride of man shall be broken,
And the beauty of man shall fade,
And the life of man shall fail—
When we wind with steps unsteady
Up the sides of the pyramid,
When we wind, now seen, now hid
From the eyes of the gazing city—
While the black-robed priest stands ready
With the sullen fire in his eyes,
With the knife for the sacrifice—
The priest who has outlived pity?

Do you start, and tremble, and shiver
As you lie on my heart, my bride?
Do you fancy how it will quiver
As it quivers against your own,
Rent from the shuddering side,
Held up to the sun on high—
Cast on the altar-stone?
And is it so sad, my bride,
To have been a god—and to die?
I am fair, my flower, my fawn,
I am strong and supple and slim—
I must die in my perfect dawn,
With the bowl of life at the brim,
Ere the foot can gather a stain
From the earth it has scarcely trod,
Or the eye begin to dim,
Or the blood begin to wane
From body, and brow, and limb
That have borne the name of a god!

My heart shall break on the altar,
And yours shall break for this!
I will drain your love like wine,
At the single draught of a kiss,
And grow too strong to falter
For the thought of the things I miss;
And upon your lips resign
The less for the larger bliss—
The smiles that might have been mine
For one of your tender tears,
And a life of common years
For a year of the life divine!

Helen Thayer Hutcheson.



ANDREW JOHNSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL—THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS —THE MOURNING PAGEANT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL.



THE 14th of April was a day of deep and tranquil happiness throughout the United States. It was Good Friday, observed by a portion of the people as an occasion of fasting and religious meditation; but even among the most devout the great tidings of the preceding week exerted their joyous influence, and changed this period of traditional mourning into an occasion of

general and profound thanksgiving. Peace, so strenuously fought for, so long sought and prayed for, with prayers uttered and unutterable, was at last near at hand, its dawn visible on the reddening hills. The sermons all day were full of gladness; the Misereres turned of themselves to Te Deums. The country from morning till evening was filled with a solemn joy; but the date was not to lose its awful significance in the calendar: at night it was claimed once more, and forever, by a world-wide sorrow.

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The thanksgiving of the nation found its principal expression at Charleston harbor. A month before, when Sherman had "conquered Charleston by turning his back upon it," the Government resolved that the flag of the Union should receive a conspicuous reparation on the spot where it had first been outraged. It was ordered by the President that General Robert Anderson should, at the hour of noon on the 14th day of April, raise and plant on the ruins of Fort Sumter the identical flag lowered and saluted by him four years before. In the absence of General Sherman the ceremonies were in the charge of General Gillmore. Henry Ward Beecher, the most famous of the anti-slavery preachers of the North, was selected to deliver an oration. The surrender of Lee, the news of which arrived at Charleston on the eve of the ceremonies, gave a more transcendent importance to the celebration, which became at once the occasion of a national thanksgiving over the downfall of the rebellion. On the day fixed, Charleston was filled with a great concourse of distinguished officers and citizens. Its long-deserted streets were crowded with an eager multitude and gay with innumerable flags, while the air was thrilled from an early hour with patriotic strains from the many bands, and shaken with the thunder of Dahlgren's fleet, which opened the day by firing from every vessel a national salute of twenty-one guns. By eleven o'clock a brilliant gathering of boats, ships, and steamers of every sort had assembled around the battered ruin of the fort; the whole bay seemed covered with the vast flotilla, planted with a forest of masts, whose foliage was the triumphant banners of the nation. The same chaplain¹ who had officiated at the raising of the flag over Sumter, at the first scene of the war, now offered a prayer; Dr. Richard S. Storrs and the people read, in alternate verses, a selection of psalms of thanksgiving and victory, beginning with these marvelous words which have preserved for so many ages the very pulse and throb of the joy of redemption:

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

¹ The Rev. Matthias Harris.

² Gen. E. D. Townsend, afterwards Adjutant-General, U. S. A.

And at the close, before the Gloria, the people and the minister read all together, in a voice that seemed to catch the inspiration of the hour:

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.

General Townsend² then read the original dispatch announcing the fall of Sumter, and precisely as the bells of the ships struck the hour of noon, General Anderson, with his own hands seizing the halyards, hoisted to its place the flag which he had seen lowered before the opening guns of rebellion. As the starry banner floated out upon the breeze, which freshened at the moment as if to embrace it, a storm of joyful acclamation burst forth from the vast assembly, mingled with the music of hundreds of instruments, the shouts of the people, and the full-throated roar of great guns from the Union and the captured rebel forts alike, on every side of the harbor, thundering their harmonious salute to the restored banner. General Anderson made a brief and touching speech, the people sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Beecher delivered an address in his best and gravest manner, filled with an earnest, sincere, and unboastful spirit of nationality; with a feeling of brotherhood to the South, prophesying for that section the advantages which her defeat has in fact brought her; a speech as brave, as gentle, and as magnanimous as the occasion demanded. In concluding he said, and we quote his words, as they embodied the opinion of all men of good will on this last day of Abraham Lincoln's life:

We offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom.

At sunset another national salute was fired; the evening was given up to social festivities; the most distinguished of the visitors were entertained at supper by General Gillmore; a brilliant show of fireworks by Admiral Dahlgren illuminated the bay and the circle of now friendly forts, at the very moment when at the capital of the nation a little group of conspirators were preparing the blackest crime which sullies the record of the century.

In Washington also it was a day, not of exultation, but of deep peace and thankfulness. It was the fifth day after the surrender of Lee; the first effervescence of that intoxicating success had passed away. The President had,

with that ever-present sense of responsibility which distinguished him, given his thoughts instantly to the momentous question of the restoration of the Union and harmony between the lately warring sections. He had, in defiance of precedent and even of his own habit, delivered to the people on the 11th, from the windows of the White House, his well-considered views as to the measures demanded by the times. His whole heart was now enlisted in the work of "binding up the nation's wounds," of doing all which might "achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." Grant had arrived that morning in Washington and immediately proceeded to the Executive Mansion, where he met the Cabinet, Friday being their regular day of meeting. He expressed some anxiety as to the news from Sherman, which he was expecting hourly. The President answered him in that singular vein of poetic mysticism which, though constantly held in check by his strong common sense, formed a remarkable element in his character. He assured Grant that the news would come soon and come favorably, for he had last night had his usual dream which preceded great events. He seemed to be, he said, in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, moving with great rapidity towards a dark and indefinite shore; he had had this dream before Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and Vicksburg. The Cabinet were greatly impressed by this story; but Grant, the most matter-of-fact of created beings, made the characteristic response that "Murfreesboro' was no victory, and had no important results." The President did not argue this point with him, but repeated that Sherman would beat or had beaten Johnston; that his dream must relate to that, as he knew of no other important event which was likely at present to occur.¹

The subject of the discussion which took place in the Cabinet on that last day of Lincoln's firm and tolerant rule has been preserved for us in the notes of Mr. Welles. They were written out, it is true, seven years afterwards, at a time when Grant was President, seeking reflection, and when Mr. Welles had followed Andrew Johnson into full fellowship with the Democratic party. Making whatever allowance is due for the changed environment of the writer, we still find his account² of the day's conversation candid and trustworthy. The subject of trade between the

States was the first that engaged the attention of the Cabinet. Mr. Stanton wished it to be carried on under somewhat strict military supervision; Mr. Welles was in favor of a more liberal system; Mr. McCulloch, new to the Treasury, and embarrassed by his grave responsibilities, favored the abolition of the Treasury agencies, and above all desired a definite understanding of the purpose of the Government. The President, seeing that in this divergence of views among men equally able and honest there lay the best chance of a judicious arrangement, appointed the three Secretaries as a commission with plenary power to examine the whole subject, announcing himself as content in advance with their conclusions.

The great subject of the reestablishment of civil government in the Southern States was then taken up. Mr. Stanton had, a few days before, drawn up a project for an executive ordinance for the preservation of order and the rehabilitation of legal processes in the States lately in rebellion. The President, using this sketch as his text, not adopting it as a whole, but saying that it was substantially the result of frequent discussions in the Cabinet, spoke at some length on the question of reconstruction, than which none more important could ever engage the attention of the Government. It was providential, he thought, that this matter should have arisen at a time when it could be considered, so far as the Executive was concerned, without interference by Congress. If they were wise and discreet, they should reanimate the States and get their governments in successful operation, with order prevailing and the Union reestablished, before Congress came together in December. The President felt so kindly towards the South, he was so sure of the Cabinet under his guidance, that he was anxious to close the period of strife without overmuch discussion. He was particularly desirous to avoid the shedding of blood, or any vindictiveness of punishment. He gave plain notice that morning that he would have none of it. "No one need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them."³ Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off," said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep. "Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union."⁴ He depre-

¹ This story is told by the Hon. Gideon Welles in an article printed in "The Galaxy" for April, 1872. It was frequently told by Charles Dickens with characteristic amplifications. See also "The Life of George Eliot."

² "The Galaxy," April, 1872.

³ Welles, in "The Galaxy."

⁴ Near the close of the war his old friend, Joseph Gillespie, asked him what was to be done with the

rebels. He answered, after referring to the vehement demand prevalent in certain quarters for exemplary punishment, by quoting the words of David to his nephews, who were asking for vengeance on Shimei because "he cursed the Lord's anointed": "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah, that ye should this day be adversaries unto me? Shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel?"

cated the disposition he had seen in some quarters to hector and dictate to the people of the South, who were trying to right themselves. He regretted that suffrage, under proper arrangement, had not been given to negroes in Louisiana, but he held that their constitution was in the main a good one. He was averse to the exercise of arbitrary powers by the Executive or by Congress. Congress had the undoubted right to receive or reject members; the Executive had no control in this; but the Executive could do very much to restore order in the States, and their practical relations with the Government, before Congress came together.

Mr. Stanton then read his plan for the temporary military government of the States of Virginia and North Carolina, which for this purpose were combined in one department. This gave rise at once to extended discussion, Mr. Welles and Mr. Dennison opposing the scheme of uniting two States under one government. The President closed the session by saying the same objection had occurred to him, and by directing Mr. Stanton to revise the document and report separate plans for the government of the two States. He did not wish the autonomy nor the individuality of the States destroyed. He commended the whole subject to the most earnest and careful consideration of the Cabinet; it was to be resumed on the following Tuesday; it was, he said, the great question pending—they must now begin to act in the interest of peace.

These were the last words that Lincoln spoke to his Cabinet. They dispersed with these words of clemency and good-will in their ears, never again to meet under his wise and benignant chairmanship. He had told them that morning a strange story, which made some demand upon their faith, but the circumstances under which they were next to come together were beyond the scope of the wildest fancy. The day was one of unusual enjoyment to Mr. Lincoln. His son Robert had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young soldier in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to the throng of visitors, admitting only a few friends.

Schuyler Colfax, who was contemplating a visit overland to the Pacific, came to ask whether the President would probably call an extra session of Congress during the summer. Mr. Lincoln assured him that he had no such intention, and gave him a verbal message to

the mining population of Colorado and the western slope of the mountains concerning the part they were to take in the great conquests of peace which were coming. In the afternoon he went for a long drive with Mrs. Lincoln. His mood, as it had been all day, was singularly happy and tender. He talked much of the past and the future; after four years of trouble and tumult he looked forward to four years of comparative quiet and normal work; after that he expected to go back to Illinois and practice law again. He was never simpler or gentler than on this day of unprecedented triumph; his heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, which took the shape usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men.

From the very beginning of his Presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the proper expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings were not less numerous; the vapors of village bullies, the extravagances of excited secessionist politicians, even the drolling of practical jokers, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice. In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite, when they came to be examined proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence.¹ He had himself so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in a political hatred so deadly as to lead to murder. He would sometimes laughingly say, "Our friends on the other side would make nothing by exchanging me for Hamlin," the Vice-President having the reputation of more radical views than his chief.

He knew indeed that incitements to murder him were not uncommon in the South. An advertisement had appeared in a paper of Selma, Alabama, in December, 1864, opening a subscription for funds to effect the assassination of Lincoln, Seward, and Johnson before the

¹ All Presidents receive the visits of persons more or less demented. Mr. Hayes, when about to retire one day from his working-room, asked his messenger if there was any one waiting to see him. "Only two," the attendant replied, "and one of them is crazy."

"Send in the sane one," said the President. A grave-looking man was introduced, who announced himself as the emperor of the world. The President rang the bell, and told the messenger if that was his idea of sanity to send in the maniac.

inauguration.¹ There was more of this murderous spirit abroad than was suspected. A letter was found in the Confederate Archives² from one Lieutenant Alston, who wrote to Jefferson Davis immediately after Lincoln's reflection offering to "rid his country of some of her deadliest enemies by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery." This shameless proposal was referred, by Mr. Davis's direction, to the Secretary of War; and by Judge Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, was sent to the Confederate Adjutant-General indorsed "for attention." We can readily imagine what reception an officer would have met with who should have laid before Mr. Lincoln a scheme to assassinate Jefferson Davis. It was the uprightness and the kindness of his own heart that made him slow to believe that any such ignoble fury could find a place in the hearts of men in their right minds. Although he freely discussed with the officials about him the possibilities of danger, he always considered them remote, as is the habit of men constitutionally brave, and positively refused to torment himself with precautions for his own safety. He would sum the matter up by saying that both friends and strangers must have daily access to him in all manner of ways and places; his life was therefore in reach of any one, sane or mad, who was ready to murder and be hanged for it; that he could not possibly guard against all danger unless he were to shut himself up in an iron box, in which condition he could scarcely perform the duties of a President; by the hand of a murderer he could die only once; to go continually in fear would be to die over and over. He therefore went in and out before the people, always unarmed, generally unattended. He would receive hundreds of visitors in a day, his breast bare to pistol or knife. He would walk at midnight, with a single secretary or alone, from the Executive Mansion to the War Department, and back. He would ride through the lonely roads of an uninhabited suburb from the White House to the Soldiers' Home in the dusk of evening, and return to his work in the morning before the town was astir. He was greatly annoyed when, late in the war, it was decided that there must be a guard stationed at the Executive Mansion, and that a squad of cavalry must accompany him on his daily ride—but he was always reasonable and yielded to the best judgment of others.

Four years of threats and boastings, of alarms that were not founded, and of plots

that came to nothing, thus passed away; but precisely at the time when the triumph of the nation over the long insurrection seemed assured, and a feeling of peace and security was diffused over the country, one of the conspiracies, not seemingly more important than the many abortive ones, ripened in the sudden heat of hatred and despair. A little band of malignant secessionists, consisting of John Wilkes Booth, an actor, of a famous family of players, Lewis Powell, alias Payne, a disbanded rebel soldier from Florida, George Atzerodt, formerly a coachmaker, but more recently a spy and blockade runner of the Potomac, David E. Herold, a young druggist's clerk, Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, Maryland secessionists and Confederate soldiers, and John H. Surratt, had their ordinary rendezvous at the house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt,³ the widowed mother of the last named, formerly a woman of some property in Maryland, but reduced by reverses to keeping a small boarding-house in Washington. Booth was the leader of the little coterie. He was a young man of twenty-six, strikingly handsome, with a pale olive face, dark eyes, and that ease and grace of manner which came to him of right from his theatrical ancestors. He had played for several seasons with only indifferent success; his value as an actor lay rather in his romantic beauty of person than in any talent or industry he possessed. He was a fanatical secessionist; had assisted at the capture and execution of John Brown, and had imbibed, at Richmond and other Southern cities where he had played, a furious spirit of partisanship against Lincoln and the Union party. After the reflection of Mr. Lincoln, which rang the knell of the insurrection, Booth, like many of the secessionists North and South, was stung to the quick by disappointment. He visited Canada, consorted with the rebel emissaries there, and at last—whether or not at their instigation cannot certainly be said—conceived a scheme to capture the President and take him to Richmond. He spent a great part of the autumn and winter inducing a small number of loose fish of secession sympathies to join him in this fantastic enterprise. He seemed always well supplied with money, and talked largely of his speculations in oil as a source of income; but his agent afterwards testified⁴ that he never realized a dollar from that source; that his investments, which were inconsiderable, were a total loss. The winter passed away and nothing was accomplished. On the 4th of March, Booth was at the Capitol and created a disturbance by trying to force his way through the line of policemen who guarded the passage through which the President walked to the east front of the building.⁵ His

¹ Pitman, Conspiracy Trial, p. 51.

² Ibid., p. 52.

³ Pitman, p. 45.

⁴ He was seized and held back by John W. Westfall, of the Capitol Police.

⁵ 541 H Street.

intentions at this time are not known; he afterwards said¹ he lost an excellent chance of killing the President that day. There are indications in the evidence given on the trial of the conspirators that they suffered some great disappointment in their schemes in the latter part of March, and a letter from Arnold to Booth,² dated March 27, showed that some of them had grown timid of the consequences of their contemplated enterprise and were ready to give it up. He advised Booth, before going further, "to go and see how it will be taken in R—d." But timid as they might be by nature, the whole group was so completely under the ascendancy of Booth that they did not dare disobey him when in his presence; and after the surrender of Lee, in an access of malice and rage which was akin to madness, he called them together and assigned each his part in the new crime, the purpose of which had arisen suddenly in his mind out of the ruins of the abandoned abduction scheme. This plan was as brief and simple as it was horrible. Powell, alias Payne, the stalwart, brutal, simple-minded boy from Florida, was to murder Seward; Atzerodt, the comic villain of the drama, was assigned to remove Andrew Johnson; Booth reserved for himself the most difficult and most conspicuous rôle of the tragedy; it was Herold's duty to attend him as a page and aid in his escape. Minor parts were assigned to stage carpenters and other hangers-on, who probably did not understand what it all meant. Herold, Atzerodt, and Surratt had previously deposited at a tavern at Surrattsville, Maryland, owned by Mrs. Surratt, but kept by a man named Lloyd, a quantity of ropes, carbines, ammunition, and whisky, which were to be used in the abduction scheme. On the 11th of April Mrs. Surratt, being at the tavern, told Lloyd to have the shooting irons in readiness, and on Friday, the 14th, again visited the place and told him they would probably be called for that night.

The preparations for the final blow were made with feverish haste; it was only about noon of the 14th that Booth learned the President was to go to Ford's Theater that night. It has always been a matter of surprise in Europe that he should have been at a place of amusement on Good Friday; but the day was not kept sacred in America, except by the members of certain churches. It was not, throughout the country, a day of religious observance. The President was fond of the theater; it was one of his few means of recreation. It was natural enough that, on this day of profound national thanksgiving, he

should take advantage of a few hours' relaxation to see a comedy. Besides, the town was thronged with soldiers and officers, all eager to see him; it was represented to him that appearing occasionally in public would gratify many people whom he could not otherwise meet. Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her; they had accepted, and the announcement that they would be present was made as an advertisement in the evening papers; but they changed their minds and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, the daughter and the stepson of Senator Harris. The President's carriage called for these young people, and the four went together to the theater. The President had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress when he arrived. When he appeared in his box the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing, and the audience rose, cheering tumultuously; the President bowed in acknowledgment of this greeting and the play went on.

From the moment Booth ascertained the President's intention to attend the theater in the evening his every action was alert and energetic. He and his confederates, Herold, Surratt, and Atzerodt, were seen on horseback in every part of the city. He had a hurried conference with Mrs. Surratt before she started for Lloyd's tavern. He intrusted to an actor named Matthews a carefully prepared statement of his reasons for committing the murder, which he charged him to give to the publisher of the "National Intelligencer," but which Matthews, in the terror and dismay of the night, burned without showing to any one.³ Booth was perfectly at home in Ford's Theater, where he was greatly liked by all the employees, without other reason than the sufficient one of his youth and good looks. Either by himself or with the aid of his friends he arranged his whole plan of attack and escape during the afternoon. He counted upon address and audacity to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box; once there, he guarded against interference by an arrangement of a wooden bar to be fastened by a simple mortise in the angle of the wall and the door by which he entered, so that the door could not be opened from without. He even provided for the contingency of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in its door, through which he might either observe the occupants or take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery stable a small, fleet horse, which he showed with pride during the day to barkeepers and loafers among his friends.

The moon rose that night at ten o'clock.

¹ Pitman, p. 45.

² *Ibid.*, p. 236.

³ John F. Coyle, MS. Statement.



DIAGRAM OF THE BOX IN FORD'S THEATER.
(COPIED FROM THE DRAWING IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

A few minutes before that hour he called one of the underlings of the theater to the back door and left him there holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy, and, entering the theater, passed rapidly through the crowd in rear of the dress circle and made his way to the passage leading to the President's box. He showed a card to a servant in attendance and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly, and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight partition and the door through which he had bored the hole. Their eyes were fixed upon the stage; the play was "Our American Cousin," the original version by Tom Taylor, before Sothorn had made a new work of it by his elaboration of the part of *Dundreary*. No one, not even the comedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night—the last Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actors the thinnest of specters. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and

happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac.

The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. The fumes of brandy and partisan hate had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In "Macbeth," where he met the weird sisters, he leaped from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg, turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the State motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis,"¹ and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, "Stop him!" The cry went out, "He has shot the President." From the audience, at first stupid with surprise

¹ Mr. Leopold de Gaillard, writing on the 29th of April, 1865, refers to these words of Booth, which he calls a "stupid phrase" and not American in char-

acter. "I remember," he adds, "but one assassination adorned with a Latin quotation, but it took place in Florence, and in the sixteenth century. Lorenzino

and afterwards wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

The President scarcely moved; his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Colonel Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was carried home. Messengers were sent for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone, the President's family physician; a crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it to go to Tenth street. As they were driving away, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news was all so improbable that they could not help hoping it was all untrue. But when they got to Tenth street and found every thoroughfare blocked by the swiftly gathering thousands, agitated by tumultuous excitement, they were prepared for the worst. In a few minutes all who had been sent for, and many others, were gathered in the little chamber where the Chief of the State lay in his agony. His son was met at the door by Dr. Stone, who with grave tenderness informed him that there was no hope. After a natural outburst of grief young Lincoln devoted himself the rest of the night to soothing and comforting his mother.

The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought in-

treacherously killed his cousin, Alexander de Medicie, who was in reality a tyrant, and left in writing near the body the line of Virgil on Brutus: *Vincet Amor patria*

FORD'S THEATRE

TENTH STREET, ABOVE E.

SEASON II WEEK XXVI NIGHT 109
WHOLE HUNDREDS OF NIGHTS, &c.

JOHN T. FORD PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
(Also of Building 16, Thos. Edinboro, and Ambury of Hous. Pluffs.)
Stage Manager J. B. WRIGHT
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Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!

—AND—
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THE DISTINGUISHED MANAGER, AUTHOR AND ACTRESS,
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TOM TAYLOR CELEBRATED ECLECTIC COMEDY.

As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her pupils of

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,
REVISED

OUR AMERICAN

COUSIN

VIOLENCE TREACHERY MISS LAURA KEENE
(the original character)

Abel Marston, Clerk to Assistant.....	John Dyott
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Lord Drummond.....	E. A. EMERSON
Mr. Cyprien, Attorney.....	J. MATTHEWS
Lieutenant Vernon, R. N.....	W. J. PUGHAN
Captain De Bore.....	G. G. FRYER
Henry.....	G. G. SPAN
Redmond, a valet.....	J. E. EVANS
John Wilson, a gentleman.....	L. B. BROWNE
Barry, a groom.....	G. A. PARKHURST
Ballad.....	L. JOHNSON
Harry Tremblay.....	Miss J. GOURLAY
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THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 13,
BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY

Who will be presented SUCCESSFULLY Great American Drama.

THE OCTOBEROON

New Monday, April 17, Supper of the THOUSAND AMERICAN TRAGEDY.

EDWIN ADAMS

FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY.

FACSIMILE OF A PLAY-BILL FOUND IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BOX AFTER THE ASSASSINATION. THE ORIGINAL IS OWNED BY E. A. EMERSON, OF LYNNBURG, VA.

J. A. Case, of Brooklyn, also has a play-bill, given to A. K. Brown by John T. Ford, the proprietor of Ford's Opera House in Washington, who noted on it that it was found under President Lincoln's chair.—EDITOR.

laudumque immensa Cupido. It was the thirst of fame which was the real incentive to these savage deeds." [Gazette de France, April 30, 1865.]

stant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died.¹ Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages." Dr. Gurley knelt by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room supported by her son and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.

THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS.

BOOTH had done his work efficiently. His principal subordinate, the young Floridian called Payne, had acted with equal audacity and cruelty, but not with equally fatal results. He had made a shambles of the residence of the Secretary of State, but among all his mangled victims there was not one killed. At eight o'clock that night he received his final orders from Booth,² who placed in his hands a knife and revolver, and a little package like a prescription, and taught him his lesson. Payne³ was a young man, hardly of age, of herculean strength, of very limited mental capacity, blindly devoted to Booth, who had selected him as the fitting instrument of his mad hatred. He obeyed the orders of his fascinating senior as exactly and remorselessly as a steel machine. At precisely the moment when Booth entered the theater, Payne came on horseback to the door of Mr. Seward's residence on Lafayette Square.⁴ Dismounting, he pretended to be a messenger from the attending physician, with a package of medicine, and demanded immediate access to the sick-room of the Secretary. Mr. Seward had been thrown from his carriage a few days before and his right arm and jaw were fractured. The servant at the door tried to prevent Payne from going up the stairs, but he persisted, and the noise the two men made in mounting brought Frederick Seward out into the hall. The Secretary had been very restless and had with difficulty at

last been composed to sleep. Fearing that this restorative slumber might be broken, Frederick Seward came out to check the intruders. He met Payne at the head of the stairs, and after hearing his story bade him go back, offering himself to take charge of the medicine. Payne seemed for an instant to give up his purpose in the face of this unexpected obstacle, but suddenly turned and rushed furiously upon Frederick Seward, putting a pistol to his head. It missed fire, and he then began beating him on the head with it, tearing his scalp and fracturing his skull. Still struggling, the two came to the Secretary's room and fell together through the door. Frederick Seward soon became unconscious and remained so for several weeks, being perhaps the last man in the civilized world who learned the strange story of the night. The Secretary lay on the farther side of the bed from the door; in the room was his daughter and a soldier-nurse named Robinson. They both sprang up at the noise of the disturbance; Payne struck them right and left out of his way, wounding Robinson with his knife; then rushed to the bed and began striking at the throat of the crippled statesman, inflicting three terrible wounds in cheek and neck; the Secretary rolled off between the bed and the wall. Robinson had by this time recovered himself and seized the assassin from behind, trying to pull him away from the bed. He fought with the quickness of a cat, stabbing Robinson twice severely over his shoulder, in spite of which the nurse still held on to him bravely. Colonel Augustus Seward, roused by his sister's screams, came in his nightdress into the room, and seeing the two forms in this deadly grapple thought at first his father was delirious and was struggling with the nurse; but noting in a moment the size and strength of the man, he changed his mind and thought that the nurse had gone mad and was murdering the Secretary. Nothing but madness was at first thought of anywhere to account for the night's work. He seized Payne, and after a struggle forced him out of the door—the assassin stabbing him repeatedly about the head and face. Payne broke away at last and ran rapidly downstairs, seriously wounding an attendant named Hansell on the way. He reached the door unhurt, leaped upon his horse, and rode leisurely away out Vermont Avenue to the eastern suburb. When surgical aid arrived, the quiet house, ordinarily so

¹ The persons about the deathbed of the President, besides his wife and son, were Vice-President Johnson, all the Cabinet with the exception of Mr. Seward, viz: Stanton, Welles, McCulloch, Usher, Dennison, and Speed; Generals Halleck, Meigs, Farnsworth, Augur, and Todd; Senator Sumner; Rev. Dr. Gurley; Schuyler Colfax; Governor Farwell; Judges Carter and Otto; Surgeon-General Barnes; Drs. Stone, Crane,

and Leale; Major John Hay, A. A. G.; and Maunsell B. Field. Mr. Nicolay was in Charleston at the flag-raising over Sumter.

² Doster's speech, Pitman, p. 314.

³ His true name was Lewis Thornton Powell.

⁴ Now the residence of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State.

decorous and well ordered, the scene of an affectionate home life and an unobtrusive hospitality, looked like a field hospital; five of its inmates were bleeding from ghastly wounds, and two of them—among the highest officials of the nation—it was thought might never see the light of another day; though all providentially recovered.

The assassin left behind him in his flight his bloodstained knife, his revolver,—or rather the fragments of it, for he had beaten it to pieces over the head of Frederick Seward,—and his hat. This last apparently trivial loss cost him and one of his fellow-conspirators their lives; for as soon as he had left the immediate scene of his crime, his perceptions being quickened by a murderer's avenging fears, it occurred to him that the lack of a hat would expose him to suspicion wherever he was seen; so instead of making good his escape, he abandoned his horse and hid himself for two days in the woods east of Washington. Driven by hunger he at last resolved to return to the city, to the house on H street which had been the headquarters of the conspiracy. He made himself a cap from the sleeve of his woolen shirt, threw over his shoulder a pickaxe he had found in a trench, and coming into town under cover of the darkness knocked about midnight at Mrs. Surratt's door. As his fate would have it, the house was full of officers who had that moment arrested all the inmates and were about to take them to the office of the provost-marshal. Payne thus fell into the hands of justice, and the utterance of half a dozen words by him and the unhappy woman whose shelter he had sought was the death warrant of both. Being asked by Major Smith to give an account of himself, he said he had been hired by Mrs. Surratt to dig a drain for her. She was called out and asked if she knew him. Not being aware of what he had said, she raised her right hand, with uncalled-for solemnity, and said, "Before God, I do not know him, never saw him, and never hired him." These words, the evidence of a guilty secret shared between them, started a train of evidence which led them both to the scaffold.

Booth was recognized by dozens of people as he stood before the footlights and brandished his dripping dagger in a Brutus attitude. His swift horse quickly carried him beyond the reach of any haphazard pursuit. He gained the navy-yard bridge in a few minutes, was hailed by a sentry, but persuaded the sergeant of the guard that he was returning to his home in Charles County and that he had waited in

Washington till the moon should rise. He was allowed to pass, and shortly afterwards Herold came to the bridge and passed over with similar explanations. A moment later the owner of the horse which Herold rode came up in pursuit of his animal. He, the only honest man of the three, was turned back by the guard—the sergeant felt he must draw the line somewhere. The assassin and his wretched acolyte came at midnight to Mrs. Surratt's tavern. Booth, whose broken leg was by this time giving him excruciating torture, remained outside, on his horse, and Herold went in, shouting to the inn-keeper to give him "those things." Lloyd, knowing what 'was meant, without a word brought the whisky, carbines, and field-glass which the Surratts had deposited there. Booth refused his gun, being unable in his crippled condition to carry it. Herold told Lloyd they had killed the President, and they rode away, leaving Lloyd, who was a sodden drunkard and contrabandist, unnerved by the news and by his muddy perception of his own complicity in the crime. He held his tongue for a day or two; but at last, overcome by fear, told all that he knew to the authorities. Booth and Herold pushed on through the moonlight to the house of an acquaintance of Booth, a rebel sympathizer, a surgeon named Samuel Mudd. The pain of his broken bone had become intolerable and day was approaching; aid and shelter had become pressingly necessary. Mudd received them kindly, set Booth's leg, and gave him a room where he rested until the middle of the afternoon; Mudd had a crutch made for him, and in the evening sent them on their desolate way to the South.

If Booth had been in health there is no reason why he should not have remained at large a good while; he might even have made his escape to some foreign country, though, sooner or later, a crime so prodigious will generally find its perpetrator out. But it is easy to hide among a sympathizing people. Many a Union soldier, escaping from prison, has walked hundreds of miles through the enemy's country relying implicitly upon the friendship of the negroes. Booth, from the hour he crossed the navy-yard bridge, though he met with a considerable number of men, was given shelter and assistance by every one whose sympathies were with the South. After parting with Dr. Mudd, he and Herold went to the residence of Samuel Cox,¹ near Port Tobacco, and were by him given into the charge of Thomas Jones, a contraband trader between Maryland and Richmond, a man so devoted

¹ What Booth and Herold were about during the week between the 15th and the 22d of April was not brought out upon the trial of the conspirators, but Mr. George Alfred Townsend, while making the ex-

tensive and careful studies for his historical novel, "Katy of Catocin," reconstructed the entire itinerary of the assassin, and published an admirably clear account of it in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for April, 1884.

to the interests of the Confederacy that treason and murder seemed every-day incidents to be accepted as natural and necessary. He kept Booth and Herold in hiding, at the peril of his own life, for more than a week, feeding and caring for them in the woods near his house, watching for an opportunity to ferry them across the Potomac. He did this while every woodpath was haunted by Government detectives, while his own neighborhood was under strong suspicion, knowing that death would promptly follow his own detection, and that a reward was offered for the capture of his helpless charge which would make a rich man of any one who gave him up. So close was the search that Herold killed the horses on which they had ridden out of Washington for fear a neigh might betray them.

With such devoted aid Booth might have wandered a long way; but there is no final escape but suicide for an assassin with a broken leg. At each painful move the chances of discovery increased. Jones was indeed able, after repeated failures, to ferry his fated guests across the Potomac. Arriving on the Virginia side, they lived the lives of hunted animals for two or three days longer, finding to their horror that they were received by the strongest Confederates with more of annoyance than enthusiasm — though none indeed offered to betray them. At one house, while food was given him, hospitality was not offered.¹ Booth wrote the proprietor a note, pathetic in its attempted dignity, inclosing five dollars — “though hard to spare” — for his entertainment. He had by this time seen the comments of the newspapers on his work, and bitterer than death or wounds was the blow to his vanity.² He confided his feelings of wrong to his diary:

I struck boldly, and not as the papers say; I walked with a firm step through thousands of his friends; was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted *Sic Semper* before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets. Rode sixty miles that night, with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump.

On Friday the 21st he writes:

After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night chased by gun-boats till I was forced to return, wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for — what made Tell a hero.

He goes on comparing himself favorably with these stage heroes, and adds:

I struck for my country and that alone — a country that groaned beneath his tyranny and prayed for this end; and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me.

He was especially grieved that the grandiloquent letter he had intrusted to his fellow-

actor Matthews — and which he in his terror had destroyed — had not been published. He thought the Government had wickedly suppressed it; he was tortured with doubts whether God would forgive him, whether it would not be better to go back to Washington and “clear his name.” “I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great.” With blessings on his mother, upon his wretched companion of crime and flight, upon the world which he thought was not worthy of him, he closed these strange outpourings, saying, “I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course.”

The course was soon ended. At Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, Booth and Herold met three young men in Confederate uniforms. They were disbanded soldiers; but Herold, imagining that they were recruiting for the Southern army, told them his story with perfect frankness and even pride, saying, “We are the assassins of the President,” and asked their company into the Confederate lines. He was disappointed at learning they were not going South, but his confidence was not misplaced. The soldiers took the fugitives to Port Royal, and tried to get shelter for them, representing Booth as a wounded Confederate soldier. After one or two failures they found refuge on the farm of a man named Garrett on the road to Bowling Green.

On the night of the 25th of April a party under Lieutenant E. P. Doherty arrested, in his bed at Bowling Green, William Jett, one of the Confederate soldiers mentioned above, and forced him to guide them to Garrett's farm. Booth and Herold were sleeping in the barn. When called upon to surrender, Booth refused, and threatened to shoot young Garrett, who had gone in to get his arms. A parley took place, lasting some minutes. Booth offered to fight the party at a hundred yards, and when this was refused cried out in a theatrical tone, “Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.” Doherty then told him he would fire the barn; upon this Herold came out and surrendered. The barn was fired, and while it was burning, Booth, who was clearly visible by the flames through the cracks in the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition, which afterwards developed into insanity.³ Booth was hit in the back of the neck, not far from the place where he had shot the President. He lingered about three hours in great pain, conscious but nearly inarticulate, and died at seven in the morning.

¹ Trial of J. H. Surratt, p. 402.

² *Ibid.*, p. 310.

³ He is still living, 1889, in an insane asylum in Kansas.

The surviving conspirators, with the exception of John H. Surratt, were tried by a military commission¹ sitting in Washington in the months of May and June. The charges against them specified that they were "incited and encouraged" to treason and murder by Jefferson Davis and the Confederate emissaries in Canada. This was not proved on the trial: the evidence bearing on the case showed frequent communication between Canada and Richmond and the Booth coterie in Washington, and some transactions in drafts at the Montreal Bank, where Jacob Thompson and Booth both kept their accounts. It was shown by the sworn testimony of a reputable witness that Jefferson Davis at Greensboro', on hearing of the assassination, expressed his gratification at the news; but this, so far from proving any direct complicity in the crime, would rather prove the opposite, as a conscious murderer usually conceals his malice.² Against all the rest the facts we have briefly stated were abundantly proved, though in the case of Mrs. Surratt the repugnance which all men feel at the execution of a woman induced the commission to unite in a recommendation to mercy, which President Johnson, then in the first flush of his zeal against traitors, disregarded.³ Habeas corpus proceedings were then resorted to, and failed in virtue of the President's orders to the military in charge of the prisoners. The sentences were accordingly executed: Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt were hanged on the 7th of July; Mudd, Arnold, and McLaughlin were imprisoned for life at the Tortugas, though the term was afterwards shortened, and Spangler, the scene shifter at the theater, was sentenced to six years of jail. John Surratt escaped to Canada, lay in hiding some months in a monastery, and in the autumn sailed for England under an assumed name. He wandered over Europe, enlisted in the Papal Zouaves, deserted and fled to Egypt, where he was detected and brought back to Washington in 1867. His trial lasted two months and ended in a disagreement of the jury.

THE MOURNING PAGEANT.

RECOUNTING the fate of these wretched malefactors has led us far afield. We will now

¹ This commission was composed of officers not only of high rank and distinction, but of unusual weight of character. They were Generals David Hunter, Lew Wallace, August V. Kautz, A. P. Howe, R. S. Foster, J. A. Ekin, T. N. Harris, Colonels C. H. Tompkins and D. R. Clendenin. The Judge Advocate and Recorder was Joseph Holt, assisted by the Hon. John A. Bingham and Colonel H. L. Burnett.

² Mr. Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," contradicts this evidence of Mr. Lewis F. Bates. He admits, however, that the dispatch, being read in his presence to the troops with him, elicited

return to the morning of the 15th of April and sketch, in brief and wholly inadequate words, the honors which the nation paid to its dead. The appalling news spread quickly over the country; millions of citizens learned at their breakfast tables that the President had been shot and was dying; and two hours after his death, when a squad of soldiers were escorting his mortal remains to the Executive Mansion, the dreadful fact was known at all the great centers of population. This was the first time the telegraph had been called upon to spread over the world tidings of such deep and mournful significance; it was therefore the first time the entire people of the United States had been called to deplore the passing away of an idolized leader even before his body was cold in death. The news fell with peculiar severity upon hearts which were glowing with the joy of a great victory. For the last four days, in every city and hamlet of the land, the people were breaking forth into unusual and fantastic expressions of gaiety and content; bonfires flamed through the nights; the days were uproarious with the firing of guns; the streets were hung with flags and wreaths, and whatever decorations could be on the instant improvised by a people not especially gifted with the scenic sense; and committees were everywhere forming to arrange for elaborate and official functions of joy. Upon this mirth and expansion the awful intelligence from Washington fell with the crushing and stunning effect of an unspeakable calamity. In the sudden rigor of this unexpected misfortune the country lost sight of the vast national success of the past week; and it thus came to pass that there was never any organized expression of the general exultation or rejoicing in the North over the downfall of the rebellion. It was unquestionably best that it should be so; and Lincoln himself would not have had it otherwise. He hated the arrogance of triumph; and even in his cruel death he would have been glad to know that his passage to eternity would prevent too loud an exultation over the vanquished. As it was, the South could take no umbrage at a grief so genuine and so legitimate; the people of that section even shared, to a certain degree, in the lamentations over the bier of one whom in their

cheers, "as was natural at news of the fall of one they considered their most powerful foe"; and he adds, "For an enemy so relentless, in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn." When captured by General Wilson he affected to think he cleared himself of all suspicion in this regard by saying that Johnson was more objectionable to him than Lincoln—not noticing that the conspiracy contemplated the murder of both of them.

³ See argument of Pierrepont on trial of John H. Surratt, p. 77.

inmost hearts they knew to have wished them well.

There was one exception to the general grief too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Among the extreme radicals in Congress Mr. Lincoln's determined clemency and liberality towards the Southern people had made an impression so unfavorable that, though they were naturally shocked at his murder, they did not among themselves conceal their gratification that he was no longer in their way. In a political caucus, held a few hours after the President's death, they resolved on an entire change of the Cabinet, and a "line of policy less conciliatory than that of Mr. Lincoln; . . . the feeling was nearly universal"—we are using the language of one of their most prominent representatives¹—"that the accession of Johnson to the Presidency would prove a godsend to the country." The next day the Committee on the Conduct of the War called on the new President, and Senator Wade bluntly expressed to him the feeling of his associates: "Johnson, we have faith in you. By the gods, there will be no trouble now in running the Government."² Before many months passed away they had opportunity to learn that violence of speech was no guarantee of political consistency.

In Washington, with this singular exception, the manifestation of the public grief was immediate and demonstrative. The insignia of rejoicing at once disappeared, and within an hour after the body of the President was taken to the White House the town was shrouded in black. Not only the public buildings, the stores and shops, and the better class of residences were draped in funeral decorations, but a still more touching proof of the affection with which the dead man was regarded was seen in the poorest class of houses, where the laboring men of both colors found means in their penury to afford some scanty show of mourning. The interest and the veneration of the people still centered in the White House, where, under a tall catafalque in the east room, the late Chief of the State lay in the majesty of death, and not at the modest tavern on Pennsylvania Avenue where the new President had his lodging. At eleven o'clock Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath of office to Andrew Johnson in the presence of a few witnesses. He immediately summoned the Cabinet for a brief meeting. Mr. William Hunter was appointed Acting Secretary of State during the interim of the disability of Mr. Seward and his son, and directed to communicate to the country and the world the change in the head of the Government brought about

by the last night's crime. It was determined that the funeral ceremonies in Washington should be celebrated on Wednesday, the 19th of April, and all the churches throughout the country were invited to join at the same time "in solemnizing the occasion" by appropriate observances. All of pomp and circumstance which the Government could command was employed to give a fitting escort from the White House to the Capitol, where the body of the President was to lie in state. A splendidly appointed force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry formed the greater part of the procession, which was completed by delegations from Illinois and Kentucky as mourners, the new President, the Cabinet, the ministers of foreign powers, and all the high officers of the nation, legislative, judicial, and executive. The pall-bearers comprised the leading members of both houses of Congress and the officers of the highest rank in the army and navy.

The ceremonies in the east room were brief and simple. The Rev. Dr. Hall of the Church of the Epiphany read the burial service. Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church, distinguished equally for his eloquence and his patriotism, offered a prayer, and the Rev. Dr. P. D. Gurley, at whose church the President and his family habitually attended worship, delivered a short address, commemorating, in language notably free from courtly flattery, the qualities of courage, purity, and sublime faith which had made the dead man great and useful. The coffin was carried to the funeral car, and the vast procession moved to the Capitol amid the tolling of all the bells in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, and the booming of minute-guns at Lafayette Square, at the City Hall, and on the hill of the Capitol. To associate the pomp of the day with the greatest work of Lincoln's life, a detachment of colored troops marched at the head of the line. In the rotunda, under the soaring dome of the Capitol, the coffin rested during the day and night of the 19th and until the evening of the next day. The people passed by in thousands to gaze on the face of the liberator—which had taken on in death an expression of profound happiness and repose, like that so often seen on the features of soldiers shot dead in battle.

It had been decided from the first that the President was to be buried at Springfield. Whenever a President dies, whose personality, more than his office, has endeared him to the people, it is proposed that his body shall rest at Washington; but the better instinct of the country, no less than the natural feelings of the family, insist that his dust shall lie among his own neighbors and kin. It is fitting that Washington shall sleep at Mount Vernon, the Adamses at Quincy, that even Harrison and

¹ George W. Julian, "Political Recollections," p.

255.
² *Ibid.*, p. 257.

Taylor and Garfield, though they died in office, should be conveyed to the bosom of the States which had cherished them and sent them to the service of the nation. So Illinois claimed her greatest citizen for final sepulture amid the scenes which witnessed the growth and development of his unique character. The town of Springfield set apart a lovely spot in its northern suburb for his grave and appropriated \$20,000—a large sum considering the size and wealth of the town—to defray the expenses of his funeral. As soon as it was announced that he was to be buried in Illinois every town and city on the route begged that the train might halt within its limits and give its people the opportunity of testifying their grief and their reverence. It was finally arranged that the funeral cortège should follow substantially the same route over which Lincoln had come in 1861 to take possession of the place to which he had given a new dignity and value for all time.

Governor Brough of Ohio and Mr. John W. Garrett of Baltimore were placed in general charge of the solemn journey. A guard of honor consisting of a dozen officers of high rank in the army and navy¹ was detailed by their respective departments, which received the remains of the President at the station in Washington at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 21st of April, and the train, decked in somber trappings, moved out towards Baltimore. In this city, through which, four years before, it was a question whether the President-elect could pass with safety to his life, the train made a halt; the coffin was taken with sacred care to the great dome of the Exchange, and there, surrounded by evergreens and lilies, it lay for several hours, the people passing by in mournful throngs. Night was closing in, with rain and wind, when the train reached Harrisburg, and the coffin was carried through the muddy streets to the State Capitol, where the next morning the same scenes of grief and affection were seen. We need not enumerate the many stopping-places of this mournful pageant. The same demonstration was repeated, gaining continually in intensity of feeling and solemn splendor of display, in every city through which the procession passed. At Philadelphia a vast concourse accompanied the dead President to Independence Hall: he had shown himself worthy of the lofty fate he courted when, on that hallowed spot, on the birthday of Washington, 1861, he had said he would rather be assassinated than give up the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

¹ General E. D. Townsend represented the Secretary of War, Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis the Secretary of the Navy.



THE FUNERAL CAR. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. RELVEA.)

Here, as at many other places, the most touching manifestations of loving remembrance came from the poor, who brought flowers twined by themselves to lay upon the coffin. The reception at New York was worthy alike of the great city and of the memory of the man they honored. The body lay in state in the City Hall and a half-million of people passed in deep silence before it. Here General Scott came, pale and feeble, but resolute, to pay his tribute of respect to his departed friend and commander.

The train went up the Hudson River by night, and at every town and village on the way vast crowds were revealed in waiting by the fitful glare of torches; dirges and hymns were sung as the train moved by. Midnight had passed when the coffin was borne to the Capitol at Albany, yet the multitude rushed in as if it were day, and for twelve hours the long line of people from northern New York and the neighboring States poured through the room.

Over the broad spaces of New York the cortège made its way, through one continuous crowd of mourners. At Syracuse thirty thousand people came out in a storm at midnight to greet the passing train with fires and bells and cannons; at Rochester the same solemn observances made the night memorable; at Buffalo—it was now the morning of the 27th—the body lay in state at St. James's Hall, visited by a multitude from the western counties. As the train passed into Ohio the crowds increased in density, and the public grief seemed intensified at every step westward; the people of the great central basin seemed to be claiming their own. The day spent at Cleveland was unexampled in the depth of emotion it brought to life, the warm devotion to the memory of the great man gone which was exhibited; some of the guard of honor have said that it was at that point they began to appreciate the place which Lincoln was to hold in history. The authorities, seeing that no building could accommodate the crowd which was sure to come from all over the



THE MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY J. A. W. PITTMAN FOR J. C. POWER.)

State, wisely erected in the public square an imposing mortuary tabernacle for the lying in state, brilliant with evergreens and flowers by day, and innumerable gas jets by night, and surmounted by the inscription, *Extinctus amabitur idem*. Impressive religious ceremonies were conducted in the square by Bishop McIlvaine, and an immense procession moved to the station at night between two lines of torchlights. Columbus and Indianapolis, the State capitals of Ohio and Indiana, were next visited. The whole State, in each case, seemed gathered to meet their dead hero; an intense personal regard was everywhere evident; it was the man, not the ruler, they appeared to be celebrating; the banners and scrolls bore principally his own words: "With malice towards none, with charity for all"; "The purposes of the Lord are perfect and must prevail"; "Let us resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain"; and other brief passages from his writings. On arriving in Chicago, on the 1st of May, amid a scene of magnificent mourning, the body was borne to the court-house, where it lay for two days under a canopy of somber richness, inscribed with that noble Hebrew lament, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." From all the States of the Northwest an innumerable throng poured for

these two days into Chicago, and flowed, a mighty stream of humanity, past the coffin of the dead President, in the midst of evidences of public grief which was all the more genuine for being quiet and reserved.

The last stage of this extraordinary progress was the journey to Springfield, which began on the night of the 2d of May and ended at nine o'clock the next morning — the schedule made in Washington twelve days before having been accurately carried out. On all the railroads centering in Springfield the trains for several days had been crowded to their utmost capacity with people who desired to see the last of Abraham Lincoln upon earth. Nothing had been done or thought of for two weeks in Springfield but the preparations for this day; they were made with a thoroughness which surprised the visitors from the East. The body lay in state in the Capitol, which was richly draped from roof to basement in black velvet and silver fringe; within it was a bower of bloom and fragrance. For twenty-four hours an unbroken stream of people passed through, bidding their friend and neighbor welcome home and farewell, and at ten o'clock on the 4th of May the coffin lid was closed at last and a vast procession moved out to Oak Ridge, where the dead President was committed to the soil of the State which had so loved and honored him. The ceremonies at the grave were simple and touching. Bishop Simpson delivered a pathetic oration; prayers were offered and hymns were sung; but the weightiest and most eloquent words uttered anywhere that day were those of the Second Inaugural, which the committee had wisely ordained to be read over his grave, as the friends of Raphael chose the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the chief ornament of his funeral.

An association was immediately formed to build a monument over the grave of Lincoln. The work was in the hands of his best and oldest friends in Illinois, and was pushed with vigor. Few large subscriptions were received, with the exception of \$50,000 voted by the State of Illinois and \$10,000 by New York; but innumerable small contributions afforded all that was needed. The soldiers and sailors of the nation gave \$28,000, of which the disproportionately large amount of \$8,000 was the gift of the negro troops, whose manhood Lincoln had recognized by putting arms in their hands.¹ In all \$180,000 was raised, and the monument, built after a design by Larkin G. Mead, was dedicated on the 15th of October, 1874. The day was fine, the concourse of

¹ Besides contributing thus generally to the Springfield monument, the freed people gave another touching instance of their gratitude by erecting in a public square on Capitol Hill in Washington a noble group

in bronze, including Lincoln, and entitled "Emancipation." The subscription for this purpose was started by a negro washerwoman. The statue is by Thomas Ball.

people was enormous; there were music and eloquence and a brilliant decorative display. The orator of the day was Governor Oglesby, who praised his friend with warm but sober eulogy; General Sherman added his honest and hearty tribute; and General Grant, twice elected President, uttered these carefully chosen words, which had all the weight that belongs to the rare discourses of that candid and reticent soldier:

From March, 1864, to the day when the hand of the assassin opened a grave for Mr. Lincoln, then

President of the United States, my personal relations with him were as close and intimate as the nature of our respective duties would permit. To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of heart and head, and for his patience and patriotism. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had intrusted commands, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure, for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero; in his death the South lost its most just friend.

PURSUIT AND DEATH OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

[JOHN WILKES BOOTH was my schoolmate in Maryland, many years ago; and by a strange coincidence three of my particular friends were concerned, in one way or another, with his pursuit and death. Two of them were Confederate officers—Major M. B. Ruggles, son of General Daniel Ruggles of the old army, and Lieutenant A. R. Bainbridge, both of whom, with Captain Jett, also of Mosby's command, met Booth and Herold in their flight and aided them to cross the Rappahannock. The other friend is Captain E. P. Doherty, who commanded the detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry that captured the fugitives. From the lips of all three I have heard accounts of the incidents that they witnessed, and the narratives that follow are given in the words of Major Ruggles and Captain Doherty.¹—PRENTISS INGRAHAM.]

MAJOR RUGGLES'S NARRATIVE.



T the close of the civil war Colonel Mosby, to whose command I belonged, surrendered to General Hancock, at Millwood, Virginia. In company with two comrades, A. R. Bainbridge, now in business in New York, and William Jett, now dead, I started for my home in King George County, Virginia. We had heard from United States officers of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that the assassin had been captured in Washington, and little dreamed, when we rode up to the bank of the Rappahannock River, that we were there to come face to face with John Wilkes Booth.

Port Conway is on the King George side of the river, there about three hundred yards wide, and opposite Port Royal. The ferry was owned by a man named Rollins, but the scow was run—that is, poled across—by Peyton Washington, a negro. The scow was on the

other side of the river when we rode up, and I observed there a wagon, drawn by two very wretched-looking horses. In the wagon were two men. On seeing us approach, one of them came towards us, and, finding that we were Confederate soldiers, said that his name was Boyd, and that his brother had been wounded severely in the leg while escaping from prison, where they had been for some time. He furthermore said that their negro driver, Lucas, refused to take them any farther, and that they were anxious to get on their way, and asked our aid. I at once said we would help them; and while discussing the speedy coming of the scow, the other got out of the wagon, and walking with evident pain, with the aid of a rude crutch, came towards us. He apparently mistrusted his companion, for as he came forward he said, "I suppose you have been told who I am?" Thinking he meant that Herold had told us they were Confederate soldiers, escaped from prison, I answered in the affirmative. Instantly he dropped his weight back upon his crutch, and drawing a revolver said sternly, with the utmost coolness, "Yes, I am John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Abraham Lincoln, and I am worth just \$175,000 to the man who captures me."² We were greatly surprised, and yet the coolness of the man won our admiration; for we saw that he was wounded, desperate, and at bay. His face was

¹ The proofs of this article have been read and corrected (Nov., 1889) by Colonel Ingraham, Major Ruggles, Lieutenant Bainbridge, and Captain Doherty.—EDITOR.

² The reward as offered was \$100,000 by the U. S. Government, and \$25,000 each by three of the States.

haggard, pinched with suffering, his dark eyes sunken, but strangely bright, and though he had shaved off his mustache, upon his lip and face was a beard of some ten days' growth.

In response to his defiant words I said that we had been told that Lincoln's slayer had been captured; but that, though we did not sanction his act as an assassin, we were not men to take "blood money"; and that having promised his friend, who proved to be Herold, to take them across the river to a place of safety, we would do so. Though it is contrary to the general belief of the people of the North, I believe that had the war then been going on, Booth, instead of finding an asylum in the South, would have been taken and surrendered to the United States by the Confederate Government.

Booth replaced his weapon at my words, and, thanking us, said he was utterly unable to walk. I dismounted, and we lifted him upon my horse—a fact that seemed to give the saddle and bridle a great pecuniary value, as I learned through correspondence with Mr. Barnum; though they were never exhibited as relics, and are now at my brother's home in Virginia, there kept as souvenirs of my "days with Mosby."

¹ Colonel John J. Garnett, who at the close of the war was with General Joseph E. Johnston as Chief of Artillery, received from Lieutenant Bainbridge, whom he has known for many years, the following additional particulars of the intercourse of the three Confederate officers with Booth and Herold: "Captain Jett was well acquainted in Caroline County, on the opposite side of the river, and he told Booth, with our approval, that he would find a place of safety for him. 'God bless you, sir!' said Booth, his face wining with the pain of his disabled leg. When Booth realized that we were kindly disposed, he threw off all reserve and became quite communicative. Booth was dressed in a dark suit of clothes that looked seamed and ravelly, as if from rough contact with thorny undergrowth. On his head was a seedy looking black slouch hat, which he kept well pulled down over his forehead. The lame foot was entirely free from all covering, save a black stocking. The shoe which was on it was entirely cut away at the top, the heel only being covered with leather. The foot was much swollen, and seemed to trouble him greatly. The crutch he carried was rough-hewn and ungainly. His long dark mustache swept over his mouth in a straggling, unkempt manner, although it was evident that he had tried to preserve its shape by frequent handling. Indeed, during all the time he sat with us he was constantly pulling it into shape. His beard, of a coal-black hue, was of about two weeks' growth and gave his face an unclean appearance. Over his shoulders drooped a long gray shawl, which he said had served him well in covering the tell-tale initials 'J. W. B.' done in Indian ink on his right hand. These letters he showed to us to establish his identity. Strung over his shoulders by a long strap were a pair of large field glasses, which he said had not been of much use to him, because he had 'been forced to keep under cover too much.' . . . The wind lulled after we had waited a long time, and the ferryman came over for us. Captain Ruggles helped Booth to mount his horse, and together we went over to Port Royal, a village opposite Port Conway. The ferryman eyed us all very closely and we said but very little. Booth sat squarely on his horse, looking expectantly

Booth and Herold both seemed to be the worse for their exposure and hardships of the past few days. Booth wore a black soft hat, dark clothes, one cavalry boot,—the one on his wounded leg having been cut off,—and his weapons were a carbine, two revolvers, and a knife, the blade of the latter bearing the stain of blood, for with it he had wounded Major Rathbone. I noticed that his wounded leg was greatly swollen, inflamed, and dark, as from bruised blood, while it seemed to have been wretchedly dressed, the splints being simply pasteboard rudely tied about it. That he suffered intense pain all the time there was no doubt, though he tried to conceal his agony, both physical and mental.

When the scow arrived Peyton Washington ferried us across the river. After a ride of three miles we came to the Garrett farm, where we asked for shelter for the fugitives, which was granted. We also remained all night near Garrett's, sleeping in the woods, and the next day Herold went with us to Bowling Green, where we left Jett.¹

The next day, Herold having decided upon the best course to pursue in his flight, Bain-

towards the opposite shore, and when the boat struck the wharf he lost no time in landing. I could see that his spirits were improving, and he laughed heartily when we surrounded him in a group. 'I'm safe in glorious old Virginia, thank God!' he exclaimed. 'Now, boys,' said Jett, 'I propose to take our friend Booth up to Garrett's house. I think they'll give him shelter there and treat him kindly.' 'Whatever you deem best to do with me, my friends,' replied Booth, 'I'll agree to be satisfied.' 'Jett understands this country,' said Captain Ruggles, 'and I think that it will be well to act as he directs.' 'I'm in your hands,' said Booth; 'do with me, boys, as you think best.' 'Well,' said Jett, 'I want to do the best I can for you; and I think our plan is to escort Mr. Booth up to Garrett's, tell the family who he is, and trust to their hospitality to see him kindly cared for until such time as he sees fit to seek other quarters.' After a few minutes' further conversation we left the wharf and started through Port Royal on the road to Garrett's farm. His house was some distance from the main road, and when we reached the gate leading into the farm Herold, who said that he wanted to go with us as far as Bowling Green to buy a pair of shoes, remained with me, while Jett and Ruggles accompanied Booth to the house. Garrett's residence was in the style at that time in vogue among Southern planters. It was a large, wooden framed building, with broad porches on every side. It stood on a hill, from which sloped in every direction broad rolling fields, fair in their verdure as ever greeted the eye of man. When Booth was a few rods distant in the lane from where Herold and I were standing, he suddenly wheeled his horse about, and lifting his slouch hat from his head waved it towards us and shouted back: 'Good-by, old fellow. Good-by, Lieutenant; come and see me again. I shall always be pleased to see you both.' 'I'll be with you soon, John,' returned Herold; 'keep in good spirits.' 'Have no fear about me, Herold,' Booth replied; 'I am among friends now'; with which he turned his horse, and followed at a gallop after Jett and Ruggles, who were far in advance of him. Booth impressed me at that moment as the most reckless man I had ever met. Without a parole as I

bridge and myself accompanied him back to Garrett's. We found Booth lying on the grass, in front of the house, and sitting by his side I heard from his lips his version of the tragic conspiracy, his fatal shot, his motives, escape, and flight up to his coming to the Garretts'. In answer to my questions he spoke quietly, repressing now and then a groan of pain, and showing emotion and stern defiance at times. He said, in substance, that the plot had been to capture Mr. Lincoln and carry him a prisoner into the Confederacy, for he believed that by such an act the war could be brought to an end, as the South could dictate terms with such a hostage. Failing in this, he decided at the last moment, as it were, to strike deadly blows at Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and General Grant. In the plot to kill, Payne¹ alone was implicated with him, not even Herold knowing what was to be done. Atzerodt knew nothing of the intended assassination, nor did, according to Booth's statement to me, any other, excepting Payne. The name of Mrs. Surratt was not mentioned by him. He said

that Payne was to strike a death blow at Secretary Seward, and he, favored by the fact that President Lincoln and General Grant were to attend the theater together, was to kill both of them. General Grant's having been called away alone saved his life, for, said Booth, "I would have made no failure with either, as I had laid my plans for success only." That Andrew Johnson might appear to be implicated in the plot of assassination, Booth said that he had left that morning a note at the hotel where the Vice-President lived, to compromise him. He had no idea, he said, from the information received about Washington, that the war had really ended; for had he not believed that it would have been kept up by the South, he would not have struck the blow as he did. After getting safely out of Washington his intention was to cross the line, as quickly as possible, into the Confederacy. Joining Herold at a rendezvous, they had ridden hard through the night to gain a place of safety; but having a broken leg, and learning after several days, through the papers, that the war

was, and in my own country, amid scenes with which I had been familiar since childhood, I did not feel that I was perfectly safe. If he felt any premonitions of danger, as I certainly felt that in his position he should, he gave no signs of them. He seemed as light-hearted and careless as a schoolboy just released from his studies. Herold and I went on to Bowling Green, where we remained all night, stopping at the house of a Mr. Clark. Jett and Ruggles, after escorting Booth up to Garrett's house and seeing him well disposed, went on to Bowling Green, where they stopped with Mr. Goldman, for whose daughter Jett had tender feelings. On the following day I learned of Johnston's surrender, and decided to go back to my home in King George County and settle down to the life of a peaceful citizen. I met Jett and Ruggles and told them of my intention, and they concluded to do likewise. I inquired for Booth, and in what shape they had left him, and Willie Jett told me that he did not think under the existing state of affairs the Garretts liked to harbor Booth in their house. 'And yet,' said Jett, 'they did not like to turn him away.' After a little persuasion Mr. Garrett agreed to allow him to remain on his place, although he felt that he would be running a big risk in doing so. 'He'll be well taken care of, never fear,' said Jett, who decided to remain at Goldman's house for a few days. Captain Ruggles and I went on the next morning towards Port Royal together, Herold accompanying us as far as Garrett's gate, where we left him. He told us that he was going right up to join Booth, and that he would stick by him to the death. Just before reaching Port Royal I met a soldier of my command, who told me that if we had not got our paroles, and did not want to be captured, to turn back. 'For,' said he, 'the town is full of Yankees in search of Booth, who, they say, crossed the river yesterday.' We turned immediately and rode back to Garrett's. As we approached the front gate Booth was lying on the lawn in front of the house. As soon as he recognized us he arose, and hobbling towards us said, 'Well, boys, what's in the wind now?' We told him the enemy was upon his trail, and advised him to seek shelter in the woods. I remember pointing to a thick piece of woodland some distance from the house, and saying: 'Booth, get over there at once,

and hide yourself. In those wooded ravines you will never be found.' 'Yes,' said Ruggles, 'get there as quickly as you can, and lose no time about starting.' Booth turned around to look for Herold, but he was nowhere in sight, as indeed was no one else. He then straightened himself up to his full height, and replied: 'I'll do as you say, boys, right off. Ride on! Good-by! It will never do for you to be found in my company.' Then biting his lips, as if he had conceived a desperate resolve, he said, 'Rest assured of one thing, good friend, Wilkes Booth will never be taken alive.' The ferryman at Port Conway had recognized Jett, and when Lieutenant Doherty arrived there with his troops, and described the men they were pursuing, he knew at once that he had assisted them across the river the day before. He told the officers that he had taken five men across, three of whom were Confederate soldiers, one of whom he knew to be Captain Jett, as he had often taken him across. If he had only stopped there all might have been well so far as Booth was concerned, for some time. But the ferryman was frightened. He thought if he did not tell all he knew he would be arrested as an accomplice in the assassination of Lincoln, so he volunteered the information that Captain Jett had a sweetheart at Bowling Green, and that in all probability he would be found there. The people of the South conceived the idea that Captain Jett deliberately betrayed Booth. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Had they been in his place, I make bold to say they would have acted as he did. It was *his* life or Booth's. The latter had no hopes; but Jett, with a parole in his possession, had, so far as he knew, a long life of happiness before him. Lieutenant Doherty and his troops were hot upon the assassin's trail, and were not to be denied their prey. Poor Jett had only one alternative, and that was to become their guide, and I am sure he did so unwillingly. He has been dead many years, and I know that he was loyal to the cause he espoused, and fought gallantly for it to the end. He guided the troops back to Garrett's, and he afterward told me that he had hopes that Booth might have been warned in time to escape, as indeed he had been by us."—EDITOR.

¹ Payne was a deserter from a Confederate Florida regiment.

was really at an end, he determined to make his way to the silver mines of Mexico, feeling that the South would be no place of refuge for him. It has been said that Booth had plenty of money with him; but he showed me three five-dollar bills, all that he had, excepting a bill of exchange; while Herold had not as much. I asked him why he did not attempt to get to Europe, and his answer was that there was no asylum for such as he where monarchs ruled, as they feared their own lives might be in danger from the example he had set.

It is generally believed that Herold shot his own and Booth's horse; but Booth told me that after weighting them down they led them into the Potomac the night they embarked in the boat to cross, and drawing their heads over the gunwale cut their throats and saw them sink from sight. This would account for the fact that their bodies were never found.¹

Booth seemed to feel that he had been spurred on to the deed through a duty he owed the country to bring the war to an end, and he said that he would never be taken alive. If he had not broken his leg he could readily have distanced all pursuit. He was without doubt disappointed at the reception he met in Virginia, and said that he was prepared to meet any fate. The calm courage of the man in the midst of his great peril, and while racked by suffering, impressed me in spite of myself, for there was no braggadocio about him; simply a determination to submit to the inevitable, parleying when it should become necessary to do so. The few extracts he read me from his diary showed this.

From the examination I made of his broken leg, aided by some experience I had had with wounds, I feel confident that amputation would have been necessary to save his life, and perhaps that would not have prevented a speedy death.

Soon after my long conversation with Booth, Bainbridge and myself bade him and Herold good-by and went on our way, remaining that night in the pines, and next day going to Robb's, where we learned that a company of United States cavalry were scouring the country and had captured the fugitives in Garrett's barn. Knowing the barn well, and judging from all the circumstances connected with the burning of it, I feel convinced that Sergeant Boston Corbett has a reputation undeserved as the slayer of Mr. Lincoln's assassin. From the spot where Sergeant Corbett was he could not have seen Booth where he stood, and certainly could

not have been able to shoot him in the back of the head. Having asked Captain Doherty to fall back fifty paces with his men and give him a chance to come out, and very properly and naturally being refused his request by that gallant officer, deserted by Herold, the barn on fire, and seeing that he must perish in the flames or be taken to Washington and hanged, Booth, hopeless, alone, and at bay, placed his pistol to the back of his head, and took his own life. No one saw Corbett fire, and one chamber of Booth's revolver held in his hand was empty, and I am by no means alone in the belief that he killed himself.

Learning that Jett was a prisoner, and that we were to be arrested, tried, and hanged, as aiders and abettors, Bainbridge and myself stood not on the order of going, but went at once. Making our way into Essex County and crossing to Westmoreland, we went to our home up in King George County. Some ten days after, I was arrested at night by a squad of United States cavalry. Bainbridge was also captured. We were taken to Washington and placed in the Old Capitol Prison. We were not alone in our misery, however, for Dr. Stewart, at whose house Booth had stopped, William Lucas, the negro who had driven him to the ferry, and a number of others, were there, among them being Jett, who had escaped from Captain Doherty, and had been recaptured at his home in Westmoreland County.

From Booth's own words to me as he lay on the grass in front of Garrett's house, I feel assured that in the excitement of the times there were some innocent ones who were punished for the crimes of Booth and Payne.

After the trial, by a strange mistake I was sent to Johnson's Island, where as a Confederate prisoner I had passed half a year; but after a few days spent there I was returned to Washington, and after taking the oath of allegiance I was released.

M. B. Ruggles.

CAPTAIN DOHERTY'S NARRATIVE.

ABOUT the hour of 4 P. M. April 24, 1865, when Booth and Herold were taken by their newly made Confederate friends to the Garrett farm, where Booth was killed and Herold captured, I was seated, with another officer of the 16th New York Cavalry, on a bench in the park opposite the White House. There I received the following orders from a messenger:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865. Commanding Officer 16th New York

¹ Lieutenant Bainbridge is positive that he heard Booth say: "After we had been three days in the pines, I deemed it advisable to act on Jones's advice and kill our horses. I could hear in the distance the neighing

of the horses of the Federal cavalry as they went scouting through the country, and I was afraid that ours might answer them and betray our whereabouts, so I asked Herold to shoot them, which he did."—EDITOR.

Cavalry. Sir: You will at once detail a reliable and discreet commission officer with twenty-five men, well mounted, with three days' rations and forage, to report at once to Colonel L. C. Baker, Agent of the War Department, at 211 Pennsylvania Ave. Command of General C. C. Augur.—J. C. SEWELL, A. A. A. Gen'l.

In accordance with the foregoing order First Lieutenant E. P. Doherty¹ is hereby detailed for the duty, and will report at once to Colonel Baker, 211 Pennsylvania Ave.—N. B. SWITZER, Colonel 16th New York Cavalry, Bvt. Brig. Gen'l, U. S. A.

I proceeded to the barracks, had "boots and saddles" sounded, and in less than half an hour had reported to Colonel Baker. I took the first twenty-five men in the saddle, Sergeant Boston Corbett being the only member of my own company. Colonel Baker handed me photographs of the assassins of President Lincoln. He told me no troops had yet been in Fredericksburg, but that I must reach that vicinity with all dispatch. He introduced me to E. J. Conger and L. B. Baker, of the detective force, and said they would accompany me. I proceeded down to the Sixth street wharf, where I found the steamer *John S. Ide*, and directed Captain Wilson to move down to Aquia Creek and to Belle Plain. After the detachment had landed I directed the captain of the boat to move off to a place of safe anchorage and await my return. Should I not return before 6 P. M. on the 26th he was to go back to Washington and report to Captain Allen, assistant quartermaster. I proceeded directly south until I struck the main road to Fredericksburg. Here I halted at 4 A. M. A negro informed me that a regiment of cav-

alry had passed to Fredericksburg the previous evening, going along on the north side of the Rappahannock River. I then determined to push down and go up on the south side, where no troops had been.

The detectives asked for a detail of four men and a sergeant to scour the country, while I with the rest of the men continued on towards the Rappahannock. The detectives returned about 3 P. M. without any clue to the whereabouts of the assassins. I went to the ferry at Port Conway and saw Mrs. Rollins, the ferryman's wife, and another woman sitting on the steps of the ferry-house. Drawing Booth's picture from my pocket I showed it to them, and inferred from their looks that Booth was not far distant. One of them said that Booth and Herold had been brought there in a wagon the evening before by a negro named Lucas, who would carry them no farther. While they were bargaining with her husband to take them to Orange Court House, three Confederate soldiers, Ruggles, Bainbridge, and Jett, rode up and they entered into conversation. By and by they were all taken over the ferry. Booth was put on Ruggles's horse and they proceeded towards Bowling Green.

I at once sent the bugler to Sergeant Corbett, telling him to mount the detachment, which I had left a mile behind, feeding, and move down as quickly as possible. Mrs. Rollins went for her husband, who was fishing, and I sent him for the scow, which was on the other side of the river. During his absence the command arrived at the ferry and we were soon over the

¹ The following is taken from the report of Generals Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate, and E. D. Townsend, Adjutant-General, U. S. A., to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, on the subject of the arrest of those engaged in the assassination of President Lincoln, which was transmitted to Congress: "The parties who made the arrest of Booth and Herold were a detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry (consisting of Lieutenant E. P. Doherty, commanding, and two sergeants, seven corporals, and seventeen privates), accompanied by E. J. Conger and L. B. Baker, two employees in the detective service of Colonel L. C. Baker, Provost-Marshal, etc., the officer who originated and directed the expedition, though not personally accompanying it. . . . The military element of the expedition for the arrest of these criminals Booth and Herold is therefore believed to have been that which was essential to its success, and without which its results could not have been attained. As the commander of the detachment employed upon this important duty, Lieutenant Doherty was solely responsible for its discipline and efficiency. He is found to have been active and energetic, and it is believed to be established by the weight of testimony that it was he who personally made the actual seizure of Herold. It was he, too (in conjunction with Mr. Baker), who obtained the first reliable information which rendered the capture of the criminals almost certain; and though, in the direction of the investigation, the initiative would seem more frequently to have been taken by Conger, yet Lieutenant Doherty is shown to have acted and been recognized as the commander of

the expedition in the only written instructions which appear to have been issued during the march, to wit, those given by him to the master of the steamer which conveyed the party to and from Belle Plain. Upon the whole, therefore, it is concluded that as such commander he may properly be awarded the one-tenth portion of the whole amount which is payable by law to the commanding officer of a vessel immediately engaged in the capture of a prize, and his share will therefore be \$7500. The services of Messrs. Conger and Baker upon this expedition were, no doubt, of great value; and, inasmuch as these parties immediately represented the views and intentions of Colonel Baker, their part in carrying out the original plan was particularly important. It is understood that their expenses incurred upon this duty have been reimbursed, and that they have also been paid, or are entitled to be paid, for their general services, as detectives at this period, at the rate of \$150 per month. They should, however, both be liberally, and, as it is thought, equally compensated; and it is concluded that of the amount offered as reward there may properly be paid to each the sum of \$4000."

Sergeants Corbett and Wendell each received \$2545.68; each of the seven corporals received \$2291.09; and each of the seventeen privates \$2036.53. Of the \$75,000 thus distributed as a reward for the arrest of Booth and Herold, Colonel L. C. Baker received the share that "would be payable to the commander of a squadron, by a separate ship of which a prize had been taken," that is, one-twentieth, or \$3750.—EDITOR.

river. I arrested Rollins the ferryman, and took him as guide to Bowling Green. At dark we passed the Garrett farm, not then dreaming that the assassins were concealed there. Arriving at Bowling Green, I surrounded Goldman's Hotel. After some hesitation the door was opened by Mrs. Goldman. I inquired of her who were the male inmates of the house. She replied that there was only her wounded son, and I directed her to show me his room, telling her that if my men were fired on I should burn the building and take the inmates prisoners to Washington. She took me up one flight of stairs to her son's room, and as I entered Captain Jett sprang from his bed, half-dressed. Her son lay on another bed, wounded. Jett admitted his identity, and drawing Mr. Stanton's proclamation from my pocket I read it to him, and then said, "I have known your movements for the past two or three days, and if you do not tell me the truth I will hang you; but if you give me the information I want, I will protect you." He was greatly excited, and told me that he had left Booth at Garrett's house, three miles from Port Conway, the evening before, and that Herold had come to Bowling Green with him, and returned that morning. I had Jett's horse taken from the stable, and, placing a guard over him, we retraced our steps towards Garrett's. It was now about midnight, and my men, having been out since the 24th without sleep and with very little food, were exhausted; those who had been left on the edge of the town had fallen asleep. I had some difficulty in arousing them, but when they learned that we were on Booth's track new life seemed to be infused into them. I placed Corbett in the rear with orders to allow no man to fall out of line. Upon reaching Garrett's orchard fence I halted, and in company with Rollins and the detectives took a survey of the premises. I had the fence taken down. I told off six men, gave out the countersign of "Boston," and sent the six men as a patrol in rear of the out-buildings, with instructions to allow no one to pass through the field or to approach them without the countersign. The gates in front of Garrett's house were quietly opened, and in a minute the whole premises were surrounded. I dismounted, and knocked loudly at the front door. Old Mr. Garrett came out. I seized him, and asked him where the men were who were there yesterday. He replied that they had gone to the woods when the cavalry passed the previous afternoon. While I was speaking with him some of the men had entered the house to search it. Soon one of the soldiers sang out, "O Lieutenant! I have a man here I found in the corn-crib." It was young Garrett, and I demanded the whereabouts of the fugitives. He replied, "In the

barn." Leaving a few men around the house, we proceeded in the direction of the barn, which we surrounded. I kicked on the door of the barn several times without receiving a reply. Meantime another son of Garrett's had been captured. The barn was secured with a padlock, and young Garrett carried the key. I unlocked the door, and again summoned the inmates of the building to surrender. After some delay Booth said, "For whom do you take me?" I replied, "It does n't make any difference. Come out." He said, "I am a cripple and alone." I said, "I know who is with you, and you had better surrender." He replied, "I may be taken by my friends, but not by my foes." I said, "If you don't come out, I'll burn the building." I directed a corporal to pile up some hay in a crack in the wall of the barn, and set the building on fire. As the corporal was picking up the hay and brush Booth said, "If you come back here I will put a bullet through you." I then motioned to the corporal to desist, and decided to wait for daylight and then to enter the barn by both doors and overpower the assassins. Booth then said, in a drawling voice, "O Captain! there is a man in here who wants to surrender awful bad." I replied, "You had better follow his example and come out." His answer was, "No, I have not made up my mind; but draw your men up fifty paces off and give me a chance for my life." I told him I had not come to fight; that I had fifty men, and could take him. Then he said, "Well, my brave boys, prepare me a stretcher, and place another stain on our glorious banner."

At this moment Herold reached the door. I asked him to hand out his arms; he replied that he had none. I told him I knew exactly what weapons he had. Booth replied, "I own all the arms, and may have to use them on you, gentlemen." I then said to Herold, "Let me see your hands." He put them through the partly opened door and I seized him by the wrists. I handed him over to a non-commissioned officer. Just at this moment I heard a shot, and thought Booth had shot himself. Throwing open the door, I saw that the straw and hay behind Booth were on fire. He was half-turning towards it.

He had a crutch, and he held a carbine in his hand. I rushed into the burning barn, followed by my men, and as he was falling caught him under the arms and pulled him out of the barn. The burning building becoming too hot, I had him carried to the veranda of Garrett's house.

Booth received his death-shot in this manner. While I was taking Herold out of the barn one of the detectives went to the rear, and pulling out some protruding straw set fire

to it. I had placed Sergeant Boston Corbett at a large crack in the side of the barn, and he, seeing by the igniting hay that Booth was leveling his carbine at either Herold or myself, fired, to disable him in the arm; but Booth making a sudden move, the aim erred, and the bullet struck Booth in the back of the head, about an inch below the spot where his shot had entered the head of Mr. Lincoln. Booth asked me by signs to raise his hands. I lifted them up and he gasped, "Useless, useless!" We gave him brandy and water, but he could not swallow it. I sent to Port Royal for a physician, who could do nothing when he came, and at seven o'clock Booth breathed his last. He had on his person a diary, a large bowie knife, two pistols, a compass, and a draft on Canada for £60.

I took a saddle blanket off my horse, and, borrowing a darning needle from Miss Garrett, sewed his body in it. The men found an old wagon, and impressed it, with the negro driver. The body was placed upon it, and two hours

after Booth's death I was on the way back to Belle Plain, where I had left the steamboat.

I had released Rollins and sent him ahead to have his ferry-boat ready to take us across the river. About 6 p. m. I reached the boat, and found the captain preparing to return to Washington. We reached Washington at 2 a. m., April 27. I placed the body of Booth and the prisoner Herold on board the monitor *Montauk*, after which I marched my worn-out command up through the navy yard to their quarters.

The next morning an autopsy was held, and measures were taken to identify the body of Booth. The portion of the neck and head through which the bullet had passed was cut out, and is to-day preserved in the National Museum of Anatomy at Washington. The body was buried in a cell in the Penitentiary, where it remained nearly four years, with the bodies of the other assassins. It was then given to his friends, and now lies in a cemetery in Baltimore.

Edward P. Doherty.



THE WINTER FIELDS.

WINDS here, and sleet, and frost that bites like steel.
 The low, bleak hill rounds under the low sky.
 Naked of flock and fold the fallows lie,
 Thin-streaked with meager drift. The gusts reveal
 By fits the dim, gray snakes of fence that steal
 Through the white dusk. The hill-foot poplars sigh,
 While storm and death with winter trample by;
 And the iron fields ring sharp, and blind lights reel.
 Yet, in the lonely ridges, wrenched with pain,
 Harsh, solitary hillocks, bound and dumb,
 Grave glebes, close-lipped beneath the scourge and chain,
 Lurks hid the germ of ecstasy, the sum
 Of life that waits on summer, till the rain
 Whisper in April and the crocus come.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

SANCHO MITARRA.



SOME years ago I passed my summer vacation in the north of Spain, studying the battle-grounds of the last Carlist war. Sketching and collecting notes, I loitered about the picturesque towns which, by the loss of their ancient charters, had paid so high a price for their loyalty to Don Carlos, until eventually I reached Irún, where I remained a week. During the daytime the large, low-studded eating-room of the inn was entirely deserted, but towards evening quite a number of men were in the habit of dropping in singly or in groups, and a few minutes later the noise became deafening. Among these guests I noticed especially a fine-looking, rather silent person, who, to judge from the deference with which the others treated him, must have been a local celebrity. His face was apparently cut in two by an irregular scar, rather frightful to look at until he smiled, when the ugly purplish lines seemed to disappear in the wrinkles about his mouth. I was anxious to get a good sketch of him, but succeeded only after many unsatisfactory attempts, and I was about to close my book when a young man who had been looking over my shoulder exclaimed:

"Ah, *Señor*, what would I not give for that portrait!"

"*Caballero*," I answered, "it is yours; and I esteem the compliment of your request so far above the value of the drawing that you must allow me to consider myself your debtor." My real pay lay in the pleasure this answer gave me, and I felt kindly towards the man who had afforded me an opportunity of making such orthodox use of my Spanish.

So we fell into conversation, and before leaving he handed me his card, on which I read the name Simón Muñoz, and below, in brackets, the word *poeta*. He was assistant editor of the local paper, knew everybody, and seemed astonished when, having told me the name of the man with the scar, I asked further about him. "Is it possible," he said, "that you have not heard of Sancho Mitarra? In that case, sir, you must allow me to offer you a little sketch which I have written about him, in exchange for the portrait which you so generously gave me."

The next morning the manuscript was brought up to my room with my chocolate,

and as a heavy rain confined me to the house, I translated it into English. It was as follows:

I.

OVER a thousand years ago, or, to be more pedantic, A. D. 872, the Gascons, being unable to obtain a consul from France and unwilling to elect one at home, sent over into Castile for Sancho García, called Sancho Mitarra, or the Terrible. As king of Pampeluna and Navarre he ruled over them for nearly forty years, gaining great renown not only as a brave Christian soldier in his wars against the Moors, but as a wise and strong-handed ruler at home. From this good king Sancho Mitarra the brass-founder of Irún is directly descended, as it were easy to prove by the old chronicles of Navarre; but as he is a republican on principle, it gives him less pleasure to reflect upon the distinction of his ancestors than upon the sturdiness of a family that has endured a thousand years without a break.

Indeed, as for his being descended from a king, it seems difficult to understand how it could be otherwise. For, supposing that Sancho had been the only one in Spain thirty generations ago, and that each of his descendants had produced but two children, a simple calculation shows that there should be one thousand and seventy-three odd millions of these descendants in the world to-day. Now, as the population of Spain is less than twenty millions, every inhabitant must have some fifty-three or more claims to royal ancestry — a fact which might in some cases account for the list of titles borne by our more modest grandees of the first class.

It is equally indisputable that no fortune, however great, could bear subdivision on such a magnificent scale; hence the poverty, shared by Sancho's father with so many other distant members of the royal family, seems reasonable enough. This worthy citizen was by trade a fisherman, part owner and captain of the *Guerendiaín*, a stanch but ugly vessel belonging to the Basque cod fleet. His house was in the oldest quarter of the town behind the church, and in the dirty kitchen, redolent of the mingled perfumes of tar, garlic, and tobacco-smoke, old Mitarra told strangely incredible tales of the "Américas" beyond the sea. The priest, the postmaster, the captain of the customs, and a couple of retired smugglers were wont to meet there at all hours of the day when

the old man was at home, but usually only after the evening *puchero*,¹ when the family was alone.

Among these good people Sancho grew up, though it can hardly be said that he developed, until, about the time he was twelve years old, the quiet town was thrown into a state of consternation by the news that the whole fleet had been lost off the Banks. The sailor had left but little money — indeed barely enough to support his widow; and thus Sancho had to give up tossing knives and playing ball for the less gentlemanly but more practical employment of blowing the bellows in his uncle's smithy, which enabled him to contribute towards the family expenses. If it be argued that his appetite was altogether out of proportion to his contributions, it were but right to give him credit for a cheerful disposition, a coaxing laugh which compelled sympathy, and a merry wit, always at the service of the household. And whoever has lived on meager fare and in the shadow of sorrow will testify that a merry company around the pot makes as good a sauce as hunger.

Matters went on smoothly for a few years following the old fisherman's disappearance, and indeed up to the date of Sancho's sixteenth birthday, when coming of age suddenly, as it is the custom for kings and possibly for their descendants to do, the ambition of conquest began to disturb his dreams. He renounced the hammer and anvil as being inconsistent with the pursuit of glory, and having successively exacted tribute from the sea in the shape of fish and from the mountains in the shape of game, he finally joined the brotherhood of the *contrabandistas*, among whom he made not a little money. During the periodical intervals of rest that followed each expedition he fell in love with a beautiful, poor, but haughty girl, Elvira Almalta of Ragosa, whom he besought to become his wife. But dazzled by the brilliant life of the great bull-fighters whom she had often admired, the girl had long before vowed to marry no man who had not acquired renown in the arena, — the renown most dear to Spanish hearts, — and Sancho then and there resolved that Spain should ring again with the glory of Mitarra. He had succeeded with so little effort in everything that he had hitherto undertaken, that the new problem before him neither awed nor troubled him; and with his characteristic impetuosity he prepared to leave on the morrow for Pampeluna, where the great Lagartijo was at home. The postmaster gave him some sound advice; the priest his blessing and an antique drawing, representing bull-fighters attending mass before the *corrida*; while Elvira gave him

her promise (conditionally) and a kiss. With these presents, and an immense fund of confidence in his own resources, Sancho started on his apprenticeship.

For more than a year nothing was heard from the young man directly. Under an assumed name he appeared in several minor bull-fights in remote provincial towns, and there he probably acquitted himself so well as to compel the notice of the great Frascuelo; for when the now-famous corrida of the 9th of August was advertised throughout the country, Elvira's toreador-errant was announced on the play-bills under his own name of Sancho Mitarra.

II.

IT is a gala day. A great lady, the greatest in the land, has brought her infant son to witness his first bull-fight and learn early in life to accept the tribute of blood shed in his honor. Cloth of gold and crimson velvet hang in heavy folds from the front of the governor's gallery, and glorious silken banners, embroidered with the royal arms, flap lazily on each side of the wooden box which a poet-laureate might mistake for a throne. Gorgeous uniforms mingled with dazzling costumes make a background fit for a king's portrait, and to right and left, as far as the shade tempers the heat of the summer afternoon, the magnificent fancy of old Spain shines forth once again after years of courteous oblivion. The stage setting seems perfect. The play that is to be enacted belongs to the repertory of a forgotten, so-called barbarous age, and the audience has arrayed itself accordingly; perhaps as an apology for its presence, perhaps to bear out the illusion of a revival, perhaps merely because its gold and crimson harmonizes with the gold of the sunlight on the yellow sand, and the crimson of the blood that is to flow.

Facing the picturesque wisdom of the realm, that shines in dignified magnificence on the shady side of the circus, the picturesque and ragged populace, brilliant only by its apt wit, undulates impatiently beneath the glaring sun — Don Quixote and Sancho Panza types of a past age, if you will, but also types of modern Spain, no more obsolete than the bloody game which both await.

In the dazzling arena below, a fife-and-drum band walks solemnly round and round heedless of well-aimed oranges or equally well-pointed gibes. In the droning buzz of ten thousand talking people the rumble of the drums is completely lost, and the thin, clear, querulous notes of the pipers sound ridiculously weak and unsuited to the occasion — a discord which establishes the reality of the scene, destroying the illusion of a perfect stage per-

¹ Species of boiled meat with vegetables.

formance, but investing it with the keen interest of an event in real life. All along the corridor that surrounds the arena, separating the *valla* from the wall above which the public is seated, the privileged amateurs are eagerly discussing the chances of the fight, prophesying the behavior of each bull, and betting on the number of passes before the final stroke. The cornet of the band blows a preliminary blast and the music bursts forth; the ring is hurriedly cleared, and in two lines the *cuadrilla* make their entrance, to right and left. For a brief moment the chattering of the audience ceases, and in the partial silence each *toreador*, preceded by his shadow, gravely struts across the sand to his appointed place. An *alguazil*, dressed in black velvet, gallops in at the head of a short mounted procession and urges his chestnut horse to rear, while the crowd jeers at him for his theatrical prowess. The key of the *toril* gleams for a moment in the air and disappears in the horseman's pointed felt hat. A clatter and a scurry—a few taunting cries—a clashing of the closing gates—and the formalities of the overture are over.

Before a battle, before a duel, or before a bull-fight there is always one moment of silent *recueillement* during which the contestants, veterans or raw recruits, instinctively weigh the chances. God only knows the issue, and during this last respite man realizes the possibility of the immediate future. Even the *espada*, Frascuelo, Lagartijo, or Mazantini, acknowledges to himself that there is a certain solemnity in this gambling with death; before the public he drapes his gorgeous *capa* about him in pretty falling folds; secretly he crosses himself, and the public, whose wonderful intuition justifies the saying *vox populi, vox Dei*, appreciates the hidden anxiety without heeding the ostentatious affected indifference.

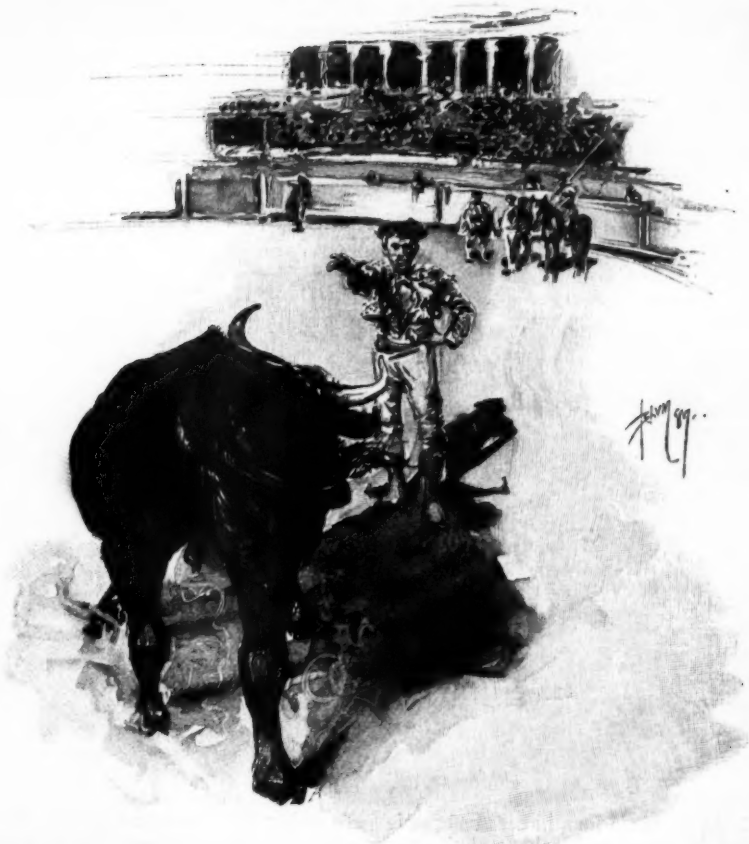
Vaya! The gate is open, the suspense is over. The angry animal dashes in furiously,—smooth-limbed, deep-chested, superbly strong and defiant,—and the multitude heave a sigh of relief. The duel is begun. Fifteen weak, intelligent, skillful animals dressed in gold and silver and silk against a single one in somber satin—a large, lithe-flanked monster ignorant of its might and confident in its ignorance.

Among the *chulos* facing the bull Sancho stands in green and gold. It is his first appearance before a picked audience, and he feels nervous, yet confident of distinguishing himself if only the opportunity offers. In the farthest box on the shady side he recognizes his mother and Elvira in the front row; behind them the postmaster, the collector of customs, and, unless he is much mistaken, his old friend the priest, nodding at him from behind Elvira's

fan. But he has no leisure now to look up at them, for the bull is near him. He throws out his mantle, the animal charges, misses, and passes on, while the handsome boy, avoiding the thrust of the long, polished horns, stands draped in the gaudy silk. He has barely moved, and the crowd cries, "Well done!" but forgets him again as the bull charges the nearest *picador*, raising steed and rider from the ground.

As the play proceeds the excitement grows, and the bull-fighters, spurred on by the despotic fancy of the public, vie with one another in daring and skill. Poor Sancho, alas, is doomed to disappointment. He handles his *capa* perfectly; plants his *banderillas* gracefully, correctly, fearlessly, yet not more so than the others in the ring. With them he receives a passing tribute of applause; but as one bull after another is goaded into fury, and finally backed up against the fence to be killed, the great *espada* alone earns the wildly enthusiastic approbation of the audience. Sancho realizes that he is yet a novice and that fame is not for the obscure; he feels that he could kill the bull as gracefully as the great man upon whom all honors and presents are showered; but he must bide his time and rise upon the ladder of renown rung by rung. What he has done was well done, but it is nothing that will be remembered. In the morrow's papers his name will appear only as one of the *cuadrilla*; the criticism of the connoisseurs will not condescend to notice him, and Elvira will still answer, "Not yet." Five bulls have been dispatched, but one remains; and Opportunity with her short front hair has placed only the bald part of her cranium within his reach. Like all men of a sanguine temper, he is easily depressed; and as the doors of the *toril* open for the entrance of the sixth bull, Sancho has well-nigh lost all hope and interest in the game.

The bull is small, dark robed, well armed, and bears the brand of Veragua: in a few bounds he reaches the center of the arena and pauses to look around. The glaring light after the darkness of his cage, the noisy clamoring of ten thousand excited spectators, and these two-legged moving things in gaudy colors, the like of which he has never seen before, arouse his curiosity and astonish him. By the nervous twitching of his tail and the quick, sharp movements of his head it is evident that he is no "coward." The *toreadores* instinctively recognize him for an exceedingly dangerous adversary, and so it is with more than ordinary prudence that they spread their *capas* before him and run away. But all this fails to move him: slowly and steadily he advances, looking at the man, not at the rag. Now it is Sancho's turn. The bull throws up his head, stops, then plunges forward with such light-



"SANCHO TURNS, STANDS, AND STRETCHES OUT ONE HAND."

ning-like rapidity that the boy feels it is too late to run. The long, smooth horns are already on each side of him; and, scarcely realizing what he is doing, Sancho leaps forward upon the animal's back, and a second later to the ground. How they applaud, how they yell! But he has no time to think, for the bull is coming at him again, heedless of the others who seek to intercept him, and now Sancho knows that the animal has singled him out and that the fight is merely a duel between them. The case is rare, but he has heard of such; the danger is great, but he is not afraid; the chances of his escaping unscathed are few, but he feels confident and happy, for at last his opportunity has come. He flings away his useless *capa* and turns to run, not towards the refuge, the *burladero*, but straight towards the center of the arena, while the older men shake their heads: a clever bull and a rash youth, there is but one

ending to that tale, and a sad one at best. The spectators are beginning to understand, and hold their breath. During the race across the sand not a sound is heard in the vast amphitheater, but the men lean forward and the women hold their fans up to their faces ready to shut out the sight. Suddenly, in the very center of the arena, Sancho turns, stands, and stretches out one hand with a commanding gesture, and the bull, hesitant and startled, stops dead in his wild rush onward, and, stemmed on his outstretched forelegs, gazes in amazement at the slim figure that defies him. Ha! what a glorious group! Strength, grace, beauty, courage, and such movement, suddenly fixed as though in bronze! And now it is gone, as the first low growl of admiration bursts into a thunder of the wildest, most frantic applause. The ten thousand spectators rise as one man to their feet; the "sun" and the "shade"

are equally carried away by emotion, and the most dignified grandees reëcho the very cries of the masses. Even the cuadrilla forgets itself, and the bull, bewildered by the extraordinary clamor, wheels about and dashes at the nearest picador, hurling man and horse against the tablas in his mad onslaught. He has killed them both, but what is that to him or to the

is offered an opportunity for distinction; and even on Elvira, whose lover is now surpassing the ideal torero of her dreams.

Again, as Sancho takes his seat facing the bull, a solemn hush prevails, and the silence seems to be more impressive for the clamor that preceded. The older bull-fighters, with their capas unfolded, stand ready for an emergency.



"LA SILLA!"

crowd! As he turns he still sees before him the thing in green and gold, and the next moment the sharp-pronged banderillas are quivering in his flesh.

"*La silla! la silla!*"¹ yells the crowd. Its kindly sympathy for the skillful boy has made room for a less generous curiosity. Sancho has proved himself to be a master, now let him show what he can do. If he has in him the elements of a great bull-fighter let him be tested. It is cruel to demand "*la silla*" with such a bull, but Sancho now belongs to the public, and an excited, bloodthirsty crowd knows neither sympathy nor sentimentality. If he succeeds, the greater be his honor; if he fails — well then, he should not have led them to suppose him greater than he was. In this moment of over-excitement the injustice, the cruel selfishness of the argument, are lost even on Sancho, intoxicated with applause and suddenly earned success; even on his mother, too Spanish to think of danger when her son

He raises his arms and poises the sharp-pronged darts; a dash, a plunge, a few half-smothered cries, and the chair flies upward through the air to alight forty feet away, while Sancho seems to be standing on the very spot he occupied before the charge. The green and gold ribbons dangling from the bull's neck alone show how sure was the boy's aim and how steady his hand. A murmur of incredulity, more flattering than the deafening tumult that follows, sweeps over the benches, and hats, fans, jewels, and cigars rain down into the ring. All restraint seems loosened; all timidity gone from the most timid; young girls, with flushed faces and flashing eyes, laugh hysterically and call out the hero's name. Even the haughty Elvira rises, unclasps her bracelet, and leaning forward with a cry that tells Sancho how real is his dream, she flings the token far out on the sand, where, heedless of all danger, the boy kneels and kisses the precious gift; for by this sign he knows that she has yielded.

¹ The *torero* sits in a chair (*silla*) and awaits the bull's charge; he holds the banderillas (sharp-pronged darts with barbed points) before him and in a sitting

posture plants them in the bull's shoulder, a most dangerous feat. Nearly all who attempt it rise before the bull is near them.

Once more he miraculously avoids the bull, who charges at him from behind, and panting, exhausted, but inexpressibly happy, he leans against the *valla*, listening absent-mindedly to the compliments showered upon him. His part in the performance is over, for the cowed animal now sullenly faces his tormentors on the spot where he has chosen to die, and the espada is advancing, sword in hand, to give him the *coup de grâce*. But, to the surprise of all, he passes by the bull, and taking Sancho by the hand he offers him the *muleta*. One bull more or less is of little importance to his glory, and should this boy become a great man he will remember his master's kindness gratefully; if, on the other hand, the future does not justify the day's promise, the bravos of the crowd that applaud his generosity are as pleasing to him now as had they been delayed a minute to applaud his skill.

And now the parts are reversed. The man attacks, the bull defends himself; he is weary with the gigantic efforts of the last half-hour, weary with loss of blood, weary of attacking an ever-vanishing foe. Sullenly, with lowered head and watchful eyes, he follows the undulating motion of the red rag before him and listlessly attempts to reach it with his horns. A sharp prick on the nose once more rouses his rage; for the last time he charges; the long, flexible blade is buried in his flesh, and as his strength flows away with his life's blood the brave beast slowly kneels before his conqueror. The day is done, and Sancho turns to offer the bull to his lady, thus moving a step nearer to his fallen foe — dying, but alas, not dead. In his impatient joy he has forgotten that that last moment before death is the most dangerous of the fight. Even as he raises his hand towards Elvira's box he is hurled to the ground, and as the two heroic animals sink quivering together on the sand, a mighty, passionate roar bursts from the fickle multitude: "*Toro, toro! Bravo, toro!*"

III.

FOR many months Sancho was confined to his bed unable to move, for, besides the great gash across his face, he had received two deep and dangerous wounds, and during this long time both Elvira and his friends were constantly at his bedside. It was then that he read "*Don Quixote*," a work which made such

an impression upon his mind that to this day you will rarely meet him without a volume in his pocket, though he knows the greater part of it by heart. Nor is it doubtful that he then acquired the philosophy of contentment which is such a noticeable trait in his character, as well as his love for good Spanish literature, of which his knowledge is extraordinary in a man of his schooling.

When he had recovered sufficiently, he was married in the old church by the house, and the wedding was an occasion for great rejoicing in Irún. Many members of the *cuadrilla*, as one of which Sancho's name had become known throughout the length and breadth of Spain, were present at the banquet following the ceremony, and which was offered by the town. Old Salazar, as a representative of the profession, made an elaborate speech in which he said, that having begun his career in so brilliant a fashion, it was Sancho Mitarra's duty to continue and become, as he naturally must, the greatest torero the world had ever seen. Certainly no man, Pepe Hillo and el Tato included, had done more in a single day than had Sancho Mitarra, whom he was proud to call his friend, and whom as an older man he felt authorized to question about his future plans.

"Friends," answered the bridegroom, as he laid his hand on Elvira's head, "I went into the arena not to fight bulls, but to satisfy the lady of my heart; and now, 'as we have loaves, let us not go looking for cakes.' Glory is a fine thing, no doubt, but we cannot leave it to our children. Like truth, it lies at the bottom of a deep well; and, as the proverb says, 'The pitcher that goes often to the well is sure to lose either handle or spout,' a proof of which I shall carry on my face until the curate can do me more good than the baker. As for riches, 'four yards of Cuenca frieze are warmer than four of Segovia broadcloth,' and while counting the cobwebs on the ceiling I figured that I could earn the frieze more surely in a modest shop than the broadcloth in the amphitheater. Thus, friends, let no man be disappointed in my resolution to become a brass-founder, for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

Which accounts for Sancho's wearing a blouse instead of a gold-embroidered jacket.

John Heard, Jr.



WHAT IS THE REAL SHAPE OF THE SPIRAL NEBULÆ?



NE of the greatest works of the two Herschels, father and son, was the exploration of the region of the nebulae. When they began their labors, less than one hundred such objects were known. Sir John Herschel's catalogue contains more than five thousand nebulae, and of these more than four thousand were discovered by the Herschels alone. Such amazing activity in mere discovery did not leave much leisure for a minute study of the details of nebulous structure. Although the nebulae in general had been

greed to the highly complex forms of some of the larger nebulae. These two figures will, however, serve excellently to exhibit the type of spiral nebulae.

When the great telescope of the Lick Observatory was installed in the summer of 1888 some of the first objects examined were of this class. Although many new details were added to those previously known, no real new light was thrown on the constitution and character of the class of spiral nebulae. Also many of the so-called planetary nebulae—objects usually circular or elliptic with a disk somewhat resembling that of a planet—were carefully

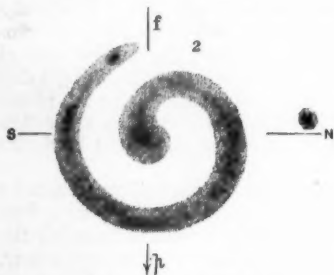


FIGURE 1. SPIRAL NEBULA.



FIGURE 2. SPIRAL NEBULA.

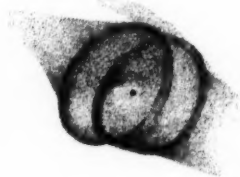


FIGURE 3. HELIX NEBULA.

divided into classes by Sir William Herschel, and although a few of the more important ones had been carefully studied by Sir John, it was not until after the mounting of Lord Rosse's great reflector that the systematic study of the minute structure of special nebulae was fairly begun. And one of the first-fruits of the establishment of this great telescope was the discovery of quite a new class of these objects—the spiral nebulae.

It was found by Lord Rosse that many nebulae had all their parts disposed in true spirals, and it was also found that many other nebulae of the brighter and more interesting kind—the great nebula of Orion among them—also had many of their principal features disposed in spirals. The best drawings of such objects that we possess are due to Mr. Lassell, who constructed with his own hands several splendid reflecting telescopes, and who used them with a skill and insight which many a professional astronomer may envy. Figures 1 and 2 give representations of spiral nebulae of pronounced type, taken from the collection of drawings made by Mr. Lassell at Malta. From simple shapes like these we can pass by insensible de-

studied. One of these, as is shown in figure 3, yielded very novel results.

To the Herschels, and to all previous observers, this nebula had presented the aspect of a pale blue elliptical disk, evenly illuminated over all its surface, with a faint dot of a central star or nucleus. The great power of the Lick telescope quite changed all that and gave us new details which have made this one of the most interesting objects in the heavens. The central star—which has a reddish tinge—was there; but the pale uniform elliptic disk was resolved into two interlacing hoops or rings of nebulosity. Although these were projected on the flat ground of the heavens, and although there seemed to be no possible way of absolutely demonstrating our conclusions, we did not hesitate to announce this as the first known nebula of an entirely new class and species—as a nebula whose parts were undoubtedly arranged in space in the form of a helix. No one can study this nebula through the great telescope without feeling certain that he is actually seeing something like the true shape of the object, and that it is in fact what we have called it, a helix nebula, and the first of its

class. There was no doubt that the spiral nebulæ were also the projections of helices, but there was not the slightest evidence to demonstrate their real shape in space. All that was known was that they were seen as spirals, and that *some* helical shape projected on the background of the sky must produce their spiral form.

The discovery of the helix nebula (figure 3) naturally led to the search for a method which might enable one, in some cases at least, to determine the actual situation of the different branches of a nebula in space of three dimensions, from the meager data afforded by the projection of these branches upon the background of the sky. In general, this problem is hopelessly insoluble by our present means. I have, however, obtained some most interesting results for one class of nebulæ at least, and perhaps the method employed is capable of still wider applications.

To understand the method let us first get a clear conception of the manner in which we see any distant heavenly body, as a nebula, for example. Every point of the nebula is constantly giving off its feeble light in straight lines—rays of light—in every possible direction. Most of these rays pass to other parts of space than ours, but a certain number of them are directed towards the solar system (A in figure 4). These rays alone come to the eye and are alone effective in making the picture

parallel rays coming from all those points of the nebula which are turned towards us. The angle between the axes of the outside bundles of these rays corresponds to the angular diameter of the nebula, and this angle is usually very small.

Suppose, for example, that the nebula as it really exists in space is a circle; and that the edge—the rim—of the nebula is turned towards the earth. We shall see such a shape as a straight line. Just as in this case so in others. In figure 4 the eye at A will receive a cylinder formed by parallel rays from the nebula at α' or α'' and will project the directions of those rays backward upon the ground of the sky into a curve like a . The only thing that we know, in general, about a nebula is that its projection on the background of the sky is a curve, like a , for example. And the shape a is what we see in our telescopes, or it is what a photograph of the region will show us. We have to conceive, then, a real nebula of unknown form situated somewhere in space between the eye and the background of the sky; of bundles of parallel rays of light from this real nebula reaching the earth at A; and, finally, of these rays projected backward to the real concave of the heavens and meeting this background in a projected curve a , which is the nebula as it appears to us and as it is depicted in drawings. Looking at it geometrically, the curve a , whatever it is, circle, ellipse, spiral, must be considered as the base of a sort of cylinder; and the rays reaching from a to A must be considered as the elements of the cylinder, which taken all together form its surface. If the base a is a circle, we have the ordinary cylinder; if it is an ellipse or other closed curve, still we have a cylinder; if the base a is not a closed curve but an open one, like a spiral, still we have a cylindrical surface or sheet. This surface may be highly complicated; parts of it may intersect and cross in an involved fashion, depending on the curve of its base; but, finally, we have always the cylindric sheet or surface, with the projection a of the nebula at one end of it, and the eye A at the other, and with straight lines between a and A. For example, the cylinder B δ of the same figure shows a more complex cylindrical sheet than the one first drawn, corresponding to a more complex projected curve δ . Every nebula drawing then must be conceived as the base of some projecting cylinder. The case is very different for one of the nearer heavenly bodies—as Jupiter, for example. Here we actually see all the details of the surface, and know that it is a sphere and not a flat disk by determining the time of rotation of these spots and markings.

Let us consider the two projecting cylinders of figure 4 a little more closely. It is clear that it is only the *surface* of the cylinder which cor-

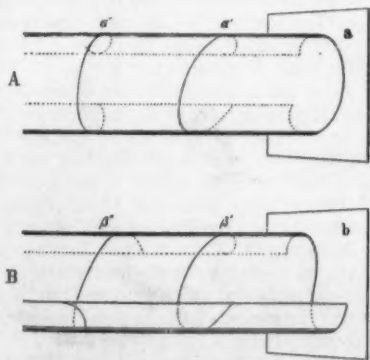


FIGURE 4. SHOWING TWO DRAWINGS OF DIFFERENT NEBULÆ, a AND b THEIR PROJECTING CYLINDER.

on our retina which corresponds to a particular nebula. The source of light is so distant that all the rays from each point of the nebula are absolutely parallel. The moon is the nearest celestial body, and yet rays which pass from each point of the lunar disk over the 240,000 miles between the moon and the earth are, for all practical purposes, exactly parallel. Still more must we regard the rays from every point of even the nearest nebula as parallel. The picture on the retina of our eye is thus formed by bundles of

responds to the drawing *a* or *b*. The interior volume has nothing to do with the matter. Moreover it is clear that the surface of the cylindric sheet corresponds *exactly* to the drawing. And in this way: *any* curve drawn on the surface of the cylinder *A* must be projected back on the sky in one and the same curve *a*. Draw any curve whatever on the surface of the cylinder and in general it will be projected back on the sky in the one curve *a*.

or ribbons of nebulous matter twisted about a central nucleus and seen by us in the form of a spiral curve. There are many other classes of nebulae, as those with circular or oval disks—the planetary nebulae; those consisting of one or two straight parallel rays; those disposed in oval rings, etc. We are now concerned only with the spiral nebulae, and figures 1 and 2 are the most striking of these which we may select as types.



FIGURE 5. THREE VIEWS OF THE MODEL OF THE TYPE-HELIX.

This means that no matter what shape the real nebula α' or α'' may have in space, provided only that it lies on the surface of this cylinder, we can see it projected on the background of the sky in only one curve; namely, in *a*. Exactly in the same way, *any* curve on the surface of the cylinder *B* can be projected on the sky into only one drawing as *b*. β' and β'' are two such curves, but it is clear that there may be an infinite number of them. Any one out of this infinite number, provided only that it is drawn on the surface of the cylinder, must be projected back into the single curve *b*, and it can be projected into no other.

This is all that we know, in general, about a nebula: we have made a drawing of it, or it has been photographed, and we have the picture *a* or *b*. About the real shape of the nebula itself we know next to nothing. It may have almost any fantastic shape. Almost any; but finally there is a limitation. The nebula must lie on the surface of its projecting cylinder. If it fulfills this one condition, it may be, for all that we know, *any* one of the myriad curves which can be so drawn.

The problem to be solved is to determine, if possible, which one of these myriad curves we must choose to represent the real nebula in space. This problem has never been solved, and, in general, it is probably quite insoluble.

In a very particular case it has received a solution, and perhaps the method of solution may be capable of wider application. The particular case in question is that of the spiral nebulae. These are usually elongated strings

We must recollect that the representations of nebulae in this article are taken from drawings, and that, like all drawings, they are subject to errors due to imperfect telescopic, visual, and artistic powers.

Photographs of nebulae are subject to a different and less hurtful class of errors, and they are quite free from anything like personal bias or opinion; and therefore they are much better data than drawings. But only a very few of the spiral nebulae have yet been photographed, and hence I am obliged to be content with these drawings, which are the best we have, and to wait until the great telescope of the Lick Observatory and other photographic instruments have provided us with more accurate delineations. With the best data available we may proceed to make the best solution possible of our problem, which is to find out the real situation in space of the various branches of the spiral nebulae.

We have the drawings *a*, *b*, etc. What are the true curves in space? Recollect that any curve on the surface of the cylinder *A* will produce the curve *a*, and that any curve on the cylinder *B* will produce *b*, and so on. Notice also that, in general, the surfaces of such projecting cylinders as *A*, *B*, etc. must be very different, because the pictures of the nebulae *a*, *b*, etc. are so utterly dissimilar.

Suppose that we could find a pair of curves, *a*, *b*, whose cylinders, *A*, *B*, were of such a shape that the same curve *can* be drawn on their surfaces, then there is at least a probability that this particular curve is in fact the

true shape of this pair of nebulae. If, again, we can find another nebula, *c*, whose cylinder, *C*, is so similar in shape to that of *a* that like curves can be drawn on the three surfaces, *A*, *B*, *C*, then there is a still greater probability that the identical curve on these three surfaces is in fact the true shape of these three nebulae in space. If we find yet another nebula, *d*, whose cylinder, *D*, is of such a shape that we can also draw the same curve on its surface, then once more there is a much higher probability that we have found the real shape of all four nebulae, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*. As we get more and more examples all fulfilling the same condition, the probability that we have really obtained the veritable shape of the nebulous form in space is very rapidly increased; and by finding enough examples we may increase the probability to essential certainty.

We can attack the problem practically by seeking to form a wire model of such a shape that when it is held at different angles and in varying positions it can be made to cover accurately the outlines of each drawing of each nebula. The model must be changed and corrected in many trials, but finally I have found that it is possible to construct a helix or corkscrew-like curve, such that it can be projected into nearly every one of the multifarious forms assumed by the different spiral nebulae. At first sight it would seem strange that one such helix was enough, but in fact it is. All the spiral nebulae seem to be of the same type. Each of them is nothing more than a different view, a different projection, of one and the same parent curve. This curve is a true helix of not very complex form. It is shown in figure 5. Looking directly down upon it we have the left-hand position in the figure, and two views from the east and north sides respectively are shown beside the first. After constructing such a model as this, by many trials, it was applied to all the drawings of spiral nebulae which we possess, and it has been found to fit them accurately within the limits of precision of the drawings themselves.

With more accurate drawings the model or type-helix will have to be slightly modified, but I think we may now for the first time say that the situation of the different parts of a nebula in space is known. We have previously not known this for any nebula.

This result may have the most interesting and far-reaching consequences. We shall be able to fix the directions of the axes of each of the spiral nebulae and to say how they lie in space. Are they all parallel? do they all point



FIGURE 6. PROJECTIONS OF THE TYPE-HELIX ON A PLANE.

to some central point? or, as is most likely, are they entirely arbitrary in direction? What is the law of force by which the surrounding particles are attracted to, or repelled from, the central nucleus of the nebula? Is there a resisting medium surrounding these bodies? Are they in motion? Some of the parts of each nebula must be approaching us, some receding from us. Is it possible to make our spectroscopic observations sufficiently delicate to decide between these two directions with the clues afforded by our knowledge of their real shape? These and many similar questions at once suggest themselves with regard to each individual nebula. And some of these can certainly be answered, as respects some particular nebulae. The answers so obtained will have the most important bearing on the larger question of the mode of formation of the solar system. In the spiral nebulae we have an example of the working of the nebular hypothesis on a comprehensible scale, and we may hope to make some further steps onward by the light of the knowledge which seems now to be opening to us by the application of an unexpectedly simple method.

Edward S. Holden.

THE NATURE AND METHOD OF REVELATION.

II.—THE GRADUALNESS OF REVELATION.



"FIRST the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." This picture Jesus himself drew of the foreseen diffusion of his kingdom. The kingdom was to be "as if a man should cast seed upon the earth." He plants it and leaves it; he sleeps and rises, "night and day." Meantime the seed springs up and grows, "he knoweth not how." It goes through, one after another, the stages of development up to the ripeness of the fruit. A parable, it need not be said, is framed to illustrate one point, and is not to be pressed beyond the intended scope. As rain and sunshine are required for the growth of wheat, so we are taught elsewhere that divine influences are needful, and are never disconnected from the operation of the truth in the minds of men. There is enough complementary teaching of Jesus to preclude any mistake, or one-sided view, in this direction. Yet the parable shows the confidence of Jesus in the perpetuity and progress of his kingdom. There resides in it, so he declared, a self-preserving, self-developing life. The seed, once planted, might be left with entire unconcern as to its growth. In these days, when "development" is a word on every tongue, we are often told that the conception of nature and natural law is foreign to the Scriptures. No assertion could be more mistaken. Even on the first page of the Bible, although the design there is to set in the foreground the creative agency of God, we read that the earth was bidden to bring forth the grass, the herb, and the fruit tree, each yielding "after his kind," "whose seed is in itself." In the parable of Jesus of which we are speaking, it is said that "the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself"—that is, to transfer the Greek term into English, "automatically." That epithet is chosen which denotes most exactly a self-acting, spontaneous energy, inherent in the seed which Jesus, through his discourses, his acts of mercy and power, and his patience unto death, was sowing in the world. This grand prophetic declaration, uttered in a figure so simple and beautiful, in the ears of a little

company of Galileans, was to be wonderfully verified in the coming ages of Christian history.

It is not, however, the progress of Christianity since it was fully introduced by Christ and the Apostles that we have now to consider. The development of the understanding of Christianity on the side of doctrine and of ethics, the advance to a more and more just and enlightened comprehension of the Christian religion, the unveiling of the riches of meaning involved in it, is a fascinating theme. But all this belongs under the head of the *interpretation* of Christianity, that term being used in a broad sense. The religion of the Gospel means vastly more to-day than it was ever perceived to mean before. This enlarged meaning, however, is not annexed to it or carried into it, but legitimately educed from it, through the ever-widening perceptions of Christian men whom the Spirit of God illuminates. The starry heavens are now what they were of old; there is no enlargement save that which comes through the increased power and use of the telescope. The globe on which we dwell to-day is the same that it was twenty centuries ago. Yet during the past ages there has been a progressive advance in astronomical and geographical discovery. No one commits the blunder of confounding discovery with creation.

What we have to speak of now is development and progress in the contents of revelation itself, in the interval between its remotest beginnings and the epoch when the Apostles finally handed it over in its ripe, consummated form to the Church, to be thereafter promulgated in the world. Of divine revelation itself the saying is likewise true: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The fact that revelation was progressive, that it went forward like the advance from dawn to noonday, may suggest the hasty, unwarranted conclusion that it was a natural process merely. Some will be quick to leap to this rash inference. As regards natural religion, the fact that creation is found to have been progressive, that unsuspected links are found to unite its consecutive stages, that the tendency of science is to lay bare a certain continuity in nature, leads the shortsighted to ignore the supernatural altogether. They imagine that there is no need to call in God to explain nature except where breaks are met

in the chain of mechanical causation. It is enough, they imagine, to be able to trace back the planetary system to a fiery vapor preceding it, as if the existence, or the order, or the beauty, of the astronomic system were thereby explained. If it be true that the plants in their multiplied species or "kinds" spring out of a few primitive germs, or out of only one, the evidence of forethought and will-power in the organization of the vegetable kingdom is not in the least weakened. Nor would it be effaced if the spontaneous generation of the living from the lifeless were an ascertained fact of science. It is the fruit of that same unreflecting tendency to dispense with God where there is observed an orderly progress of phenomena, which leads to the ignoring or denial of the supernatural in connection with the gradually developing religion of redemption. The critical researches of the time ferret out bonds of connection between successive stages of religious and moral teaching in the sacred volume. As in geology, there is less need than was formerly thought to fall back on the supposition of catastrophes along the path. The rudiments of what once seemed an utterly new form or phase of doctrine are detected at a point farther back. Behind the most impressive inculcations of truth are found the more or less unshapen materials out of which they were framed. The statue is followed back through the different sets of workmen to the quarry where the marble was hewn out of its bed. Before the Lord's Prayer was given by the Master some of the petitions contained in it had lain, like grains of gold dispersed in a sand-heap, in the arid waste of rabbinical teaching. The first effect on a novice in literary studies of looking behind Shakspeare's plays to the tales out of which they were woven, is to lessen in some slight degree his previous impression of the poet's originality. In a much greater degree is this effect produced by the first view of the spoils of the past which Milton gathered — from Homer, the Greek tragedians, Dante — and incorporated into his poems. That revealed religion is revealed, and is not the product of human genius, despite the gradual unfolding of it and the coherence of its parts, becomes more and more evident the more thoroughly the characteristics of it are appreciated. Its unique character finds no explanation in native tendencies of the Semitic race. History belies such a solution, of which Renan is one of the later advocates. This can be said while it is conceded that there were, no doubt, qualities in the Hebrew people which caused them to be selected as the recipients of revelation, and as witnesses for God to the rest of mankind. When we contemplate the true religion in its long, con-

tinuous advance upward to its culmination in the Gospel of Christ,—when we survey this entire course of history as a connected whole,—we are struck with the conviction of supernatural agency and authorship. When the outcome appears at the end in Jesus Christ and his work, light is thrown back on the divine ordering of the long series of antecedent steps. The accompaniment of miracle is a crowning token, reënforcing all other proofs of the supernatural, and confirming faith by an argument to the senses.

In glancing at the historic process of revelation, as that is disclosed by the scriptural documents, there is one transition which none can overlook. It is the contrast, on which the Apostle Paul builds so much, between law and gospel, the old covenant and the new. It is true that the Old Testament is not wanting in proclamations of the merciful character of God. The Apostle Paul himself insists that the Old Testament religion was, in its very foundation, a religion of promise, and that law came in to fill an intermediate space and to do a subsidiary office, prior to the realization of the promise. His doctrine is, moreover, that even the Gospel contains a new disclosure of God's righteousness, which was made necessary by his having passed over human sins in the period of comparative ignorance. The Atonement prevents the misconception which the divine forbearance in dealing with law-breakers in the earlier times might have occasioned. Still, the earlier revelation of God was predominantly a manifestation designed to impress on those to whom it was made his justice and unsparing abhorrence of transgression. Only as far as ill-desert is felt can pardon be either given or received. An education of conscience must precede a dispensation of grace. The later revelation was one of forgiving love. The superiority of Christianity to the Old Testament religion is the subject of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Its author will show that Christ is the "mediator of a better covenant"—a covenant with "better promises." "For," he pointedly remarks, "if that first covenant had been faultless," there would have been no occasion and no room for the second. The world-embracing compass of God's love, its inclusion of the Gentile races, was one of the prime elements in the Gospel. This was the "mystery" which had been hid from "ages and generations." The ordinary meaning of the term "mystery," in the New Testament writings, is not something which is still unknown, or inscrutable, but something which had before been concealed from human knowledge, but had now been brought to light. And the term is specially applied to the purpose of God to show

mercy to the world of mankind—a purpose which had been concealed from men, or at best but obscurely divined.

What precisely was the conception of God which was entertained in the earliest periods of Hebrew history is a subject of debate. There are questions which will be settled variously, according to the different views which are adopted respecting the date and relative authority of the documents. That the process of expelling the vestiges of polytheism and image-worship from the practices of the Israelitish people was accomplished slowly is sufficiently clear. The assumption, involved in language uttered by the heathen, that the gods of other nations than Israel are real beings, and exercise power, although it may be less than the power of Israel's God, determines nothing as to the doctrine of Israel's own accredited teachers. But Jethro, although a Midianite prince, was the father-in-law of Moses, and we find him saying, "Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods." Jephthah says to a Moabite king: "Wilt thou not possess that which Chemosh thy god giveth thee to possess? So whomsoever the Lord our God hath dispossessed from before us, them will we possess." Even Solomon wavered in his beliefs on this subject. Side by side with the altars of Jehovah, he built altars to foreign gods. Even in the early Church the idea prevailed that the deities of the heathen were demons—really existing, but evil and inferior in power. It would be natural for the less instructed Hebrews to imagine that there was some sort of territorial limit to the jurisdiction of the God whom they worshiped. An indistinct idea of this kind is at least a natural explanation of the story of the attempted flight of the prophet Jonah to Tarshish, which lay on the western border of the Mediterranean. There is a curious disclosure of a natural feeling in the fact recorded, without censure or comment of any sort, of Naaman, the Syrian captain. He craved permission to take into Syria two mules' burden of earth,—the sacred soil of Israel,—that upon it he might offer sacrifice to Jehovah. Some scholars there are who consider the earliest belief of the descendants of Abraham to have fallen short of a positive monotheism, and to have been rather a monolatry—the worship of one God, to the exclusion of all other worship, but without an explicit disbelief in the existence of other divinities who have respectively their own earthly realms to govern. Then the progress of faith would include, first, the idea of the God of Israel as more powerful than all other deities, and then, later, the ascription to him of almightiness, and the distinct conviction that all other gods are fictitious beings. But the scriptural evidence in favor

of this succession in the phases of faith is scanty. We are speaking now, not of the populace, but of their more enlightened and steadfast guides. The path from a more narrow conception of God to a pure and absolute monotheism is supposed by some to have been through a deepening ethical idea of the attributes of Israel's God. Wellhausen writes: "Jehovah became the God of Justice and Right; as God of Justice and Right, he came to be thought of as the highest, and at last as the only, power in heaven and earth." The reader of statements of this kind should bear in mind that we are in a field where prepossession and theory play a great part. If it could be established that Jehovah at the outset was regarded as simply the tribal god, the sovereign protector of that one people, while the other nations were imagined to have each its own guardian divinity; yet the expansion of this primitive notion into the pure and lofty conception of the only true and living God, the world's creator and ruler, which is presented in soul-stirring language by the most ancient prophets, is a marvel. The transformation is really insoluble on any naturalistic theory. Even on the supposition that there was this gradual uplifting of religion from the low plane on which all pagan nations stood, and that the notion of a mere local divinity, of limited control, gave way to the majestic conception of one Lord of heaven and earth, the maker of all things, the ruler of nations, the universal sovereign—no conclusion would be so reasonable as that God Almighty took this method of gradually disclosing his being and attributes to that portion of the human race from whom, as from a center, the light of the true faith was eventually to radiate to the rest of mankind.

The universal providence of God is a cardinal element in Christian theism. Nothing is independent of him. There is no province set apart from his control, where rival agencies hold sway and thwart his designs. We can easily understand why, in the early stages of revelation, all emphasis should be laid on the sovereign power of God, and why a clear separation of his direct efficiency from his permissive act should be reserved for a later day. It was always taught, indeed, and holds true for all time, that according to a law of habit, of which the creator of the soul is the author and sustainer, sin engenders further sin. A self-propagating power inheres in transgression. In numberless examples it is observed that sin is thus the penalty of sin. It is true now, as it was always true, that a loss of moral discernment and a fixedness of perverse inclination are an ordained effect of persistent evil-doing. The law which entails this result is but another

name for a divine operation. Hence it is a false and superficial theology which will find no place for "judicial blindness" and for a "hardening of heart" that deserves to be called a judgment of God. So far the Scriptures of the New Testament are in full accord with the Scriptures of the Old. But there are certain forms of representation which, in the introductory periods of revelation, go beyond these statements, and ascribe to God a positive and immediate agency in the production of moral evil. Sometimes the hardening of the heart is spoken of as if it were the end which is directly aimed at. Such passages, taken by themselves, would warrant the harshest doctrine of reprobation which hyper-Calvinism has ever broached. The proper treatment of such passages is not—certainly not in all cases—to pronounce them hyperboles. It is not through unnatural devices of interpretation that we are to rid ourselves of the difficulty which passages of this nature occasion. The reference of them to a fervid rhetoric—in various instances, to say the least—may not be the right solution. We are rather to see in them that vivid idea of God's limitless power and providence which has not yet arrived at the point of qualifying the conception by theological discriminations. If it be asked how it was possible to reconcile the perception of the ill-desert of sin with the ascription of it to God's causal agency, the answer is that the inconsistency was not thought of. Reflection was required before the inconsistency referred to could become an object of attention, and the need of removing it be felt. In more than one philosophical system—for example, in Stoicism—there is found an earnest ethical feeling, which condemns wrong action, side by side with a metaphysical theory as to the origin of evil, which logically clashes with such an abhorrence of it. The two judgments do not jostle each other, because they are not brought together in the thoughts of those who entertain them. Where there is more reflection in the matter, as in Spinoza and his followers, it is still possible to keep up a degree of moral disapproval along with a theory which really ought to banish it as absurd. In the ancient Scriptures, and occasionally in the New Testament, especially in passages cited from the Old, the evil-doing and perdition of classes of men, their misunderstanding and perversion of the truth, are set forth as ends in themselves. Being involved in the circle of occurrences which are comprised in the general scheme of Providence, they are no surprise to him who carries it forward. They were foreseen and taken into the account from the beginning. It was arranged that they should be overruled and made the occasion of good. Their relation to Providence

is emphasized in speaking of them as being directly aimed at and pursued, so to speak, on their own account. As we follow down the progress of revelation, we see that needful distinctions are more frequently made, and more carefully insisted on. In the second book of Samuel (xxiv. 1) it is said that God "moved" David against Israel, with whom he was displeased, and bade him go and number the people. The impulse or resolution of David, on account of which David was subsequently struck with compunction, is there said to have emanated directly from God himself. But in the later history (1 Chronicles, xxi. 1), in the record of the same transaction, we read that it was Satan who "provoked David to number Israel." The earlier writer does not hesitate to describe God's providential act as if it were the direct product of his preference, an explicit injunction, and the fact of David's repentance for doing the act does not present to the writer's mind any difficulty. The chronicler, from a later point of view, sets forth the act of David in such a way as to exclude, if not to guard against, the supposition that God prompted it.

The gradualness of the disclosure of the merciful character of God is one of the most obvious features of revelation. One part of this disclosure pertains to the heathen, and to the light in which they are regarded. It was natural that the contempt and loathing which idolatry and the abominations of paganism excited in the heart of the pious Israelite—feelings which the Mosaic revelation developed and stimulated—should be felt towards heathen worshipers themselves. The hatred thus begotten awakened an impatient desire that the divine vengeance should fall upon them. An impressive rebuke of this unmerciful sentiment, and what is really a distinct advance in the inculcation of an opposite feeling, is found in the book of Jonah. There are reasons which have availed to satisfy critics as learned and impartial as Bleek, who are influenced by no prejudice against miracles as such, that this remarkable book was originally meant to be an apologue—an imaginary story, linked to the name of an historical person, a prophet of an earlier date, and was composed in order to inculcate the lesson with which the narrative concludes. This was the opinion, also, of the late Dr. T. D. Woolsey. One thing brought out by the experience of Jonah is that so great is God's mercy that even an explicit threat of dire calamities may be left unfulfilled, in case there intervene repentance on the part of those against whom it was directed. The prophet who was exasperated at the sparing of the Ninevites was taught how narrow and cruel his ideas were, by the symbol of the

gourd "which came up in a night, and perished in a night." He was incensed on account of the withering of the gourd which had shielded his head from the sun. The Lord referred to Jonah's having had pity on the gourd, and said: "And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" This humane utterance, in which compassion is expressed even for the dumb brutes, is memorable for being one of the most important landmarks in Scripture, since it marks a widened view of God's love to the heathen. To illustrate this truth the narrative was written, and towards it as onward to a goal it steadily moves.

The truth of a righteous moral government over the world pervades revelation from the beginning. Obedience to law will not fail of its due reward; guilt will be punished in a just measure. But under the Old Testament system, nearly to its close, the theater of reward and penalty was confined to this world. The horizon was practically bounded by the limits of the earthly life. It was here, on earth, that well-doing was to secure the appropriate blessing, and sin to encounter its meet retribution. The Israelite, like other men of antiquity, was wrapped up in the state. He felt that his weal or woe hinged on the fortunes of the community in whose well-being his affections were, in a degree beyond our modern experience, absorbed. The prophets never ceased to thunder forth the proclamation that the fate of the community would be surely, in the providence of God, determined by its fidelity or its disloyalty to its moral and religious obligations. If they deserted God, he would forsake them. The people were to be rewarded or punished, blessed or cursed, as a body. And so in reality their experience proved. Moreover, as regards the single family, and the individual, the tendencies of righteous action, under the laws of Providence, were then, as always, on the whole favorable to the upright in heart. The arrangements of Providence were in their favor. But in process of time it became more and more painfully apparent that this rule was not without numerous exceptions. The righteous man was not uniformly prospered. He might be poor, he might be oppressed, he might be condemned to endure physical torture, he might perish in the midst of his days. On the other hand, the wicked man was often seen to thrive. His wealth increased. He grew in power and influence. His life was prolonged. How could the justice of God be defended? How could the allotments of Providence—this disharmony between character and earthly fortune—be vindicated? This problem became the

more anxious and perplexing as the minds of men grew to be more observant and reflective. How to explain the lack of correspondence between the condition and the deserts of the individual? This problem is the groundwork of the book of Job. A righteous man is overwhelmed by calamities, one after another. His lot is to himself a dark and terrible mystery. But his consolers, when they break silence, solve it in the only way known to their theology. Such exceptional suffering implies an exceptional amount of guilt. Job must have been a flagrant transgressor. Of this fact his dismal situation is proof positive. The wrath of Jehovah is upon him. Conscious of the injustice of the allegation brought against him, yet unable to confute the logic of it, Job can do nothing but break out in loud complaints extorted by his anguish and the bewilderment into which he is thrown. He cannot see any equity in the lot which has befallen him. His outcries give vent to a pessimistic view of the world and of the divine management of it. Another interlocutor brings forward the inscrutable character of God's doings. What more vain and arrogant than for so weak and helpless a creature as man to pretend to sound the unfathomable counsels of the Almighty, and to sit in judgment on his ordinances? This, of course, is a rebuke, but contains no satisfactory answer to the questions which the distress of Job wrings from him. But the real answer is given. Afflictions may have other ends than to punish. They may be trials of the righteousness of a servant of God. They are a test to decide whether it springs out of a mercenary motive. Hence, it is not to be inferred that his sufferings are the measure of his ill-desert. Thus a distinct advance is made in the theodicy. New vistas are opened. Pain has other designs and uses besides the retributive function. Yet at the end Job's possessions and his earthly prosperity are all restored to him. The feeling that even here on earth there must be, sooner or later, an equalizing of character and fortune is not wholly given up.

It was revealed, then, to the religious mind, that suffering, besides being inflicted as the wages of sin, might be sent to put to the test the steadfastness of the sufferer's loyalty to God, to prove the unselfishness of piety, by showing that it might survive the loss of all personal advantages resulting from it, and to fortify the soul in its principle of obedience and piety. But relief from perplexity in view of the calamities of the righteous came from another source. This was the perception of the vicarious character of the righteous man's affliction. This idea emerges to view in a very distinct form in the great prophets. The pious portion of Israel, the kernel of the people,

suffer not for their own sake, but on account of the sins of the nation, and as a means of saving it from deserved penalties and from utter destruction. This view is brought out by Isaiah in his description of the servant of Jehovah. The conception is gradually narrowed from Israel as a whole, or the select portion of Israel, and becomes more concrete; so that in the fifty-third chapter the sufferer is an individual, the Messianic deliverer. It is declared that the popular judgment respecting the sufferer, which attributes to him personal guilt, and sees in his lot the frown of God, is mistaken. Penalties are laid on him, he is taking on himself penalties which not he, but others, deserve to bear. How this principle of vicarious service is illustrated in the life and death of Jesus, and how abundantly it is set forth in the New Testament, it is needless to say. Who had sinned, the blind man or his parents, that he was born blind? His blindness, Jesus replied, was not a penalty for the sin of either. This problem of the distribution here on earth of suffering in discordance with desert, of which we are speaking, had new light shed upon it by the gradually developing faith in the future life; but of this point I will speak further on. In general, the contrast between the common run of Old Testament descriptions of the reward of the righteous, and of the New Testament declarations on the same theme, is very marked. In the Old Testament it is riches, numerous children, safety of person and of property, which are so often assured to the righteous. The words of Jesus are, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Yet the essential character of God, the eternal principle of justice that will somehow and somewhere be carried out in the government of the world, is at the root the same in both dispensations.

He who would appreciate the progress of revelation has only need to compare the silence as to a hereafter and the gloom that encompasses the grave—characteristic features of ancient Scripture—with the definite assurances and the triumphant hopes which are scattered over the pages of the New Testament. On this subject we can trace the advance from the night to the brightening dawn and from the dawn to midday. The hopes and aspirations of the ancient Israelites were bounded by the limits of the present life. Their joys and sorrows were here; here, as we have seen, were their rewards and punishments. It is true that they did not positively believe their being was utterly extinguished at death. On the contrary, they found it impossible so to think. There was some kind of continuance of their being, vague and shadowy though it was. When it is said of the worthies of old that they died and were "gathered to their fathers," it is not

to their burial—certainly not alone to their burial—that the phrase points. It was used of those who died far away from their kindred. A continued subsistence of some sort is implied in it. Necromancy was a practice which was forbidden by law, and the need of such a law proves that the belief and custom prohibited by it had taken root. The story of the appearance of Samuel, and the occupation of the witch of Endor, show at least a popular notion that the dead could be summoned back to life. Sheol, the Hades of the Israelites, was thought of as a dark, subterranean abode, a land of shades, where existence was almost too dim to be denominated life. There was nothing in this unsubstantial mode of being to kindle hope, or to excite any other emotion than that of dread. In the poetical books Sheol is personified and depicted as full of greed, opening her mouth "without measure," and swallowing up all the pomp and glory of man. In a splendid passage of Isaiah, Sheol is represented as disturbed by the approach within her gloomy domain of the once mighty King of Babylon, and as stirring up the shades, the dead monarchs, to meet him. They exult over his downfall and death, crying, "Is this the man who made the earth to tremble, who made kingdoms to quake, who made the world as a wilderness and broke down the cities thereof?" But this is only a highly figurative delineation of the humiliating fall and death of the arrogant, dreaded sovereign. It is not until we have passed beyond the earlier writings of the Old Testament that we meet, here and there, with cheerful and even confident expressions of hope in relation to the life beyond death. In the later Psalms there is an occasional utterance in this vein. The sense of the soul's communion with God is so uplifting as to forbid the idea that it can be broken by death. Jesus refers to the Old Testament declaration that God is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as a sufficient warrant for the belief in the continued, immortal life of those who stood in this near, exalted relation to the Eternal One. What other—at least, what higher—evidence of immortality is there than is derived from the worth of the soul, and what indication of its worth is to be compared with its capacity to enter into living fellowship with God? How can a being who is admitted to this fellowship be left to perish, to exist no more?

Besides this connection of faith in future life with the relation of the righteous and believing soul to God, the demand for another state of being to rectify inequalities here arose by degrees in religious minds. The strange allotment of good and evil, whereby the good man, and not the bad man, was often seen to be the sufferer, and the holy were found to be maligned

and the victims of oppression, led to the expectation of a life beyond, where this confusion would be cleared up and an adjustment be made according to merit. The moral argument, which Kant, and others before and since, have presented as the ground for believing in a future state, was a revelation from God to the Hebrew mind, and not the less so because this belief stood connected with experiences and perceptions that went before. There is a familiar passage in the book of Job in which the hope of a reawakening from death is perhaps expressed. It is the passage beginning, "I know that my Redeemer"—or Vindicator—"liveth." The confessions of hopelessness in earlier portions of the book, the impassioned assertions that there is nothing to be looked for beyond death, are to be counted in favor of the other interpretation, according to which the vindication which Job expected he looked for prior to his actual dissolution. On the contrary, however, it is not improbable that the foresight of an actual reawakening to life is represented as having flashed upon his mind, displacing the former despondency. Certain it is that distinct assertions of a resurrection appear, here and there, in the later Scriptures. For, in the biblical theology, it is the deliverance of the whole man, body as well as soul, which in process of time comes to be the established belief. It is closely associated with the conviction that in the triumph and blessedness of the kingdom the departed saints are not to be deprived of a share. It was not a belief derived from the Persians, but was indigenous among the Hebrews,—an integral part of revelation,—however it may have been encouraged and stimulated by contact with Persian tenets. Not to refer to statements, relative to a resurrection, of a symbolical character,—such as the vision of dry bones in Ezekiel,—we find in the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah a passage which is explicit, and, as it would seem, is to be taken literally. In the Revised Version the passage reads, "Thy dead shall live; my dead bodies shall arise." There is a critical question, it should be stated, as to the date of the chapter in which these words occur. In the Psalms there are not wholly wanting passages of a like purport. In the book of Daniel the resurrection of both the righteous and the wicked Israelites is very definitely predicted. As is well known, the resurrection was an accepted doctrine of orthodox Jews in the period following that covered by the canonical books. In the New Testament immortality, and with it the resurrection, stands in the foreground. Through the death and resurrection of Jesus there comes a new illumination, a signal disclosure of God's purpose of grace and of the blessed import of

eternal life; so that death is said to be "abolished" and life and incorruption "brought to light" (2 Tim. i. 10).

When we leave theology for the domain of ethics, the progressive character of revelation is capable of abundant illustration. The Sermon on the Mount has for its theme that fulfillment of law, that unfolding of its inner aim and essence, which Christ declared to be one end of his mission. Morality is followed down to its roots in the inmost dispositions of the heart. The precepts of Jesus are a protest against the Pharisaical glosses which tradition had attached to Old Testament injunctions. It is "the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees" which is pointedly condemned. It is still an unsettled question, however, whether the reference to what had been said by or to "them of old time" was intended to include Old Testament legislation itself, as well as the perverse, arbitrary interpretations which had been attached to it by its theological expounders. Plainly the injunction of Jesus to love the enemy, as well as the neighbor, goes beyond the directions in Leviticus (xix. 17, 18): "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart. . . . Thou shalt not take vengeance, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Here nothing is said of any except the "neighbor." The prohibition is limited to the treatment of national kinsmen. That the general obligation to the exercise of good-will towards wrong-doers and foes, wherever they may be, and to the cultivation of a forgiving temper towards all men, finds in the Gospel an unprecedented expansion and emphasis is evident to all readers of the New Testament. A supplication for the pardon of enemies forms a part of the Lord's Prayer. The hope of personal forgiveness is denied to those who are themselves unforgiving. The example of Jesus, and the pardon offered to the most unworthy through him, are a new and potent incentive to the exercise of a forgiving temper.

A glance at the ideals of ethical worth in the early ages of Israel is enough to show how sharply they contrast with the laws of Christ and the type of character required and exemplified in the New Testament. It was once said by an eminent divine that the patriarchs, were they living now, would be in the penitentiary. Polygamy and other practices the rightfulness of which nobody then disputed, the wrongfulness of which nobody then discerned, are related of them, and related without any expression of disapproval. Whoever has not learned that practical morality, the ramifications of a righteous principle in conduct, is a gradual growth, and that even now,

after the generic principles of duty have been set forth in the Gospel, and a luminous example of the spirit in which one should live has been afforded in the life of Jesus, the perception of the demands of morality advances from stage to stage of progress, is incompetent to take the seat of judgment upon men of remote ages. Not long ago, a letter of Washington was published in which directions are given for the transportation to the West Indies and sale there of a refractory negro who had given him trouble. The act was not at variance with the best morality of the time. The letter is one that deserves to cast no shade on the spotless reputation of its author. Yet a like act, if done to-day, would excite almost universal reprobation. To reproach the worthies of Old Testament times as if they lacked the vital principle of unselfish loyalty to God and to right, as they understood it, is not less irrational than to deride the habitations which they constructed or the farming tools which they used to till the ground. It is not the less imperatively required of us, however, to recognize the wide interval that separates the ancient conceptions of morality from those of the Gospel. Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, entered, heart and soul, into the cause of Israel in the mortal struggle with the Canaanites. In lending aid to the cause which she espoused she did an act of atrocious cruelty and treachery. She enticed Sisera into her tent, and when he was reposing drove a tent-pin through his head. Yet for her deed she is lauded in the song of Deborah the prophetess (Judges v.), "Blessed above women shall Jael be, the wife of Heber the Kenite!" Almost the same words were addressed to the Virgin Mary (Luke i. 42), "Blessed art thou among women!" What an infinite contrast between the two women to whom this lofty distinction is awarded! Nothing is better fitted to force on us the perception of the gradualness and the continuity of revelation.

We meet in the Psalms with imprecations which are not consonant with the spirit of the Gospel. They belong on a lower plane of ethical feeling. It is one thing to experience a satisfaction in the just punishment of crime. It is accordant with Christianity to regard with conscientious abhorrence iniquity, whether we ourselves or other men are the sufferers by it. Indifference to base conduct, be the root of this state of mind a dullness of the moral sense, or false sentiment, is, to say the least, not less repulsive, and may be more demoralizing, than the fires of resentment which nothing but fierce retaliation can quench. But the spirit of revenge is unchristian. Christianity teaches us to distinguish between the offense and the offender: the one we are to hate;

the other we are forbidden to hate. Moreover, Christianity never loses sight of the possibilities of reformation in the case of wrong-doers. The Christian considers what an individual might be, not merely what he now is. The benevolent feeling, therefore, is not allowed to be paralyzed by the moral hatred which evil conduct naturally and properly evokes. As regards personal resentment, the Christian disciple is cautioned never to forget his own ill-desert and need of pardon from God, and the great boon of forgiveness in the reception of which the Christian life begins. These qualifications and correctives of passion were comparatively wanting in the earlier dispensation.

It is impossible to refer all the imprecations in the Psalms to a feeling of the authors in relation to the enemies of God and of his kingdom. Respecting such even, Jesus invoked not vengeance. He rebuked his disciples when they proposed to call down fire from heaven to destroy the inimical Samaritans (Luke ix. 55). No devices of interpretation can harmonize with the precepts of Christ such expressions as are found in the 109th Psalm: "Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be vagabonds, and beg. . . . Let the extortioner catch all that he hath. . . . Let there be none to extend mercy unto him. Neither let there be any to have pity on his fatherless children." The wrath of the author of this lyric against the cruel and insolent one who "persecuted the poor and needy man, and the broken in heart, to slay them," it is fair to assume was merited. The sense of justice and the holy anger at the root of these anathemas are in themselves right. They are the result of a divine education. But they take the form of revenge — a kind of wild justice, as Lord Bacon calls it. The identification of the family with its head is one of "the ruling ideas" of antiquity. It appears often in the methods of retribution which were in vogue in the Old Testament ages. It gave way partly, and by degrees, under that progressive enlightenment from above through which individual responsibility became more distinctly felt and acknowledged, both in judicial proceedings and in private life.

It is the characteristic of Old Testament laws and precepts that in them bounds are set to evils the attempt immediately to extirpate which would have proved abortive. Something more than this must be said. There was lacking a full perception of the moral ideal. In the Old Testament expositions of duty, as we have already seen, there is an approach towards that radical treatment of moral evils which signalizes the Christian system. An additional example of this feature of the preparatory stage of revelation may be found in the last chapter

of the book of Proverbs. There "Lemuel," the name of a king, or a name applied to one of the kings, is apostrophized. He is exhorted to practice chastity and temperance. "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink: lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." What better counsel could be given? The judge on the bench must have a clear head. But the counselor, in order to strengthen his admonition, proceeds to say: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish." So far, also, there is no exception to be taken to the wisdom of his precept. The Jews had a custom, resting on a humane motive, to administer a sustaining stimulant or a narcotic to those undergoing punishment, in order to alleviate their pains. Something of this kind was offered to Jesus on the cross. But the counselor does not stop at this point. He says: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." There need be no hesitancy in saying that this last exhortation is about the worst advice that could possibly be given to a person in affliction, or dispirited by the loss of property. The thing to tell him, especially if he has an appetite for strong drink, is to avoid it as he would shun poison. Yet our remark amounts to nothing more than this, that the sacred author sets up a barrier against only a part of the mischief which is wrought by intemperance. His vision went thus far but no farther. It is a case where, to quote a homely modern proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread." It would be a great gain for morality and for the well-being of society if magistrates could be made abstinent.

On this general subject there is no more explicit criticism of Old Testament law than is contained in the words of Jesus respecting divorce. The law of Moses permitted a husband to discard his wife, but curtailed his privilege by requiring him to furnish her with a written statement which might serve as a means of protection for her. This statute, as far as the allowance to the man which was included in it is concerned, is declared by Christ to have been framed on account of "the hardness of heart" of the people. It fell below the requirement of immutable morality. It was a partial toleration of an abuse which it was then impracticable to seek to cut off altogether. But Christianity lifted the whole subject to a higher level. It presented a profounder view of the marriage relation. It superseded and annulled the Mosaic enactment.

The advance of the New Testament revelation in its relation to the Old has become, in

these days, obvious. But the New Testament revelation, in itself considered, was not made in an instant as by a lightning-flash. It did not come into being in all its fullness in a moment, as the fabled Minerva sprung from the head of Jove. As in the case of the earlier revelation, the note of gradualness is attached to it. The fundamental fact of Christianity is the uniting of God to man in the person of Jesus Christ. Peter's confession respecting his person is the rock on which the Church was founded. The Epistle to the Hebrews opens with the following striking passage (as given in the Revised Version): "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son." The former revelations were made through various channels, and were besides of a fragmentary character. They paved the way for the final revelation through the Son, whom the writer proceeds to liken, in his relation to God, to the effulgence of a luminous body. But modern exegesis and modern theological thought, while leaving untouched the divinity of Jesus, and even, for substance, the Nicene definitions of it, have brought into clear light that progressive development of the Saviour's person of which the Incarnation was the starting-point. Not until his earthly career terminated and he was "glorified" was the union of God and man in his person in its effects consummated. More was involved in his being in the "form of a servant" than theology in former days conceived. Nothing is more clear from his own language respecting himself, as well as from what the Apostles say of him, than that there were limitations of his knowledge. On a certain day Jesus started from Bethany for Jerusalem. He was hungry. Seeing at a distance a fig tree with leaves upon it, he went towards it, expecting to find fruit—it being a tree of that kind which produces its fruit before putting out the leaves. But when he came to it his expectation was deceived; "he found nothing but leaves." Jesus said that he did not know when the day of judgment would occur. Apart from conclusive testimonies of this character, it is evident from the whole tenor of the Gospel histories that he was not conscious of the power to exercise divine attributes in their fullness of activity. The opposite idea gives a mechanical character to his actions and to most of his teachings. How, if he was all the while in the exercise of omniscience, could he "marvel" at the unbelief of certain of his hearers? That when he was a speechless babe in his mother's arms he was consciously possessed of infinite knowledge, is an impossible conception. And the difficulties of such a conception are only lessened in degree at any other subsequent day while he was "in the

flesh." When we behold him at the last, prior to the crucifixion, we find his soul poured out in the agonizing supplication: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The supposition of a dual personality in Christ is not less contrary to the Scriptures and to the Creed of the Church than it is offensive to common sense and to philosophy. Yet he was conscious of his divine nature and origin, and the unfolding within him of this unassailable conviction kept pace with the development of his human consciousness. The dawning sense of the unique relation in which he stood to God comes out in his boyhood, in the words addressed to his mother when he was found with the doctors in the temple, "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" And the limitations of Jesus must not be exaggerated or made the premise of unwarranted inferences. He knew the boundaries of his province as a teacher and never overstepped them. Just as he refused to be an arbiter in a contest about an inheritance, saying, "Who made me a judge or a divider over you?"—so did he abstain from authoritative utterances on matters falling distinctly within the sphere of human science. No honor is done to him, and no help afforded to the cause of Christianity, in attributing to him scholastic information which he did not claim for himself and which there is no evidence that he possessed. It is not less important, however, to observe that, notwithstanding the limits that were set about him by the fact of his real humanity, and as long as he dwelt among men, there was yet an inlet into his consciousness from the fountain of all truth. "No one knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal him" (Matt. xi. 27). His knowledge differed in its source, in its kind and degree, from that of all other sons of men. "The words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works." The divine in him was not a temporary visitation, as when the Spirit dwelt for a brief time—sojourned, one may be permitted to say—in the soul of a prophet like Isaiah. Even then God spoke through the prophet, and the mind of the prophet might for the moment become so fully the organ of God that he spoke through the prophet's lips in the first person. But in Christ there was an "abiding" of the Father. The union was such that the whole mental and moral life of Jesus was an expression of God's mind and will. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." As conscience in me is the voice of another, yet is not distinct from my own being, so of Christ is it true that the Father was in him—another, yet not another. And this union, although real from the begin-

ning, culminated in its effects not until a complete ethical oneness was attained, at the end of all temptation and suffering—the oneness which found utterance in the words, "Howbeit not what I will, but what thou wilt." This was the transition-point to the perfect development of his being, which is styled his "glorification." As the risen and ascended Christ, he can be touched with sympathy with the human infirmities of which he has had experience, at the same time that he can be present with his disciples wherever they are—can be in the midst of the smallest group of them who are met for worship.

From Jesus himself we have a distinct assurance that the revelation which he was to make was not to end with his oral teaching. Near the end of his life he said to the Disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." They were not ripe for the comprehension of important truth, which therefore he held in reserve. The Holy Spirit was to open their eyes to the perception of things which they were not yet qualified to appreciate. The communication of the Spirit ushered in a new epoch. Then the Apostles took a wider and deeper view of the purport of the Gospel. We find in the Epistles an unfolding of doctrine which we discover in the germ in the conversations and discourses of Jesus. It was impossible, for example, that the design of his death could be discerned prior to the event itself, and as long as the Disciples could not be reconciled even to the expectation of it. In isolated sayings of Jesus, in particular in what he said at the institution of the Lord's Supper, the Atonement is taught. The giving of his life, he said on another occasion, was to avail, in some way, as a ransom. But it was not until the cross had been raised that the doctrine of the cross was made an essential part of Christian teaching, and the great sacrifice became a theme of doctrinal exposition. By this subsequent teaching a void which had been left in the instructions of the Master was filled. In his teaching there were two elements, standing, so to speak, apart from each other. On the one hand, he set forth the inexorable demands of righteous law. In this respect no portion of the older Scriptures, in which law was so prominent a theme, is equally adapted to strike the conscience with dismay. On the other hand, there was in the teaching of Jesus the most emphatic proclamation of God's compassion and forgiving love. These two sides of the Saviour's teaching are connected and harmonized in the apostolic exposition of the Atonement.

The Apostles themselves, individually, as regards their perceptions of truth, their insight

into the meaning of the Gospel, and its bearings on human duty and destiny, did not remain stationary. How they attained to a more catholic view of the relation of the Gentiles to the Gospel and to the Church must form the subject of a special discussion. Apart from this subject, where their progressive enlightenment is so conspicuous a fact, there can be no doubt that from day to day they grew in knowledge. If we were in possession of earlier writings from the pen of the Apostle John, we might expect that marked differences would appear between them and the Gospel and the First Epistle, which were written when "the Son of Thunder" had ripened into the octogenarian apostle of love. The Apocalypse, so far as the style of thought is concerned, whatever judgment may be formed on other grounds, may quite conceivably have been written two or three decades prior to the date of the Gospel

by the same author. When the earliest writings of Paul, the Epistles to the Thessalonians, are compared with his latest writings — with the Pastoral Epistles and the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians — we not only find perceptible modifications of tone, but, in the later compositions, we find also views on the scope of the Gospel — what may be termed the universal or cosmical relations of the work of redemption — such as do not appear in his first productions. As a minor peculiarity, it may be mentioned that when he wrote to the Thessalonians he seems to have expected to be alive when the Lord should come in his Second Advent, while in his latest epistles this hope or expectation has passed out of his mind. As the Gospel and the First Epistle of John are the latest of the Apostolic writings, it is permissible to regard them as the fullest and ripest statement of the theologic import of the Gospel.

George P. Fisher.

PROFESSOR JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."

BY common consent, no Englishman of the present generation knows America so well, or has formed so just and far-seeing an impression of her institutions, as James Bryce. His personal acquaintance with the United States is limited, notwithstanding, to three holiday visits paid to this country in the intervals of professional activity. Mr. Bryce has many friends on both sides of the Atlantic, but, politician and author as he is, he shrinks with unusual timidity from any personal approach of the interviewer. His private life is little known because he has declined to permit it to be observed; and in giving some small sketch of his career we have been obliged to content ourselves with barren materials. The author of "The Holy Roman Empire" and "The American Commonwealth" is too modest to allow even his friends to persuade him that they wish to know something of his inner life or of the development of his intellectual powers. If this sketch of his career is slight, let it be appreciated that Mr. Bryce has not merely contributed nothing to make it fuller, but has done all that lay in his power to persuade us that it was altogether needless and superfluous.

James Bryce was born at Belfast, in the north of Ireland, of a Scottish father and an Ulster

mother, on the 10th of May, 1838. His father being an LL. D. of Glasgow, it was natural that he should receive his early education, first at the high school and then at the university of that city. He early showed a vigorous understanding and a rare power of application, gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, and began that connection with the latter university which has lasted now for nearly thirty years. Mr. Bryce, who is many things besides, is primarily and characteristically an Oxford don. He carries about with him a flavor of scholastic life into all his practical concerns, and is now perhaps the most complete specimen of the English university politician. He took his bachelor's degree, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel, the college which Newman and the Tractarian movement had long before made famous, in 1862. He now settled down, at the age of twenty-four, into an Oxford don, whose peculiar existence entails a feverish round of lectures and committees, board meetings and council meetings for eight months of the year, and leaves the remaining four open for extensive travel. Mr. Bryce, whose physique has always been sturdy and active, early became a mountaineer, and some of the more remarkable of his adventures have found their way into chronicle.

His literary life opened in 1864, when he published a prize essay on "The Holy Roman Empire." This was a little volume of a kind

such as is seldom heard of outside the walls of the university. Such essays are commonly found to be, if erudite, yet second-hand, and if elegant, yet juvenile and unimpressive. The volume of the young Fellow of Oriel was an exception. Rarely has the earliest production of a writer in prose attracted or deserved so much notice. It was exceedingly novel in theme; it was sound in matter and brilliant in style; and what was intended for a board of examiners found its welcome in the general world of readers. The object of "The Holy Roman Empire" was to describe that institution or system from a new point of view, as the marvelous offspring "of a body of beliefs and traditions which has almost wholly passed away from the world." The book is, nevertheless, rather a narrative than a dissertation, and with what may be called the theory of the empire is combined an outline of the political history of Germany and of some phases of medieval Italy. This treatise enjoyed a genuine and even a sustained success, and to the fourth edition, which appeared in 1873, the author made great additions, with a supplementary chapter on Prussia. "The Holy Roman Empire" has been translated into German and Italian; the latter version was made by the distinguished historian, Count Ugo Balzani.

The eminent success of this first effort led many of the young scholar's associates to believe that history would be the ultimate aim of his ambition. Yet the readers of "The Holy Roman Empire" might have perceived that its author approached history mainly from the point of view of a jurist. In fact, his design was to make himself a proficient in the practical and theoretical study of the law, and to this end for the next two years he worked hard, both at Oxford and at Lincoln's Inn in London. At the unusually early age of thirty-four his ambition was rewarded by a chair in his own university—that of Civil Law. The Regius Professorship of Civil Law at Oxford is one of the oldest in Europe, dating from 1546, and it is this ancient and honorable office which Mr. Bryce has now held for nearly twenty years. His first act on receiving the appointment from the Crown was to start for his earliest visit (1870) to the United States. For the next ten years the career of Bryce was that of an active and laborious university professor, and he was visible to the world at large only on occasion of his adventurous vacation rambles, of which he gave several public accounts. He became an active member of the Alpine Club; in 1871 he climbed the Schreckhorn, as in 1867 he had scaled the Maladetta. One year he visited Spain; on another occasion he ran through Transylvania and Poland; in 1873 he published, in the "Cornhill Magazine," his

"Impressions of Iceland," an article which attracted an unusual amount of attention. By far the most interesting and unique of his traveling experiences, however, is still his tour in western Asia, in 1876.

In company with a relative, Mr. Bryce proceeded to Russia in the summer of that year, visited the fair of Nizhni Novgorod, and towards the end of August sailed down the Volga towards the mysterious East. It was not a happy moment for an Englishman to choose for a visit to Russia. The Russian natives were greatly exasperated against the English, whom they looked upon as abettors and accomplices of the Turk; the Bulgarian massacres of May not having yet produced the English indignation meetings of September. Nevertheless, the travelers were, on the whole, treated generously and kindly. They passed through to the extreme south of the country, crossed the Caucasus, and entered Transcaucasia under the very shadow of the highest mountain of Europe, Mount Kazbek. From the city of Tiflis they proceeded, in September, through Armenia to the town of Erivan, and from that point performed a feat in alpine traveling which was really remarkable and at that time unprecedented in local annals—the ascent of Mount Ararat. It had even become almost an article of faith with the Armenian Church that the silver crest of this exquisite mountain was inaccessible. Mr. Bryce set out to conquer these virginal snows on the 11th of September, 1876, under the escort of six Cossack troopers, and beneath such tropic heat as he had never before endured. One by one his Slavonic attendants, as well as his Kurdish guides, forsook him, and at a height of 13,600 feet the English mountaineer found himself ascending alone. He accomplished the ascent, of which he has given an account which is the most eloquent and most picturesque piece of prose in his writings. Two days afterwards an Armenian gentleman presented him to the Archimandrite of Etchmiadzin, and said, "This Englishman says he has ascended to the top of Massis" [Ararat]. The venerable man smiled sweetly. "No!" he replied, "that cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible." From Erivan the travelers returned to Tiflis, turned east to the Black Sea at Poti, and took steamer along the northern coast of Asia Minor to Constantinople. Mr. Bryce's account of this interesting journey was delayed by a domestic sorrow—the death, as he put it, of "one whose companion he had been in mountain expeditions from childhood, and to whom he owes whatever taste he possesses for geographical observation and for the beauties of nature." Late in 1877 was published the volume called "Transcaucasia and Ararat," which combined notes of the journey with

copious topographical observations and political reflections.

In 1880 a change came over Professor Bryce's manner of life. He had long taken a warm and liberal interest in public affairs, and he now became a practical politician. He entered the House of Commons as member for the Tower Hamlets, a constituency which he continued to represent for nearly five years and which he has been able to address in German. In 1885 he was elected for the Scotch borough of South Aberdeen, and was reëlected, unopposed, to serve in the present Parliament. During Mr. Gladstone's last brief period of power Mr. Bryce held office as Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. But before this he had given his close attention to the study of American institutions. In 1881 he made a second and in 1883 a third visit to the United States. In 1884 he began to write that compendium of well-arranged information which, under the title of "The American Commonwealth," was published in 1889. In 1888-89 Mr. Bryce visited India, his book being issued during his absence. An account of his activity as a professional politician would hardly be in its right place in so slight a sketch as the present. But it is only right to give him special credit for his activity in bringing before Parliament the importance of the question of

preserving common rights, in which he has done eminent service. He is prominent, also, as a defender of the rights of literary property, and as a parliamentary representative of that important institution the Incorporated Society of Authors. He was in the chair at the dinner given by that body to the authors of America in 1888, when Mr. James Russell Lowell made one of his finest speeches. In politics Mr. Bryce is a Liberal of the advanced, but not revolutionary section. He has kept very closely in touch with Mr. Gladstone, and is one of those Liberal politicians, now becoming a small body, who have never swerved to the right or to the left in their personal allegiance to the leader. He has even accepted the principle of home rule for Ireland. At various points, but particularly in his convictions in regard to the Eastern question, Mr. Gladstone has found, perhaps, no follower who has given the subject so much study and yet whose judgment is so identical with his own as Mr. Bryce. Historian, jurist, politician, traveler, university reformer, there can be no question but that James Bryce has dissipated his extraordinary talents over too many widely divergent provinces of mental action to attain the credit he might have conquered in any one, but in his versatility—and he is sound even in versatility—he is one of the most "all-round" men of his generation.

X.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Ballot Reform Practically Accomplished.

THE complete success of the new Massachusetts ballot act, at its first trial in the election of last November, made it certain that what had previously been known as the Australian system was destined within a few years to become the American system. As Mr. Henry George, who witnessed the working of the new law in Boston, said, after the election was over, "The new system more than fulfilled every anticipation of its friends, and falsified every prediction of its enemies." This was a terse statement of what had happened. The first trial had swept away at a single stroke every argument which had been raised against the Australian method. It had previously been said by the opponents of it, whenever they were told that it had been in successful operation in Australia for thirty years, in England for eighteen years, and in Canada for sixteen years, that the experience of those countries furnished no evidence that the system was adapted to American needs; that the multiplicity of candidates at our elections would lead to such long and complicated ballots that the voter would take so much time in marking them, and would get so confused by the number of names, that either the election would be defeated, or large numbers of voters would be disfranchised.

This argument of "complications" and "confusion" was advanced persistently and in countless forms, but at bottom it was always the same; the system was too involved, too "theoretical" and "visionary" for practical American needs.

When it succeeded in municipal elections in Louisville, Kentucky, and in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the opponents of it said that those were no tests, since only local candidates were chosen. When in October last it had its first trial in the first election which Montana held as a State, and succeeded again, these opponents said that this could not be regarded as a test, because Montana was a sparsely settled community, and there was no need of haste in depositing or counting the votes. When at the same time it was tried in the chief cities of Tennessee, where there was a large illiterate colored vote, and again succeeded perfectly, the old argument of a simple municipal ticket was advanced as sufficient to meet the case. When a modified form of the system was tried in the same month in Connecticut at a State election, and like all previous trials proved successful, it was said that the reason was that this was not the "complicated" Australian plan, but a simple method which had been advocated by the opponents of the Australian plan as more practicable. They overlooked the fact that more defects were discovered in the working of this "simple" law than had

been revealed in all the previous trials of the various Australian laws put together.

But the Massachusetts test met and overthrew all points of criticism. The law was a thoroughgoing application of the Australian system. In all important principles it was a copy of the bill which was drafted by the committee of the Commonwealth Club of New York City in the winter of 1887, and which became the basis of the two so-called Saxton bills that Governor Hill vetoed in 1888 and in 1889. These principles are secret voting in compartments, exclusively official ballots, printed and distributed at public expense, and nominations by means of petitions or nomination papers, as well as by regular party organizations and conventions. The names of all candidates were to be printed on the same ballot, and the voter must indicate his choice by an X opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wished to vote. Governor Hill and his imitators in opposing these principles had objected most strongly to the exclusive official ballot, the grouping of all names upon one ballot, and the marking of that ballot by an election official to prevent imitations. These were the principles upon which the general charge of "complications" rested. There was nothing said by Governor Hill in his two veto messages in opposition to the Saxton bills which was not aimed at one of these principles. His contention was that in the large cities these provisions would lead to endless delays and complications, would open the door to fraud, would furnish easy means for defeating the secrecy of the ballot, would aid rather than prevent bribery, and would disfranchise thousands of voters.

When tried in the city of Boston every one of these objections was proved to be absolutely groundless; that was the testimony of everybody who witnessed the working of the law. It was shown that all classes of voters had no difficulty in using the system; that "heelers," "workers," "bulldozers," and all the other annoying concomitants of elections in American cities had disappeared as if by magic; that bribery had been abolished; that voting was so easy that three minutes was the average time in which the voter prepared and deposited his ballot, instead of the ten minutes provided by the law; that during voting-hours the polling-places were as orderly as a prayer-meeting, and, finally, that the counting was almost as quickly done as it had been under the old method. In every other part of the State the same demonstration was made, and when the polls closed on election night there could not be found in the State of Massachusetts a single opponent of the Australian system. As one of the bitterest opponents of it said after witnessing its operation: "It is as easy as rolling off a log."

The wonder is, not that the system succeeded, but that we have been content to get along for so many years without it. As a matter of fact we have had nothing which could properly be called a system. We have been getting on in many States, including New York, literally with no legal provision whatever for the furnishing of ballots. The law directs how the ballots shall be printed, but makes it nobody's duty to supply them. Our voters get them where they may, have no assurance that they are honestly printed, or represent what they purport to represent, and advance to the polls to deposit them, in our large cities, through a

crowd of loafers and "heelers" to a room filled with a similar crowd and reeking with tobacco smoke, vulgarity, and profanity. Nobody can truthfully call that a "system."

Under the Australian method the voter is taken charge of from the moment he enters the polling-booth, is guarded against annoyances of all kinds, is helped in every way to prepare his ballot, has a path marked out for him to follow in depositing it, and a separate door for him to depart from when his work is done. He could not go astray if he tried. That such a system as this should be called "complicated" is, in the light of experience, an absurdity. It is small wonder that the success of the Massachusetts law has created so general a demand for similar laws that it is a safe prediction to make, that within five years every State in the Union will have adopted a similar statute. There were nine States which had such laws at the close of 1889, and two others which had imitations; and it is not improbable that in a majority of the States our next national election will be conducted under the Australian system. That will be a reform advance as invaluable in its effects as it has been speedy in accomplishment.

Value of the Small Colleges.

No part of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" shows a keener insight into American needs than his chapter upon our universities. He is able to perceive at once the weak point in the criticism which is so often heard, to the effect that we have too many small colleges and not enough great universities. Like any other observing foreigner who has visited this country, he heard this criticism more generally than any other, for it is the one most often made, both by those who have thought a little upon the subject and by those who have thought upon it not at all. Mr. Bryce says (Vol. II., p. 552):

The European observer . . . conceives that his American friends may not duly realize the services which these small colleges perform in the rural districts of the country. They get hold of a multitude of poor men, who might never resort to a distant place of education. They set learning in a visible form, plain, indeed, and humble, but dignified even in her humility, before the eyes of a rustic people, in whom the love of knowledge, naturally strong, might never break from the bud into the flower but for the care of some zealous gardener. They give the chance of rising in some intellectual walk of life to many a strong and earnest nature who might otherwise have remained an artisan or storekeeper, and perhaps failed in those avocations.

That is as true as it is well said. We have quoted only a few lines from a chapter which every friend of education ought to read entire. No man can estimate the service which the small colleges of the country have done by setting up "learning in a visible form" in so many parts of the land. Our educated class would otherwise be no more than a fraction of what it is to-day. American boys are proverbially ambitious of learning, and in thousands of them the spark has been kindled by the presence of the small college near their homes. They could not afford to go miles away to a great university, but they can live at home and walk daily to the small college. In every part of the land where such an institution exists it acts as a perpetual inspiration. When the elder son of a family goes to college, his example becomes at once the model for

the younger sons. The tuition is usually low; the ability to live at home instead of having to board brings the education which the college has to offer within the means of any boy who has in him the stuff of which a real man is made. Thousands of American boys have paid their way through these colleges by teaching school and by various kinds of manual labor in vacation time.

Of course the education afforded is limited. It bears no comparison with that obtainable in the largest American colleges, to say nothing of that to be had in the great European universities. But between it and no college education at all the distance is enormous. In some respects the quality of it is inferior to none which is given anywhere. The personal contact between teacher and pupil is closer in the small college than in the large, and wherever there is found in one of them a true teacher, a man of large soul, quick sympathies, and high ideals, who has the indescribable and invaluable gift of touching and opening the minds of youth—wherever there is a college with such a man there is a great university in the highest sense of the word. One such teacher, it matters little what he teaches, can make a college a power in the land. It is our conviction that there are many of these teachers scattered throughout the 345 colleges which we have in the United States, and that there is not in the land a more potent influence for the highest good of the nation.

Statistics show that our colleges, great and small, contain about 70,000 students, and that more than 10,000 degrees are conferred each year. There are thus sent forth into the world 10,000 young men—the statistics given do not include women—in whose minds a love of learning has been kindled. It may be that in the majority of cases there will be little growth towards higher learning after the college precincts are abandoned; but in all cases some influence has been exerted. These 10,000 men will not be so easily misled by false doctrines and fallacious theories as they would have been had they never gone to college. In every community in which they pass their lives their influence will be exerted on the side of progress and in favor of the more liberal ideas which find the light there. Among the 10,000 there will be a few in whose larger and more fertile minds the seed of knowledge will continue to grow until it bears fruit. Among them there may be one whose voice or pen shall prove of highest value to his fellows for many years to come.

There never was a time when our country needed the services of these college-bred men so much as it does to-day. We shall always have in this land of inexhaustible resources enough of men who will devote all their energies to the accumulation of wealth and to the increase of our material prosperity. To counteract them we need and shall continue to need the restraining influence of those who are willing to devote themselves to what Lowell calls the "things of the mind." The country must have some men who can resist the temptation to devote their lives to mere money-getting, not because they would not like to have the freedom and power which money gives, but because they love knowledge more. Our colleges alone can supply these men, and they are supplying them, and are thus of inestimable service to the Republic.

The Care of the Yosemite Valley.

A COMPETENT judge has characterized the announced policy of an active member of the Yosemite Valley Commission to "cut down every tree [in the valley] that has sprouted within the last thirty years" as a policy "which, if it were carried out, would eventually result in an irreparable calamity—a calamity to the civilized world." This member is represented as declaring that his policy has the support of the commission: it remains to be seen whether his associates will follow such fatuous leadership. But the history of the Yosemite makes it only too probable that a crisis in its management is near at hand.

The American people are probably not aware of their proprietorship in the Yosemite. In 1864, by act of Congress, the valley and the grounds in the vicinity of the Big Trees of Mariposa were granted to the State of California "with the stipulation nevertheless that the said State shall accept this grant upon the express conditions that the premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation; shall be inalienable for all time," etc. Thus is recognized by law the moral claim of all humanity to an interest in the preservation of the wonders of the world. A citizen of New York is as much one of the owners of the Yosemite as a citizen of California, and his right to be heard in suggestion or protest is as undoubted. There are, unfortunately, few resident Californians who are well acquainted with the valley. An actual count has indicated that one-half of the visitors are foreigners, chiefly Englishmen, while one-fourth are from the Eastern States. The opinion of these "outsiders" might be supposed to have a special value, being disconnected with the local dissensions which have gathered about the valley. And yet disinterested endeavors made in a private and respectful manner to arouse the authorities to the destructive tendencies which are evident to people of experience and travel are denounced by certain members of the commission in the most violent and provincial spirit. This spirit has been widely remarked by travelers, and is candidly recognized by many Californians and deplored as doing much to retard the growth of the State.

It is unfortunate that the first public presentation of the subject and the resultant investigation by the legislature of California were complicated by personal, political, and commercial considerations to such an extent as to obscure the important point—Has the treatment of the Yosemite landscape been intrusted to skillful hands? We have before us the report of this investigation, together with a large number of photographs showing the condition of portions of the valley before and after the employment of the ax and the plow. Without going into the details of the alleged abuses, monopolies, rings, and persecutions, it is easy to see in the above testimony and photographs abundant confirmation of those who hold that the valley has not had the benefit of expert supervision. In saying this we are not impugning the good faith of past or present commissions or commissioners, appointed for other reasons than their skillfulness in the treatment of landscape. They are certainly to be acquitted of any intention to injure the valley: that would be unbelievable. It is no reproach to them that they are not trained foresters. Their responsibility, however, does not end

there: it is, in fact, there that it begins; for, in the absence of knowledge of a professional nature, it should be their first aim to obtain the very best man or men available to do this work. No such expert is too good or too expensive, and no claim upon the budget of California should have precedence of this. If the commissioners have not money enough for this expenditure, it is part of their duty as holders of a great trust to arouse a public sentiment which shall procure the proper appropriation. The press of the country, which is never backward in such matters, would lend an effective support to the demand for funds for this most necessary expert care.

Here, however, is the crucial point. The commission may follow the leadership of those who see no need of experts and have no faith in them. They may think it more desirable to improve a trail than to preserve the sentiment for which the trail exists. Perhaps, in their interest in safe and rapid transportation, they may even carry out the project attributed to the governor of California, of building a tramway along the valley! We prefer to believe that, aware of the endless trouble, confusion, and clashing of one commission with another, and of the members of each with their associates, they will awake to the necessity of procuring from a competent person a definite plan for the treatment of the landscape and artistic features of the valley. It is fortunate that there are several such men now living. A large part of the business of their profession is to contrive expedients for lessening the misfortune into which gentlemen of education and culture, supposing themselves to have a special aptitude for the work, have carried themselves in undertaking what they have regarded as very simple improvements. To contrive means and methods by which that which is most distinctly valuable to the

world in the Yosemite can be perpetuated, and to provide means by which the world can conveniently and effectively make use of it,—which means shall be in the least degree possible conspicuous, incongruous, and disturbing to the spirit and character of the scenery,—is a problem that no amateur ought to dabble with.

Should the commission not be inclined to this obvious duty, the better sentiment of California might well be organized to procure the amendment of the law by which the commission is appointed. Eight men named by the governor,—none of them for attainments in the profession of forestry,—meeting but twice a year, serving without pay and liable to removal, are not likely to constitute a commission of skill and responsibility. What is needed, after a definite plan, is fitness of qualification and permanence of tenure in its administrators. We believe a large sentiment in California would support a bill for the recession to the United States with an assurance of as capable administration in government hands as now characterizes the Yellowstone Park. Among the chief of California's many attractions are the Spanish missions, Lake Tahoe, and the Yosemite and Big Grove grant. The missions are dropping into a needless decay, the ravages of the lumberman are spoiling the beautiful shores of Tahoe, while the Yosemite, which should be the pride and nursing of the State, finds in her neglect and doled expenditures the indifference which popular tradition ascribes only to a step-mother. It is to the interest of the valley, the commissioners, the State, the nation, and the world that California should adopt an intelligent and generous policy towards the Yosemite with a view to placing it in skillful hands and devising a permanent plan which shall take it, once for all, out of the reach of the dangers by which it is now seriously threatened.

OPEN LETTERS.

Destructive Tendencies in the Yosemite Valley.

LETTERS FROM VISITORS.

I.

AT the meeting, in June last, of the commissioners who manage the Yosemite Valley, a project was set afoot to obtain from the National Government the grant of a large addition to the land now held in trust by the State of California under the act of 1864, deeding to that State the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove. The plan to extend the grant is at this writing not worked out in detail. There is, however, a most pertinent and important question which offers itself *pari passu* with the general idea of a widening of the limits of the grant. It is this: Has the past management of the Yosemite Valley been good or bad? has it been characterized by a fit appreciation of the dignity and beauty of the subject to be treated? or has it been conceived and executed on a low plane, either of intelligence or of taste?

Until that question shall have been answered with candor and impartiality it will scarcely be worth the while to suggest or discuss the details of any plan for an extension of the grant. During the year now gone the management of the valley has been most bitterly

criticized in the columns of some of the California newspapers. If such utterances were to be accepted as conclusive evidence, there would be but one judgment to be rendered—that the management of the valley was in hands wholly vile, and that to increase the power for harm held by such hands, by enlarging the domain submitted to their control, would be an act of criminal folly.

Fortunately and unfortunately for the peace of mind of those who know and love the greatest treasure of our national scenic gallery, many of the newspaper comments have been of an exceedingly ill-advised description—fortunately, because it is a comfort to know that the situation is not nearly so bad as it has been represented to be; unfortunately, because there are in truth good reasons for vigorous protest against certain parts of the management of the valley, and those reasons have been buried almost out of sight in the newspaper columns under a mass of intemperate, indiscriminate, and sensational denunciation, to no small extent incited by business rivalries and personal jealousies.

Brushing away the impeding rubbish of abuse, one comes to the solid and salient fact that the management of the Yosemite has been a woful failure in respect

of the preservation of the natural loveliness of meadow and woodland. It is not necessary to agree with the sweeping assertion that "the valley has been converted into a hideous hay ranch"; but it is too evidently true that the artistic instinct—if it has ever existed in connection with the management of the valley—has been sacrificed to the commercial, and the conservation of natural beauty has been outweighed too frequently by the supposed necessity of providing mules, horses, and horned cattle with pasturage and hay at the least possible cost to the owners of those beasts.

But the work of the plowshare and of other aids and abettors of commercial agriculture is of less serious import—being primarily less objectionable and also more easily rectified when harmful—than is the absolutely shocking use that has been made of the wood-chopper's ax—deadliest foe, in reckless or ignorant hands, of woodland beauty; deadly unless guided by a mind of most rare attainments in the craft of artistic forestry. There are places in the valley where one is forced to wonder why the axes themselves did not turn and smite the men who were putting them to such base uses. This stupid application of the woodman's tool is not a thing of yesterday. It began with the white man's occupation of the valley. It has been continued under all administrations. During the last year it received a check; but under the system by which the Yosemite is governed there is no saying when the work of the devourer of beauty may not again flourish.

No intention herein exists of decrying the use of the ax, or even of fire, within limitations. Nature indeed is the sole truly great artistic forester; yet the conditions of nature in the Yosemite Valley are such that human agencies must, for human convenience and enjoyment, tamper to some extent with nature's work. But active and unnecessary aggressions have been made on the charms of both woodland and open meadow of a sort that admit of no variety of opinion or taste. The offenses thrust themselves with violence upon the notice of the most transitory observer, and become positively burdensome to one who prolongs his stay in the valley. So far, then, has the administration of the grant been a failure, and the inevitable inference is that any extension of the grant should be made with caution, and not at all unless accompanied with a radical reform in the system of control.

It is simply a waste of time to attempt—as was done last winter during an investigation of the affairs of Yosemite by committees of the California legislature—to fasten upon individuals the blame for the past desecration of the valley's beauty. The roots, trunk, branches, and foliage of the wrong are in the system of management. The individual wrong-doers—whether commissioners, guardians, wood-choppers, stable-boys anxious to feed their mules cheaply, or whoever else—are merely the natural fruitage of such a system. Let us see what that is.

The valley is managed by a board of commissioners, of which board the governor of California, whoever he may be, is ex-officio president. There are eight other commissioners, each of whom serves during four years; but they are appointed four at a time, biennially, the appointment being made by the governor of the State. The commissioners serve without

pay other than a small allowance for actual expenses when attending meetings of the board. The meetings are semi-annual, and one of them must take place in the valley. Under the commissioners is a guardian, who receives a small salary, who has no right of initiative, and who is practically merely a watchman and foreman of laborers. It would appear that the bare announcement of such a system would be enough to secure its condemnation as unwieldy, unjust, and totally ineffective to fix responsibility in any certain place. The wonder is that the results of the system have not been tenfold worse than they are.

A small commission, well salaried, and of which one member might with advantage be a man eminent in the profession of landscape gardening and artistic forestry, could fairly be expected to do away with the present causes of complaint—or at least to apply remedies where the evil is not past remedy. There is, however, no need for entering through this letter into a definite and detailed plan of reformation. If the active interest of the clientele of *THE CENTURY* can be aroused,—and that body comprises an exceedingly great proportion of visitors to the valley, past, present, and prospective,—surely that influence should be able not only to enforce its demand for reform, but also to procure the adjustment of a wiser system of management for the Yosemite than any that the present writer claims to be able to offer.

George G. Mackensie.

WAWONA [BIG TREE GROVE], CALIFORNIA.

II.

I ENTERED the Yosemite Valley one Sunday afternoon in June, 1889, and rode immediately to the Stoneman House, at the farther end of the valley. My impression on arriving at that point was far from agreeable. At my left was the Yosemite Fall; at my right was the hotel with its expectant waiters; while in front and near at hand was a long, low, frontier-town saloon, vulgar and repulsive in every detail, and so out of harmony with its grand surroundings as to shock the dullest sensibilities.

I was anxious to look upon the valley alone, and therefore took a saddle-horse, and without even a guide rode over it and climbed its trails, standing upon the highest summits and visiting the most concealed recesses. As I rode over the floor of the valley I was more and more impressed with the lack of design or even of ordinary skill in its laying out and management which was everywhere apparent. The drives are as good as can be expected; no fault can be found with their construction, if the shortest route between two points is all that is desired. But this is not all. The floor of the valley is so level that no special skill in road-making is required. What is needed is a cultivated taste; an eye which can take in the grand frame of carved and etched rock and the beautiful picture which nature has spread between the imposing walls; and a trained taste which can combine the latter with the former, so that each shall enhance and contribute to the grandeur and beauty of the other.

Apparently no effort has been made in laying out the drives to reveal by unexpected turns the startling beauties of rock or river or waterfall. A few bridges cross the swiftly flowing river, but these are

bridges of convenience. They are not placed where they will furnish the finest views, and architectural merit or harmony with the surroundings evidently had no place in the mind of their builder.

As to foot-paths, there were none. The visitor can "cut across lots," unless fences prevent; but as for walks, or paths laid out with artistic design, to afford pleasant surprises by openings through which delightful views may be obtained, or leading to shady nooks among the giant pines, or to rare points of observation, they do not exist. The impression is forced upon the mind that pedestrians are not wanted, and this is further demonstrated by the fact that in all this valley there is no seat, nor arbor, nor place of any kind where the visitor may sit and enjoy the wonderful scenery, unless perchance he sit upon the stump of some giant tree which has been felled by ignorance or folly.

The decaying stumps of magnificent pines and oaks, standing alone or in groups in so many and such peculiar places, so impressed me as representing successive stages of destruction, and useless and wanton destruction, that I made a special visit to the guardian of the valley to inquire why it was so. The explanation was simple: "There is no plan for the improvement or care of the valley: each guardian has his own idea; each board of commission has some idea, ill defined, that something ought to be done, and often individual members of the commission have their own ideas in regard to what should be done in the way of trimming, cutting, etc. New commissioners appoint new guardians, and each guardian follows in the footsteps of his predecessor by doing as his own judgment dictates."

This was the explanation of the guardian, and in the light of this explanation I can see how giant trees could be felled to suit the taste or convenience of hotel keepers, how guardians could trim shrubs and lop the branches of trees, or even fell and destroy giant trees as they are moved by the spirit.

In one part of the valley I saw a large piece of ground, entirely cleared of trees, which had been fenced in and was used as a pasture for horses. If this cleared spot could have been used as a park, where natural grasses and wild flowers of the valley should be encouraged to grow, it would have been a source of constant delight to both educated and ignorant visitors. At the last meeting of the commissioners this fence was ordered to be removed at the expiration of the lease now in operation. But why should a considerable fraction of a public reservation of hardly more than eight square miles ever have been given over to the raising of hay or to be trampled by horses?

In another part of the valley wild azaleas were growing and blossoming in such luxuriance as to excite the attention of the most commonplace observer; and yet I saw a number of cows tramping through them and feeding on the tender shoots. Venturesome ladies came to the hotel with arms full of the beautiful blossoms and branches. If this be permitted, in a little time cows and tourists will entirely destroy these rare plants, as so many have been destroyed.

Now what can be done, and what ought to be done? Anything desirable can be done, because the valley is absolutely in the control of the State. First, there should be a carefully prepared plan adopted by the commission and having the force of law, and which

should be followed by commissioner and guardian, and not a limb should be cut, nor a tree felled, nor a path made, nor a road graded, except as this plan should prescribe. In this way river and rock, trees and shrubs, walks and drives, would gradually grow into perfect harmony. Every stump should be dug up, every fence in the valley should be removed, and pigpens, saloons, and tin cans placed where they will be rarely seen, and not allowed to occupy conspicuous places in the valley.

Not an animal of any kind should be allowed to be at large in the valley, and not a fence should be allowed as a cottage inclosure. Animals are necessary, but they should be fed and cared for in stables and not allowed to run at large. There must be cottages for those who live in the valley, but cottage-gardens need not be inclosed if there are no animals to destroy them, and if uninclosed they would add variety and picturesqueness if properly cared for on a definite plan.

There were nearly one hundred visitors in the valley at the time I was there, most of them persons whose taste had been cultivated by travel and observation. I heard many criticisms from them in regard to the management of the valley. The rocks cannot be removed and the waterfalls cannot be defaced; but the floor of the valley, with its beautiful trees and rare shrubs and blossoming plants, can be so injured by improper cutting as to render the natural features less beautiful and destroy to a great extent the pleasure of the views.

A class of people known as "campers," that is, people who travel with their own teams, enter the valley in large numbers, and this class, being unwatched, are the source of a great deal of damage to shrubs and smaller trees, both by cutting, by hitching their teams, and by the careless use of fire. This class cannot be excluded, and it would not be well to exclude them if it were possible; but the strictest rules should be made in regard to them and the most careful watch should be kept over them. To do this it might be necessary to have a small force of mounted police, but the result would more than compensate for the outlay.

If the commissioners could be made to see what an immense advantage and relief to them a carefully prepared plan of improvements would be, I feel sure they would secure the services of some competent man and have such a plan prepared at once.

If the present system be continued, the complaints which are now whispered will be spoken with such force and volume as to ring in the ears of the public and literally compel the National Government to retake what it has placed as a trust in the hands of the State of California.

Lucius P. Deming.

[JUDGE OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.]

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

III.

IN June, 1889, in company with Mr. John Muir, the well-known California naturalist, I made a visit of eight days to the Yosemite Valley, to the upper Tuolumne Cañon, and to the peaks and meadows of the high Sierras which form the headwaters of these parallel gorges. The wonders of the Yosemite—confessedly supreme in American scenery—are hardly more unique and

marvelous than the little-known cataracts of the Tuolumne River, in one of which, along a sloping descent a thousand feet in length, the force of the torrent, striking the pot-holes of the granite, throws up not fewer than a dozen sparkling water-wheels from fifteen to twenty-five feet in diameter. This cañon, now impassable to all but the mountaineer, and with great difficulty traversed even on foot, is but eighteen miles, as the crow flies, from the Yosemite, and must eventually become easily accessible to the visitor to that region. The trip from the valley to the head of the Tuolumne series of cataracts occupies a horseman two days, part of the way by the old Mono trail, and is a continuous panorama of wild and lonely beauty of cliff and forest. The only sign of the depredations of man is seen in the barren soil fairly stippled by the feet of the countless herds of sheep which have denuded these mountain meadows and forests of the luxurious flowers, breast-high, which overspread them but a few years ago.

Fresh from the impression of the beauty of nature in its wildest aspects, and of how that impression can be impaired by the intrusion of man, we descended again to the level floor of the Yosemite to see once more from below the wonders we had seen from above. What most impresses one in the valley is the close congregation of its wonders. Here, indeed, Ossa is piled upon Pelion. Along a winding gorge, less than ten miles in length and from half a mile to two miles in width, between walls rising almost sheer to the height of three thousand feet, is a series of wonders, the sight of any one of which would be compensation for the uncomfortable and fatiguing trip from the foothills. Lake, river, forests, waterfalls, headlands—there is nothing that is not unique, nothing that is not great.

Common sense would seem to dictate that in making this wonderland accessible to visitors, the treatment of the floor of the valley from the start should have been put in the hands of the very best experts, with a view not only to preserve and enhance the composition, unity, and natural charm of the pictures presented to the eye, but to see that nothing be done to disturb the rare sentiment of the scene. The unthinking may sneer at sentiment, but in such matters the sentiment is everything—the first consideration, the only “sense.” Without encroaching upon it, there is still abundant room for practical and necessary adjustments, and that these may not clash with the sentiment is the chief concern of the expert who has to make nature esthetically available by man.

Now let us see what has been done to disturb the sentiment of Yosemite Valley. In the first place the situation and surroundings of the chief hotel, the Stoneman House, are strangely commonplace and repellent. At one side, within a stone's-throw, is a marshy field of stumps; in front is an uninteresting stretch of badly treated open forest, the floor of which, said to have been once covered with beautiful flowers, is now nearly bald with thin weeds. Unfortunate as is the situation of the hotel, the services of a landscape expert would very much have reduced the offensiveness of this view. The building itself is of the cheap summer-resort type, and was so badly constructed that it has recently been declared dangerous by the new commission. It is perhaps well that it is not more conspic-

uously placed, though it has been so highly thought of that trees have been injuriously trimmed up that it may be seen by approaching stages, and that these in turn may be seen by its guests. Much worse features of this neighborhood are a saloon at one side of it and on the line of its front, and a pig-sty in the rear of the house, which is sometimes so offensive that guests of the hotel have been forced to leave the piazzas.

In walking and driving over the valley, one's feelings of awe at the unspoilable monuments of nature are often marred by the intrusion of the work of unskillful hands upon the foreground of the picture. The importance of the foreground is increased by the narrowness of the gorge and the multiplicity of grand views in every direction, which are enhanced by agreeable foregrounds. In several conspicuous places are fields of rank ferns thickly dotted with stumps—once, according to photographs and the work of disinterested witnesses, spots of singular beauty. Many acres were thus transformed, fenced in and converted into hay-fields and leased to a transportation company, to the exclusion of the public; and though the removal of these fences has wisely been ordered by the commission, nature must be long in repairing the damage already done by the trampling of pasturing animals. Near the Yosemite Fall an unnecessary swath has been cut through the forest, to the sacrifice of some of the noblest oaks in the valley, the boles of which lie where they were felled. The object of this is represented to have been to open a vista from the bar-room of Barnard's Hotel, to rival the natural view of the same fall from the Stoneman House. Indeed much cutting of trees seems to have been done to open up artificial vistas, especially by trimming off the lower limbs of young conifers to one-third or one-half their height. It is idle to say that no trees should be cut in the Yosemite, but it is well known that the cutting of a tree is one of the most delicate operations of the landscape artist, and one does not have to look twice to see that in the valley the cutting has not been guided by expert advice. How much more the need of intelligence and skill when whole vistas are to be opened, and especially when the effect of the grandest scenery is part of the problem. In a number of places where thickets had been trimmed up I saw piles of dry branches lying under the deformed trees, thus exposing the valley to the danger of fire—a more remarkable sight since in general the commission seems to be fully alive to the danger of injury to the valley by fire.

The visitor to the Yosemite finds much to praise in the arrangements for reaching the points of interest. The trails are uniformly good; the guides, so far as I could learn, are sober, careful, and intelligent; the horses and mules are trustworthy for mountain work. One may not be wanting in appreciation of these and other excellent features of the valley management and still feel, from the evidence of his eyes, that in failing to enlist expert assistance the present commission and all previous commissions have exposed to serious danger the trust which they have in charge not only for themselves and for California, but for the world of to-day and of all time to come.

NEW YORK CITY.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

Columbus's Day.

NEARLY 400 years ago, on May 20, 1506, Spain permitted the world's most illustrious sailor to die in poverty and disgrace. Some 300 years later a Frenchman erected at Baltimore a neglected and almost forgotten monument to Columbus. In Roman Catholic circles there is now a serious proposition to honor the daring navigator by canonizing him into St. Christopher. Taking all together can any generous citizen of the three Americas think that the discoverer who suffered so much has yet been fitly rewarded?

The fair of 1892 will in itself be a magnificent but fleeting tribute. A monument would be lasting, but with so many unfinished monuments who would dare suggest another? Or by what right should the discoverer of a hemisphere be limited to a statue not visible a mile away, or by the merest fraction of the people to whose grateful memory he has a title? In this dilemma is not this a fitting time to urge the proposal that the day of the discovery should be dedicated to the discoverer? It is so fitly timed, by good fortune, with reference to other holidays of the year that it lends itself to the proposal as though so intended. Between the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving comes only Labor Day. And after Thanksgiving there is no break in the work-days until the two crowded holidays of the New Year season. The half-way holiday of Thanksgiving comes, when it does, in tardy, bleak November, too long after the Fourth and too shortly before Christmas, purely by accident. It is a holiday too firmly fixed in the people's affections for any one to wish or dare to propose its discontinuance. But surely a suggestion to shift it a little in the calendar, to a more genial season, at a time when a holiday is missing, and moreover to add to it a new and deeper meaning, is only to propose a most friendly purpose. It would be sheer caviling to object that already there is one holiday dedicated to honoring the birthday of the father of our country. No one would do him the less honor by honoring Columbus, not only in this great nation but throughout the American hemisphere. Putting religious festivals aside, there would be no holiday to compare with it, just as, since the world began, there has been no material event of greater significance to civilized mankind than the discovery of the New World.

Of course this could not be achieved all at once. Thanksgiving Day, like Topsy, "grewed." It was the result of coöperation by the sundry governors, growing out of the obvious fitness of things. Similarly, to create the new holiday only coöperation is necessary. Legislation would be useful, of course; but in New York at least, and probably elsewhere, the wording of the present statutes is sufficient. "Any day appointed or recommended by the governor of this State, or the President of the United States, as a day of thanksgiving" is a legal holiday in New York. What better day for Thanksgiving could be named than October 12, and what especial reason is there for retaining Thanksgiving in inconvenient November simply because chance and custom have placed it there? Let us by all means keep the honored feast-day, and better yet let us give it new worth and luster. Let New York's governor

set the example, let the President follow it in the great quadro-centennial year, and then poor Christopher will no longer be unhonored in the country upon whose grateful memory he has so especial a claim. Just as the Eiffel tower survives the Paris exposition, so let us hope a new and significant holiday may survive our fair of 1892. The daily press teems with elaborate suggestions for curious and costly structures of stone and metal. But none of them are so fit a memorial or would be so dear to the people as an annually recurring feast-day.

Edward A. Bradford.

"Shooting into Libby Prison."

I WAS surprised at the denial of shooting into Libby Prison, on page 153 of the November CENTURY, because I was so unfortunate as to be compelled to stay a short time at that notorious place and had a personal experience with the shooting. Our squad reached the prison one April night in 1863. Early next morning we new arrivals, anxious to become better acquainted with the rebel capital, filled the windows and with outstretched necks sniffed the fresh air. Three of my comrades were kneeling with elbows resting on the window-sill, quietly looking out. I stood with my hand on the top of a window-frame, looking out over their heads, when bang went a gun, and a bullet came whizzing close to my head and sunk deep into the casing within six inches of my hand. Nothing saved one of our number from death but the poor aim of the guard, who was nearly under us, and to whom we were paying no attention. We were told by those who had been there some time that it was the habit of the guard to shoot in that way to keep prisoners from leaning out of the windows.

*Albert H. Hollister,
Company F, 2d Wisconsin; 1st Lieutenant, Co-K,
30th United States Colored Troops.*

I ENTERED Libby a prisoner of war, October 10, 1863, much weakened by our long trip in box cars from Chattanooga, and having been forty-eight hours without rations. To escape the stifling air inside I seated myself in an open window on the second floor. One of my comrades, having more experience, made a grab for me and "yanked" me out, exclaiming, "My God, man, do you want to die?" "What's up now?" I said. "Look there!" Peeping over the window-sill, I saw the guard just removing his gun from his shoulder. "What does this mean?" I said. "We had no orders about the windows." "That is the kind of orders we get here," he answered. I went through Richmond, Danville, "Camp Sumpter" (Andersonville), Charleston, and Florence, and during this experience, covering a period of fourteen months and thirteen days, I never heard instructions that we might do this or might not do that. Our first intimation of the violation of a rule was to see the guard raising his gun to his shoulder. They did not *always* fire, but often they did.

*J. T. King,
Upper ALTON, ILL.
115th Illinois Volunteers.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Thoughts on the Late War.

I WAS for Union — you, agin it.—
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,
Lookin' at Now and all 'at 's in it.
Le' 's go to dinner.

Le' 's kind o' jes set down together
And do some pardnership forgittin'—
Talk, say, for instance, 'bout the weather,
Er somepin' fittin'.

The War, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'int o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.

The old farms and the old plantations
Still occipies the'r old positions.—
Le' 's git back to old situations
And old ambitions.

Le' 's let up on this blame', infernal,
Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin',
And git back home to the eternal
Ca'm we 're a-wantin'.

Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet—
When *women* does my cookin' for me.—
Ther' was n't overly much pie eat
Durin' the Army.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Of a Lady.

HER house is nearly in the town,
Yet shady branches round it lower,
Her tea is always on the board
At half-past four.

Her fireside has a friendly look,
There 's something happy in the air,
Her cream is such you rarely now
Meet anywhere.

She likes this shaded corner best,
The rosy lamp, the Dresden set,
A friend,—or two, perhaps,—a waft
Of mignonette.

And some one touches, in the gloom,
The harp's mysterious wailing strings,
And thoughts that never rose in words
Take music's wings.

Dear friend, though tired and far away,
I still can seek your door,—in Spain,—
Still sit beside your fire, and drink
That tea again!

Annie G. Wilson.

A Letter.

SHE wrote a letter with her eyes,
Well filled with words of bliss;
Then, like a prudent maid and wise,
She sealed it with a kiss.

Meredith Nicholson.

An Arab Saying.

REMEMBER, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not:
In other hearts 't is living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepst, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

Constantina E. Brooks.

Negro Plowman's Song.

DE springtime am er-comin' en dis darky's heart am
light,

W'en de sap hit gits ter runnin' in de trees,
En I wants ter be er-laughin' f'om de mornin' tell de
night,

En er-playin' lak de green leaves in de breeze.
I feel so monstros lazy dat I does n't want ter work,
En dis mule o' mine, he foolin' in de row,
'Ca'se he feels jis like he marster, en he 's tryin' fer
ter shirk,

En I has ter larrup him ter meck him go.

[*G' up dar, sah! Doan you see my ole 'ooman er-comin'
roun' dar er-s'archin' fer sallit [salad] in de corners
ob de fence!*]

En now I feels lak hummin' on some ole,time darky
song,

W'ile de mockin'-bird am singin' f'om de hedge.
De medder-larks en robins am er-fussin' all day long.
As de cotton-tail goes dartin' frough de sedge;
W'ile up de crick de turkle-dove am courtin' ob its mate,
En de bumblebee is buzzin' all erroun',
W'ile de martins am er-twitt'rin' at er most amazin'
rate,

En de hoss-fly am er-friskin' up en down.

[*What ails dis hyah ole critter, er-smortin' en er-kickin'
dat er way! Huh! ef hit hain't one er dem ornary
insects erready!*]

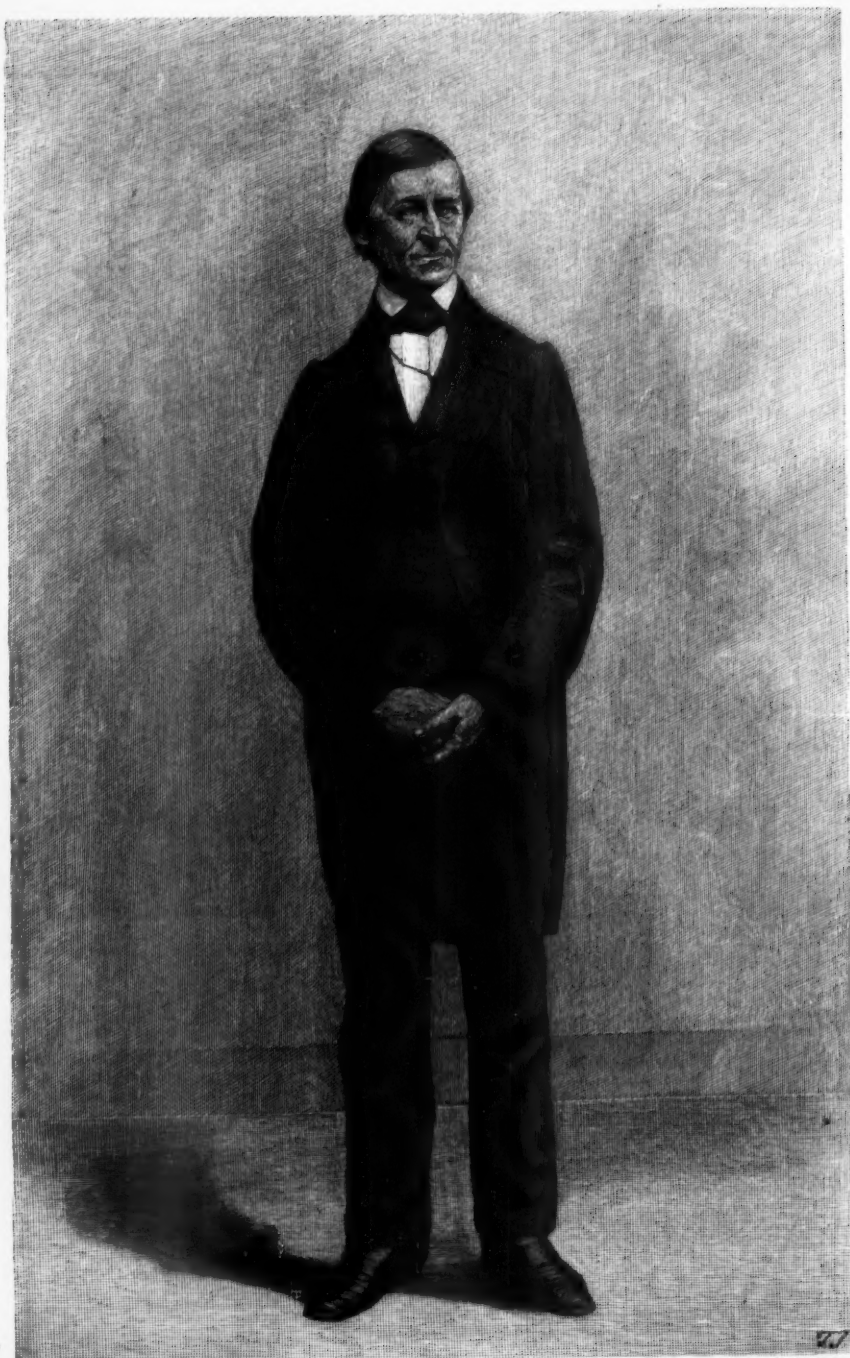
I laks ter smell de clover as hit tangles in mer toes,
En ter see de purty blossoms hyah en dar,
W'ile dogwood buds is bustin' in de low-ground whar
dey grows,

En de honeysuckle sweeten all de a'r.
En soon de juicy peaches will be drappin' ter de groun',
En de red-streaked apples tumble too;
Den de curl on de melon vine will turn er golden brown,
Er-layin' in de sunshine en de dew.

[*Golly ding! Doan dis hyah darky's mouf water fer
one on em dis hyah bressed minute! Yas, Dinah, ole
'ooman, I'se gwine ter move erlong peart now; I
was jis er-feelin' in mer pockets fer er string ter splice
dis hyah line wid. Git up dar, sah!*]

Edward A. Oldham.





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R. W. Emerson

(ABOUT 1859.)